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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS READING DON QUIXOTE.

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THE

LADIES' COMPANION,

AND

LITERARY EXPOSITOR;

A MONTHLY

MAGAZINE

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

—EMBELLISHED WITH—

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, HARP AND GUITAR.

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MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY. MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

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SUMMER FASHIONS.
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THE LOVE CHARM.
IDA.
OCTOBER FASHIONS.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MAY, 1843.

NAMOUNA.

THROWING aside the gorgeous but often unwieldy, and sometimes immoral, machinery of ancient poets, our modern bards have conjured up, from the radiant clime of the Ideal, Spirits, which, if they possess not the terrible power and shadowy magnificence of the olden time, have much more grace, and beam with a more natural splendor. Who would exchange the Fairies of Spencer and Shakspeare, as we see them throned upon the gem-like dew—peeping from the delicate lattice of green leaves, and feeling for the woes of humanity, although their joyous hearts have never been tortured and stained with the passions of humanity,—for the jealous, wayward, and changeable Deities, that mingled in the dramas, or controlled the destinies of nations? The reign of the former may be compared to a beautiful rainbow of peace, hope and love, spanning the troubled waters of life, while the sceptre of the latter was accompanied by the dark cloud, and the angry lightning, with but an occasional glimpse of quiet, holy, and heart-soothing star-light. If the poet wishes to ascend higher than the leafy spot—where he holds sweet dalliance with the forest-sprites, whom his imagination invests with the tenderest emotions and the most delicate tastes—the Mythology of Palestine, (if we can use such a phrase) as it has been sublimated by One—

> "Who walked on the sod
> Made bright by the feet of the angels of God,"

will give him ample scope, and place in his hand an instrument with which he can produce the grandest results; as the muses of Milton, Milman and Tasso bear splendid testimony.

"Namouna," of whom we present our readers an exquisite engraving, is one of those gentle creations of the modern muse, which make us look upon the vast, but, as we have said, too often *immoral*, imagery of the past, with comparative indifference, while we repose in the angel-like beauty and benevolent splendor of that which belongs to the present.

Namouna appears in that Paradise of Ideality, Lallah Rookh—whose only fault is found in an oppressive richness of imagery, and versification, from which the ardent poet affords the reader no relief. Fed, himself, on roses, and illuminated by suns, he has become too *acclimated* to suffer either himself or his hearer to escape into a less voluptuous realm, or behold the page of life by a less dazzling light.

"Namouna" is an Enchantress, dwelling amid flowers, and

> "————————One,
> O'er whom his race the golden sun
> For unremembered years has run,
> Yet never saw her blooming brow
> Younger or fairer than 'tis now.
> Nay, rather, as the west winds sigh
> Freshens the flower it passes by,
> Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
> To leave her lovelier than before.
> Yet, on her smiles a sadness hung,
> And when, as oft, she spoke or sung
> Of other worlds, there came a light
> From her dark eyes so strangely bright,
> That all believed, nor man nor earth
> Were conscious of Namouna's birth.

She herself, describes the time, in which the Poet introduces her upon his beautiful stage:—

> "'Tis the hour
> That scatters spells on herb and flower."

"Now, too," she says,

> "Now, too, a chaplet might be wreathed
> Of buds o'er which the moon has breathed,
> Which worn by her, whose love has strayed,
> Might bring some Peri from the skies,
> Some sprite whose very soul is made
> Of flowret's breath and lover's sighs—
> And who might tell——"
>
> "For me, for me,
> Cried Nourmahal, impatiently—
> Oh! twine that wreath for me, to-night."

Namouna grants the request of "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM," between whom and her lord, Selim, exists one of those love-quarrels which occasionally mar the heaven of happiness, like that mysterious wind which some oriental minstrel describes as destroying the fragrance of the rose, when it ruffles its leaves.

> "The Enchantress now begins her spell,"—
> Sweet "singing, as she winds and weaves
> In mystic form the glittering leaves."

Through the potency of her charms, the reconciliation between Nourmahal and the monarch-lover is affected—

> "————the charm is wrought—
> And Selim to his heart has caught,
> In blushes, more than ever bright,
> His Nourmahal,—his Harem's light!
> And well do vanished, forms enhance
> The charm of every brightened glance;
> And dearer seems each dawning smile,
> For having lost its light awhile;
> And happier now, for all her sighs,
> As on his arm her head reposes,
> She whispers him, with laughing eyes,
> "'Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!'"

Then fades the brilliant FLOWER-SPIRIT from the scene; her task is accomplished: Love wears again his wreath of happiness; and the blossoms claim, for some other naughty "heart-quarrellers," the snowy hand of the Enchantress.

The songs which are interwoven in the narrative, by Namouna, are exquisitely beautiful. They are the very soul of melody. The following extract from one of them, we would recommend to our readers, both for its march of music and truthfulness of spirit.

> "There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
> When two, that are linked in one heavenly tie,
> With heart never changing and love never cold
> Love on through all ills and love on 'till they die.
> One hour of a passion so sacred, is worth
> Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
> And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
> It is this! It is this!"

Very beautiful is the creation of the poet, and no less beautiful the conception of our artist. W. W.

Original.

A CHAPTER ON IDLENESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

I Pity the being who is always busy—whose life passes in a perpetual buzz of activity, like that of a blue-bottle fly in a sunshiny window-pane. I pity the man or woman whose days are consumed in a continual round of tasks—an unbroken series of employments, even though they be self-imposed, and apparently fully rewarded by the self-complacent vanity of the busy-body. I look upon the true enjoyment of an hour of idleness as an especial gift—a talent bestowed by nature, and as impossible to be acquired from habit or education as the dreamy fancy of the poet, or the graphic power of the painter. Wealth may purchase immunity from labor,—the minion of luxury, like the voluptuous Hindoo, may be borne over life's dusty pathway so gently, that not even a crumpled roseleaf mars his profound repose, but he cannot taste the true delights of an hour of idleness. Like all the other best blessings of earth, it is only to be bought at the expense of toil. We must have spent hours in labor,—the heart must have been fully occupied,—the mind tasked to its utmost,—and the body must have been the efficient minister to both, ere we can know the inestimable pleasure of perfect idleness. Then must come the entire cessation of fatigue—the gradual consciousness of repose—the sensation of perfect rest which precedes, and finally lose itself in the dreamy delight of reverie.

There is yet another requisite to the full enjoyment of idleness. The idler must possess that poetic fancy which can people the void air with images of beauty;—he must be able to find pictures in the changing clouds, music in the viewless wind, and harmony in all material things. He must have learned to bring up from the past its treasures,—to look on the present with a loving eye,—to gaze far out into the dim future with a hopeful spirit. He must be awake to the sweet influences of nature,—he must be alive to the high and holy impulses of humanity,—he must have power to silence the demons of distrust and selfishness which haunt even the heart of man—he must forget the frailties and the follies, the vices and the weaknesses of his kind, and remember only that they are his brethren.

With such a man let us spend, in fancy, an hour of idleness. Where shall we go to shun the tumult of the world which comes with harsh tumult to the ear of the dreamer? Let us enter an artist's studio—the abode of personified dreams,—fitting place for pleasant meditation. How does the din of business die upon the ear as we approach this noble gothic pile! We ascend the quaint oaken staircase—we tread the cloistered galleries, while our light footsteps are echoed with that peculiar clearness of sound, never heard save

"I' the vaulted cell, where silence loves to reign."

A door opens, and suddenly,—as if the curtain which divides the material from the invisible world had been lifted—we find ourselves in the midst of images of beauty. Now seat thee, gentle idler, in that rich and cunningly-wrought chair, carved with a skill but rarely practised in modern days,—its armorial crest graven deep in the costly wood, will tell thee whence it came, for even as it now appears, so did it once grace the banquet hall of a stately castle in sunny France,—seat thyself in that old chair, and then thou wilt be, not only surrounded, but literally *embraced* by associations of the past. How does every turbulent thought grow still, as we gaze around this peopled apartment! Seen in the cool, dim, religious light which is diffused around, the pictures would seem like beings of living and breathing loveliness, save that they wake not the vague, wild wishes which, in the presence of beauty, ever stir and trouble the human heart.

Mark the noble face which bends from yonder canvass,—that bright and flashing eye has gazed upon the mysterious pyramids of Egypt,—that delicate hand has drawn bridle-rein on the plains of Palestine,—that fair cheek has been kissed by the same sun which once awakened the music of Memnon's harp.

Look, too, upon that portraiture of earnest and gracious womanhood, which appears half withdrawing from our gaze:—the deep-set, intellectual eyes would seem to disclaim the playfulness which lurks upon the lips, did not an indescribable expression of impulsive sympathy pervade the whole countenance, and harmonize its mirthfulness and thought. It is the faithful semblance of one on whom Heaven has bestowed high and holy gifts,—of one, whom "the strong necessity of utterance," (to use her own beautiful phrase,) has urged to lay many a rich and acceptable offering on the altar of Fame.

And lo! another,—whose youthful beauty might look like that of opening girlhood, did not those sweet eyes, and the gentle curve of the rosy mouth betray the exquisite tenderness of nature which only belongs to the happy wife and mother:—observe those golden curls dropping over the delicately-tinted cheek, and tell me if

Fancy does not image, under such a form, the holy and sinless mother, to whom

"It would not be idolatry to kneel;"

while we thank the giver of all good that such blessed and passionless creatures are sometimes allowed to dwell upon this blighted and blasted earth.

Far off, amid the dusky shadows, gleam out the features of one early numbered with the dead:—he died, and left no trace, but memory's haunted cell, gave out his semblance to the eye of friendship, and again he lives in the bright colors of unfading youth. We see the eagle eye which once flashed with the soul's lightnings,—the passsion-moulded lips which were once eloquent with the genius and the fire of that land whence he drew his birthright of intellect. Alas! his life was one of toil and weariness and heaviness of spirit, until by the wayside he fell, and perished ere the goal of his hopes was won.

Behold the face of him whom America is proud to claim as her first of philosophic poets! The world has traced stern characters on his brow, but here, as if his soul had felt the influences of the place, his eye is lighted up with the rich ray of intellect, and he looks as one might fancy he must appear, when, in his seclusion, he calls up those glorious thoughts and noble images of moral and natural beauty which are ever embodied in his verse. He is here the Poet, not the Partisan—the Tyrtæus, inspiring men to lofty deeds by the solemn music of his hymns, not the Demosthenes, arousing their passions by the thunder of his philippics.

Beside him, and in most strange contrast to the calm immobility of that mind-fraught face, beam forth the features of one who has peopled the forest and the prairie with images of beauty. Well does that noble and spirited portrait depict the beautiful blending of the genial and intellectual, which is as visible in the countenance, as it is remarkable in the character of him, whose exquisite songs have given to Anacreon Moore the only rival worthy to dispute with him the palm of lyric excellence.

Does not a sad and solemn earnestness fill our hearts as we gaze on the lustrous and spiritual eyes which seem to follow us from yonder canvass? Such eyes never belonged to one whose thoughts dwelt amid outward things,—their light is but the reflex of the flame kindled by God himself within the soul. How characteristic,—ay, even to the delicate beauty of the hand which has penned so many pure and beautiful thoughts,—is that pictured semblance of him who has "kept the whiteness of his soul," and, untainted amid a world of falsehood, has ever been true to the Heaven-born instincts of his nature.

Art thou weary, friend, of the mere shadow of reality? wouldst thou leave the images of actual life for the creatures of Fancy's realm? then turn to the inspired Sybil—a poet's fancy traced by a painter's hand;—gaze with me upon yon star-crowned Beatrice—the cherished idol of Dante's haunted heart;—or watch the flashing yet tearful eye of Darthula, as she presses onward to avenge her lover's fall. Hast thou not now drunk deeply of the joy of idleness?*

It may be that thy spirit pants for larger freedom;—it may be that only under the open heaven thou canst feel the full enjoyment of thine idle hour. Then hie thee to that sweet spot where King Death, laying aside his insignia of terror, reigns as a sylvan monarch over a domain of beauty. Wander through the winding walks of Greenwood, until the influences of the place have chastened thy feelings into quietude, then cast thyself on yonder knoll, and look upon the scene beneath. Nay, do not turn thy steps to the silver lake, that mirror set with emeralds;—it is beautiful, I grant, but coarser minds have learned to appreciate its loveliness, and, anon, the tramp of prancing horses, or the tread of busy feet,—mayhap the idle jest and merry laugh, will echo from its oozy margin.

Lie upon the grassy knoll that overhangs the path;—the clear water, reflecting every bird that skims the surface, is before you, while the monumental stones which mark the last resting-place of mortality shine out from the rich shrubbery beyond. The air is redolent of music and fragrance—the breath of the scented clover fills the gale—the song of the bird, and the hum of the bee, swell upon the breeze,—the tremble of so many myriads of leaflets around, is as audible as the hum of insect life. With the soft and velvet greensward for thy couch,—the blue summer sky smiling above thy head,—the whisper of the refreshing south wind lulling thee to sweet repose,—and all this wondrous wealth of nature spread before thy half-shut eye,—then yield thyself to the enjoyment of thine hour of idleness. Alone,—alone with thy God,—alone in the garden of Death, with trophies of his power gleaming from every thicket,—thou mayst "commune with thine own heart, and be still." Wilt thou not rise from such fellowship a wiser and a better

* Those who have recently visited the studio of Mr. C. G. Thompson, at the New York University, will have no difficulty in discovering from what source was derived the materials for the foregoing imperfect sketch, of one of the most nobly-peopled apartments that the writer ever entered.

man? will not thy hour of idleness be one of good, likewise? Wilt thou not return to the world saddened and purified in spirit, and with a faith, which all the weary tasks of this working-day world can neither weaken nor discourage?

In our country, where every thing is to be obtained by industry, and nothing can be won without it, we are apt to become mere operatives. So much may be gained by toil that we learn to despise those amenities of life which interfere with the rough task-work we have prescribed to ourselves. Unlike the inhabitants of other climes who only work to live, we seem to live only to work, and, while we despise the ill-fed, ill-clad lazzaroni, who lounges on the steps of some ducal palace, enjoying the idleness which is to him far more essential than the gratification of his appetite, we forget that, between the indolence which casts its mildew over every energy of the soul, and the untiring activity which wears out the springs of life by over-toil, lies the true medium.

Yet, how much of picturesque and poetic beauty surrounds the daily walks of that contemned son of the sweet south! From his very infancy the Italian beggar has been familiar with images of loveliness. A master-hand has depicted the personification of holy womanhood in the sweet Madonna, to whom his prayers are addressed,—the old cathedral, at whose shrine he prostrates himself, is filled with treasures of sculpture and painting, such as wake the wildest enthusiasm even in those who,

"cold in clime are cold in blood."

The ancient glories of his country are still seen in the wonders of architectural grandeur on which his eye ever rests with pride and pleasure,—and over all these riches of art,—over all these magnificent remains of genius and of power, bends a sky of such transparent purity, that simple life—mere breath,—in such an atmosphere is happiness. He has dwelt amid such things until their shadow has fallen upon him, and in his chiselled features, his lofty bearing, his graceful dignity of mien, we recognize none of the sordid poverty which is his only birth-right. Give to such a being his dish of macaroni, his pure draught of *aqua fresca*, and the shady side of some antique column, or a cool retreat beside some gushing fountain, where he may enjoy the '*dolce far niente*,' which makes up his sum of human happiness, and he asks no richer boon. Who will say that the gift of comforts and riches and honors would not overcloud his life with misery, if with them was linked the stern necessity of labor, and banishment from the beauty of art and nature which surrounded him in his abasement?

Let not the cold utilitarian who measures the value of a man as he would that of a beast of burden, by his capacity for toil,—let him not sneer at the luxurious enjoyment which may be tasted by a beggar. Compare the condition of this idle, reckless, useless being with the honest and hard-working laborer of that land, which in the old times of serfdom and feudal slavery was called (and justly too,) *merry* England. Look at the stultified countenance, the bowed frame, the broken health, the crushed spirit of him who has known nothing but toil;—of him, who only exchanged an infancy of hardship for a manhood of labor and privation and profligacy;—of him who has been trained up to become but a part, a single part, of the vast machine which the wealth of the few has framed at the expense of the many;—of him, whom long-continued task-work has reduced to the condition of a mere animal,—who drags through a miserable existence, only diversified by the debauch, and relieved by the unrefreshing slumber of intemperance or exhaustion. Look at the condition of him whose powers of endurance are made subjects of medical investigation, in order that not one iota of his physical strength shall be unemployed,—whose thews and sinews are tried by the test of selfish cupidity, until the last ounce-weight crushes the sinking frame;—whose mind is slowly but surely darkened over by the mists of ignorance and vice, until each lingering trace of the image of God is shut out for ever;—of him, whose life is one long pang, and whose death is what we shudder to contemplate.

You may say the English operative is the more useful member of society. In one sense he is;—he is more useful to his task-master,—he performs more actual service, even as the horse or the ox, who patiently treads the stubble and drags the plough. But is this all that is required? Were men sent into the world to live at another's bidding?—to delve the mine, and die within its poisonous vapors that a more successful brother may inhale the balmy airs of Fortune's fair domain? Can the soul, which is thus trampled under foot of the oppressor, retain one spark of the etherial fire which was breathed into it by the benificent Creator? Is not the sentiment of religion which fills the mind of the indolent, and, it may be, bigoted beggar, who feels the bounty of Heaven in the genial breeze which chills not his unsheltered form,—who beholds its power in the miracles of nature, and who sees its glories in the visible objects of his

daily worship,—is not this merely poetic sentiment of piety better than the dogged, stupid, brutal ignorance and recklessness of him who never knew one idle hour in which to look into the mystic volume of his own wayward heart?

Few persons ever yielded themselves up to the enjoyment of an idle hour such as I have described, without deriving benefit from it. There comes to all of us a time when the world seems to darken around us,—when cares press wearily upon the spirit,—when the eyes are heavy with the weight of unshed tears,—when the brow aches beneath its burden of sad thought,—when the din of ceaseless duties has dulled the mental ear, and the recurring round of business has dimmed the intellectual vision. All day the work goes on, and nightfall finds us still painfully busied. But day closes in,—the shadows deepen around us, and as the light of Heaven darkens without, the fire upon our household hearth seems to grow brighter. Familiar objects in our quiet apartment assume that dusky indistinctness, which is to material things what the mistiness of romance is to the moral world;—the dull red fire-light diffuses itself more widely;—the tall, ghostly statue which looked coldly and unsympathizingly upon us in the glare of day, now, in its depth of shadow, and tinted by the mellow glow, wears the semblance of a gentle friend;—the books, which, but an hour since, seemed to look down upon us frowningly, as if in scorn, of our baser thoughts, now cluster together in pleasant communion, wooing us to share their banquet;—the old chairs seem to hold out their cumbrous arms invitingly; and, ere we are conscious of the change, we have passed from sadness and despondency to dreamy and delicious reverie.

It may be that something too trivial to be noted, has called up memories of the past, and we are once more lapped in the Elysium of early happiness. It may be that the loved and lost gather around us; we behold the "dear familiar faces" which beamed sunshine upon us in the days of passionate emotion;—we clasp the warm hand which death has long since touched with ice;—we hear the gentle tones, which, save to our hearts, have long been hushed in silence. The tide of years is rolled back,—the treasures of wrecked affection are once more revealed to our eyes;—we are once more children on the shores of Time. What though the awakening from such a dream be pain—sharp and bitter pain? Have we not been withdrawn for one blissful hour from the carking cares which waste but never purify the heart? And do we not return to our duties with a thoughtful but quiet spirit,—blessing God that the troubles of life last but for a season, and that though "heaviness endureth for a night, joy cometh in the morning?"

Or, suppose that, during our hour of reverie, the thoughts look out into the vague Future. Our first gaze may meet only dim and dusky forms of fear rather than of hope;—but gradually the darkness clears away,—the mists disappear, and shadows of beauty come out from the gloom, like the phantasmagoria which amused our childhood. Half-formed projects wear the semblance of perfected and successful schemes,—good resolves appear like noble actions,—unfledged fancies seem plumed with angel pinions,—and the heart-warm affections which we are scattering like rose-leaves on the blast, there seem gathered into unfading garlands. The sweet and musical voice of Hope is singing her quiet song in our enchanted ears, nor do we listen less gladly to the strain because it is blent with a tone caught from Memory's pleasant sadness. If the world wears no longer the rosy hues of romance, it is, at least, tinged with the warm and mellow light which emanates from our household fire, and we awaken from our hour of idleness only to return to busy life with fresh hopes and higher aspirations.

Tell me not that such dreams are vain,—that they are but the offspring of brain-sick fancy,—that they enervate the soul, even as the opium-draught destroys the body. If the mind be justly balanced,—if the hours of active employment be properly proportioned to the hours of idleness,—if life be made a succession of useful deeds and noble thoughts,—if the indulgence of imagination gives a higher tone and loftier aim to the claims of duty and of necessity,—then are they not misspent and wasted moments. Give me full employment for mind and heart,—task my physical powers to their utmost endurance,—let me wear my life out in the humblest drudgery of existence, and I would bear all with patience, if I could but reserve the occasional luxury of an idle hour,—the priceless enjoyment of poetic reverie.

THINKING leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases: he will never know any thing of it, except that which he has thought over, that which by thinking he has made the property of his mind. Is it then saying too much, if I say that man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?

Original.

HONESTY WITHOUT POLICY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"When a boy, I read a little story for children, called, I believe, 'The Waterman, or Honesty the Best Policy.' The impression which it made upon my mind has never been effaced. From that day to this, it has been a part of my policy to be honest; and I owe my success in business, I am well assured, to a strict adherance to this principle with which I set out. When a business man is once known to be honest in all his transactions, every body feels safe in dealing with him, and the natural result is, the advancement of his worldly interests."

"And yet, Mr. Harwood," remarked the friend to whom this was addressed, "I doubt the moral truth of the principle of action that you have laid down."

"Doubt its moral truth, Mr. Emory," ejeculated the final speaker, in unfeigned surprize. "Why, I'm astonished at you! It wouldn't do for the world to hear you say so. As a business man, it would ruin you."

"Still, I must regard the adage, 'Honesty is the best Policy,' as expressive of a very low state of moral integrity."

"Here, you come with some more of your queer notions, I suppose. 'Low state of moral integrity!' My moral integrity, I suppose, must be very low, then, for I act from the principle that adage declares."

"I am always a plain spoken man, you know, Mr. Harwood, and never conceal what I think the truth when called upon to utter my sentiments. I can only say, then, that if you are honest—all your dealings with others, only from considerations of policy—or, in other words, in order that your own ends may be attained, then your morality is very low indeed, for it is founded in selfishness."

"In selfishness?"

"Yes, in selfishness."

"Well, what then? Do we not go into business for selfish ends? Do not all our acts in life regard self? And is not regard for self a true principle of action? Let every one take proper care of himself, and all will be rightly cared for."

"Thus the world, blinded by selfishness, argues, I know. But it is arguing from false premises. Suppose each regarded his neighbor, would not all be as well cared for?"

"I am sure I cannot say. If all men were perfect, perhaps they would. But we must take the world as we find it."

"In taking the world as we find it, we ought to act in it from principles true in themselves. In thus acting, we do our part towards bringing society back to that state of integrity of purpose from which it has so lamentably fallen."

"Then, in acting from the principle that honesty is the best policy, I do my part, I think, and a very large part, towards that restoration to which you allude."

"The effect of your actions, which appear to be grounded in higher principles than they really are, may be salutary—but your motives of action, if universally adopted, would not, I think, materially improve society."

"You talk strangely, Mr. Emory."

"Do I? Let me speak more plainly, then. If you are honest, only because you believe it the best policy for you to be so, then you would act dishonestly, if by doing so, your worldly interests would be subserved in a higher degree."

"You must not talk to me in that way, Mr. Emory," his friend responded quickly, in a half angry tone. "I am an honest man—and am known to be such in this community. No man can say that I ever wronged him out of a dollar!"

"That may all be so, Mr. Harwood, and yet, it seems to me that you might act upon a much higher and truer principle. You ought to be honest, because it is right to be so. Because, you would shrink from touching that which belongs to your neighbor, as from the performance of a most direful evil."

"I don't see the force of your positions, Mr. Emory," the friend replied. "I am no hair-splitting metaphysician. I am content to be honest in all my dealings with others, and let motives go to the wind. Motives are nothing, in my opinion—actions every thing."

"But there can be no action without a motive."

"Pardon me, there can."

"Give me an instance."

"I am honest, without any particular motive."

"Pardon, me, if you please. You have already declared your motive for being honest—it is your policy. You expect to come out better in the long run by being honest. Now that motive is founded in a false and selfish principle, instead of a true one."

"But what I mean, waving your personal allusion, is, that it is our honest actions—our good example—that effects society, beneficially. The motive is neither seen nor felt."

"I differ with you. There is, in every action,

some tincture of the quality of the motive; and this quality is felt."

"How?"

"As, for instance. Self-interest makes you honest. Now, as you do not act from an abstract principle of honesty, your love of self will often so blind your perceptions of what is justly another's, as to cause you to trespass often upon his rights."

"I reject the allegation!" was the half indignant reply.

"Well, well, let us wave a subject from the discussion, of which I perceive no good is likely to arise," Mr. Emory said, soothingly. "I have spoken plainly, not with a desire to offend, but, if possible, to make you apprehend the true distinction between honesty with, and honesty without policy."

And so the subject was waived.

Both of the individuals we have introduced, were men of business, and both dealers in the same articles of merchandize. Each was esteemed in the community a man of strict integrity, but their principles of action were very different. Mr. Harwood was honest in all his dealings with others, for two reasons—one was, the pride in being esteemed an honest man, and the other was from the idea, early grounded in his mind, that it was the best policy to be honest. While Mr. Emory was just and equitable in all his transactions, from an internal regard for other's rights. With him, honesty was principle, not policy.

A few days after the conversation just recorded had occurred, Mr. Harwood received a letter from an Eastern correspondent, containing information of an advance in the price of flour, consequent upon advices received from the West Indies and South America. His own stock was large, but as he had plenty of storage room, he determined to avail himself of his information, which he was satisfied was, at least, one day in advance of regular advices, and buy largely at prevailing market prices. The store of his friend, Mr. Emory, was only a few squares off, and as he had also a good stock of flour on hand, he went to see him first.

"Good morning, Mr. Harwood! I am glad to see you again. It has been several days since you favored me with a call."

"You'll not be so glad by to-morrow this time. (Aside—then aloud.) "Good morning, friend Emory! How is business, to-day?"

"Every thing is dull now. But business will start soon again, I suppose."

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps it may. But I look for things to drag along pretty heavily for some time to come. Any advices from the East, this morning?"

"Not a word."

"No changes in sugars, I believe, at last accounts?"

"None."

"And flour still keeps low."

"Yes, very low. And I presume will, for some months to come."

"Don't you anticipate an earlier rise?"

"No. Nor am I very sanguine that rates will advance at all."

"Indeed! That would be bad for us who have heavy stocks on hand, purchased at prevailing prices."

"Yes, it would. If there should be no advance, we shall not make even a low interest on our money. Indeed, I shall lose at least two thousand dollars, if no better prices can be had than what the market now offers."

"There is no doubt, Mr. Emory, that we shall have better rates in the fall."

"That is some three months from this. But even that is uncertain, and I have been holding on, now, for nearly that space of time."

"Well, I feel sanguine of a change for the better by at least that time, a change that will pay me for holding over my stock."

"I do not; and feel very much inclined to sell."

Now this was just what Mr. Harwood wanted to hear him say; and he had been dexterously leading him on to that point. For, if the offer to sell came from Mr. Emory under circumstances that would destroy suspicion of the others design to take advantage of his ignorance, he would gain all he desired, and not make an enemy of his friend.

"I don't think I would sell, if I were you, Mr. Emory."

"If I can meet with a purchaser, I believe I will turn my flour into cash for use in some more profitable article of merchandize," was the reply.

There was a pause of a few moments, when Mr. Harwood said—

"How much have you on hand?"

"About three thousand barrels."

"Three thousand—three thousand—at five—"

"At five and three eights."

"Well—I don't know, Mr. Emory. But I am half inclined to take you up. I feel sanguine that there will be such an advance by fall, as will amply compensate for the investment."

"Just as you like about that, Mr. Harwood. But I certainly will not advise you to purchase

"I feel the force of what you say, Mr. Emory; both as regards the evil of speculation, and the avowal of true principles of action whenever they are clearly seen. Particularly do I feel the force of the latter at this time. Had you not calmly but firmly but rationally condemned speculation as an evil, I should not have seen it so clearly to be an evil as I now do."

"If every one who saw clearly, this or any other evil with which society is afflicted, would, on all fitting occasions, bring a rational opposition to bear upon it, the truth would gain power much more rapidly than it now does. We are not true to the well being of society when we wink at and countenance palpable evils that are sapping its foundations; for, by so doing, the weak and wavering may be carried away by a current, which with our aid they might have successfully stemmed."

A silence of some moments ensued, and the friend remarked:—

"As for Harwood, I cannot say that I ever admired him much as a business man. It is true, that, in dealing, he is faithful to every engagement. His word is as good as his bond at any time, and is certainly a virtue in these times. But he is so inordinately selfish, that in his business operations, he loses all regard, it seems to me, for the interests of others. He prides himself, too, upon his reputation of honesty; but, indeed, I have sometimes thought, that he trespassed most shamefully upon the rights of others—particularly in his speculations. You remember, I suppose, a few years ago, how he bought nearly every barrel of flour in the market, and run the price up to ten dollars, thus causing a great deal of distress among the poor. Here is, in my estimation, no honesty—that—for true honesty regards the rights of others."

"You know his rule of life, I suppose?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, that Honesty is the best Policy."

"Well, is not that a very good rule?"

"Honesty the best *policy?*"

"Oh, yes. I see it. It is his *policy* to be honest."

"Yes. By preserving the reputation of an honest man, he is well satisfied that his worldly interests will be subserved. His honesty, then, is not founded in a regard for the interests of others, but in a selfish consideration of his own. It is no wonder, then, that in entering upon transactions where it is *not* the best policy to be honest—that is, in transactions, which, no matter how much they may injure others, are not considered dishonest, in the general estimation,—he has no restraining scruples."

"You present that adage, so often quoted, and so much admired, as a rule of life, in no very favorable light, Mr. Emory."

"It is a maxim that discloses as thoroughly selfish principles, as do too many of the favorite sayings of the day. As a rule of action, I think it injurious. It makes men only externally honest, and that for the sake of interest. I go for honesty without policy. For honesty as a moral principle. If from such a true internal ground flows all our actions, there would be no danger of our trespassing upon the rights of our neighbors. Then, in all our dealings with him, we would be as careful that he was not injured, as that we did not, ourselves suffer loss."

It was about nine o'clock, on the next morning, that Mr. Emory sat in a musing attitude in his counting-room. The expression of his face was very sober, and exhibited something of pain.

"Good morning, Mr. Emory," said the friend with whom he had conversed on the day before, coming in and interrupting his reverie. "You have seen the news, I suppose?"

"Yes. Flour has advanced, I see, about sixty-two and a half cents in the barrel."

"I anticipated as much. Harwood, no doubt, had this information yesterday by private hand. I know that he had, for he has already been boasting of the speculation he made out of you."

"Well, let him boast. But I would not be guilty of that act of over-reaching, for ten times what he will realize by the speculation."

"You still speak in strong terms, Mr. Emory."

"But in true ones, I believe. He certainly did over-reach me, for he took advantage of my ignorance to get my flour for less than he knew it to be worth—at the same time, too, that he was aware I was selling at a serious loss. But I will not complain. All will come out right in the end."

It was about an hour after that Harwood and Mr. Emory met.

"Well, Emory," said the former, laughing with quite a self-satisfied air, "I was a little too keen for you, yesterday."

"So it has turned out," was the cold reply.

"You must be wide awake next time."

"I shall certainly try to be—at least, when dealing with you, Harwood."

"So I would advise you to be. All is fair in trade you know. The fleetest horse wins the race."

"I cannot say that I agree with you, Mr. Harwood, that all is fair in trade."

"No, not every thing, of course. We should act honestly toward each other. But you know what I mean."

"Yes, I believe I do."

"That's all fair, then, isn't it?"

"You think so, I perceive."

"And so do you, of course."

"I cannot say that I do, Mr. Harwood."

"Oh, as to that, you are only a little sore just now. But you would do the same yourself."

"It would be hardly worth while, I presume, for me to say to you that I would not."

"Hardly."

"Well. Regard what I say as you choose, I still feel bound to remark, that I think you did not act fairly, and honestly toward me."

"Honestly, sir!—Honestly! Please to explain yourself. I never can allow a charge of dishonesty to rest upon my character. Every one in this community knows me to be an honest man."

"To act honestly, Mr. Harwood, is to regard the rights of others. You can yourself judge how far, in this transaction, you had regard to my rights.'

"I don't see what I had to do with you rights, Mr. Emory, in the matter. It was your business to take care of them, and mine to take care of my own."

You, at least, ought not to have trespassed on them."

"And, pray, how did I trespass upon your rights?"

"Did you not buy my flour for less than you knew it to be worth?"

"Did you not offer to sell?"

"I certainly did—under the idea that prices would not advance for some three months; while you knew that they would advance on the next day."

"I am certainly at a loss to know how that was trespassing on your rights. You were willing to sell, and I gave you the market price. Flour was only worth five and three eighths yesterday, and I paid you that."

"Did you not know, when you came to me, that prices had risen in New York?"

"Certainly I did."

"And you called on me for the purpose of trying to induce me to sell?"

"Certainly."

"You knew, likewise, that if I sold at prevailing prices, I must inevitably lose money."

"Yes, I knew that. But still, it was none of my business."

"You knew, further, that if I were to wait another day, I would be able to sell at a small profit, instead of at a loss?"

"Yes."

"And do you not think that I was more justly entitled to that profit than you?"

"I cannot see how."

"Was not the flour mine? Had I not purchased it in the regular prosecution of a legitimate trade? Surely, then, if any were entitled to a profit on it, that person was myself. It was wrong, then, for you to step in, and taking advantage of my ignorance, deprive me of a just return for my labor—and what was worse, involve me in a serious loss. You had flour on hand, and ought to have been content with your own share of advantage arising from a better tone in the market, instead of being eager to grasp the profits of every other merchant in the business."

"I cannot see the force of what you say, Mr. Emory. What would be the use of activity and enterprize in business, if the active and the enterprizing man were not to be correspondingly benefitted?"

"A merchant may be active and enterprizing, and yet never trespass upon the rights of another, Mr. Harwood. There is a point beyond which activity and enterprize may not pass, without wrong to the neighbor. And in such wrong, I must frankly say I think you involved; for in your eagerness to make money, you have lost sight of justice to me, and actually involved me —a loss equal to your own gain."

"You do not think, Mr. Emory, that, in trade, we should consider the interest of others as well as our own?"

"Certainly I do."

"A precious business we should make of it, in our efforts to get along in the world, were we thus to act!"

"I do not see why we should not get along well enough. The house-breaker might argue in the same way, and I do not know if not with equal propriety. How am I to get along, he would say, if I am to regard the interests of others as well as my own?"

"There is no parallel in the cases, Mr. Emory."

"Mine is a strong case, I know, but I am inclined to think that the principle of action is the same in both, only more boldly carried out in the instance of the house-breaker."

"How can you prove that?"

"The house-breaker takes the goods of his neighbor, in violation of the law, because he is so selfishly desirous of possessing them, that he has no regard whatever for his rights. You, in

your late transaction, was so eager to benefit yourself, that all idea of justice to man was banished from your mind. To me, the consequences are as equally disastrous, as if a certain portion of my flour had been carried off under the cover of darkness."

"But you sold me your flour, and were not only willing to sell, but expressed your determination to sell."

"And yet, you were in possession of information which, if communicated, would have enabled me to sell my flour to a fair advantage, without in the least injuring you. The same information benefitted yourself as much as it would have benefitted me—but you were not satisfied with the advantage a favorable turn in the market gave you—you selfishly desired my advantage, and at once laid your plans, and succeeded in wresting from me my rights. Had you regarded my interests as you would have had me regard your interests under like circumstances, you would, I am assured, have acted very differently."

"I should have thought that you were very foolish, had such an opportunity been in your way, and not improved. I would blame no one for getting ahead of me, if he could. I would call him a smart fellow, and admire his shrewdness."

It was a little less than a year after this interview, that Mr. Emory was reading the newspaper in his counting-room very early one morning, when a friend stepped in, saying, as he entered—

"I have some good news for you, Mr. Emory."

"Ah, indeed! Well, what is it," responded the individual addressed.

"There will be a material advance in flour."

"That is good news, for I have a large stock on hand, and prices have had rather a downward tendency in the last few weeks. But how do you know?"

"I left New York at five o'clock last evening. Half an hour before my departure, the packet ship Emily, from Liverpool, came to the wharf. I know the captain, and he kindly handed me a late English paper, as a matter of friendly courtesy. There was no time for a regular transmission of letters and papers by that mail, and I have, therefore, I am confident, the only intelligence from the Continent, which is, that the crops have signally failed."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Here is the paper. Read for yourself. And as you are in the trade, I would advise you to make good use of this news. You have nearly a whole day before you. But I haven't a moment to stop. I merely ran around with this for old acquaintance sake. You remember how Harwood chiselled you about a year ago? You can pay him now in his own coin. Do it, Emory! I would be delighted to death to see him well used up. But good morning!"

"Good morning, and many thanks to you!" Mr. Emory responded, as his visitor turned abruptly away.

Here was an event which would prove whether Mr. Emory was a man of principle or mere profession. Whether a new position would change his views. Let us see.

After his visitor had departed, he examined carefully the foreign news and markets, and found that his conclusions had been just. Prices would inevitably advance, so soon as the facts became known. After this had been clearly settled in his mind, he commenced pacing the floor of his counting room backwards and forwards, a habit with him, when deliberating closely upon any line of action.

"Good morning, Harwood!" he said, about an hour afterwards, entering the store of that individual.

"Good morning, Emory. Any news?"

"Why, yes; I have some very important news."

"Indeed! What is it?" his manner becoming quite animated and eager.

"I have a Liverpool paper at least seven hours in advance of the mail."

"You don't say so! Well, what is the news?"

"There will be a short crop"

"Glorious!"

"Prices have advanced."

"That is too good! How much I am indebted to you!"

"We shall now be able to make sales at a good profit."

"Have you mentioned this to any one, Mr. Emory?"

"To no one but you."

"I am glad of that. If we manage it right, we can make a couple of thousand dollars apiece before the mail arrives."

"In what way?"

"Why in buying up all the flour we can lay our hands on, of course."

"Mr. Emory shook his head.

"And why not?" asked Mr. Harwood.

"I never speculate."

"I do, then. And so, if you do not choose to avail yourself of this news, I will."

"And thus rob your neighbors of their legitimate profits."

"You may call it robbery or house-breaking, or what you please, Mr. Emory. I have none of your scruples."

"And yet you pride yourself on being an honest man?"

"And so I am. Who dares gainsay it?"

"You are honest when it is your policy to be so, Mr. Harwood."

"And you are—"

"Honest, I trust, without policy."

"So you say,"—warming, and speaking in a half angry tone.

"And I intend that my actions shall correspond with my words," looking Mr. Harwood in the face with a meaning expression.

"Explain yourself."

"I not only do not intend using this information for the purpose of benefitting myself to the injury of you and other dealers, but I intend preventing you or any other flour merchant or speculator from doing the same."

"In what way?"

"Why, by taking the pains to circulate the news I have received, among all interested parties, that all may alike receive their share of profit."

"You are, let me tell you, Mr. Emory, a weak and foolish man."

"Perhaps I am, in some things. Still, I can clearly see the difference between honesty with, and honesty without policy. And I only wish that you had a like power of discrimination. When I came to you this morning, and apprized you of an important rise in the market, thus giving you a fair chance with myself, instead of trying to monopolize your profit as well as my own, I was in hopes that you would have been led to see the higher truth of such a principle of action. But you did not. The first emotion was a desire to grasp your neighbors' profits, instead of generously leaving them to share in a general benefit, of which you had, by my favor, been made a partaker. And now, Mr. Harwood, in parting, let me caution you to set a more careful watch over that inordinate love of possession, or you may be, sooner or later, betrayed into acts that will destroy that reputation of honesty upon which you build your superstructure of prosperity."

As the sun disdains not to give light to the smallest worm, so a virtuous prince protects the life of his meanest subject.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

Original.

AMINE, THE MORISCO MAIDEN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements."—*Othello.*
"Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth
Fit for a 'squire's child."—*Winter's Tale.*

On a frowning rock, overlooking a wild and troubled stream, which wound through the mountainous regions of Germany, rose one of those barronial castles, common in the Middle Ages. The owner of the castle, Baron Waldberg, had with most of his retainers gone on a warlike expedition, and his wife, the Lady Eleanor, was sitting alone in her chamber, furnished after the fashion of the times, with rude magnificence, but falling far short of the luxury and comfort demanded by modern refinement. It was late in autumn, and the night was wild and gusty. At intervals the sleet and rain were driven violently against the windows, and the wind shrieked like a troubled spirit round the corners of the castle, or swept with a hollow moan along the corridors. Lady Eleanor was seated in front of the large deep fire-place in which was blazing a cheerful wood fire, with her eyes fixed on the pages of a volume containing a collection of those wild romances based on the adventures of daring knights and of distressed damsels immured in enchanted castles. So absorbed was her attention, that she scarcely heeded the night-storm raging without. It was only when a wilder gust than ordinary, came driving the sleet against the clattering casement, threatening to tear it from its hinges, that she would, for a moment, raise her large, melancholy eyes from her book. At the feet of his mistress, lay a beautiful spaniel, apparently enjoying a comfortable nap. All at once he started up, and looked eagerly towards the door. Footsteps drew near, and the voice of Gaspar, an old and faithful servitor, was heard in earnest colloquy with that of a stranger. The next moment the door was opened by Gaspar.

"My Lady," said he, "here is a benighted traveller, who craves a shelter for himself and a child he has in his care, and who insists on seeing you, himself."

"Let him come in," said Lady Eleanor.

At these words the stranger came forward. Long, thick boots, armed with spurs, a surcoat of coarse, substantial cloth, buttoned to the throat, and a fur cap, formed a costume well calculated to defend him from the buffetings of the tempest to which he had been exposed. Particles of still unmelted sleet glittered among the

elf-locks that fell in dark and tangled masses over his collar, and gave a wild expression to a set of prominent and somewhat sharp features deeply bronzed from exposure to the weather, or the ardent sun of a more southern clime. He held by the hand a little girl, whom, 'till the moment of his entrance, he had borne in his arm, apparently five years old. A large shawl of warm and rich material, which had shielded her from the storm, trailed upon the floor, and was secured in such a manner as to cover her head and most of her face, except a pair of large, gazelle-like eyes, which looked up to Lady Eleanor with a half timid, half confiding expression as she bent over her to remove her nearly saturated covering. Lady Eleanor could hardly suppress an exclamation of delight when she had removed the shawl, for the child was very beautiful. Her soft, black hair had already attained such length and exuberance as to cover her neck and shoulders with a cloud of glossy curls, and her features of the most perfect mould and symmetry, were of a kind to give the promise that the germs of intellectual wealth implanted within, would one day expand into the richest bloom. Lady Eleanor took her by the hand to lead her nearer the fire, but she shrunk back, and clung to her rough-looking protector.

"Pardon her, lady," said he, "the child has known and loved me from her birth. I will, with your leave, throw off this wet garment, and take her to the fire myself."

"By all means," she replied. "Gaspar, place a seat in that warm corner, and stir the fire."

In a few moments the stranger was quietly seated with the child in his arms, who leaned her face against his broad chest, with that loving, satisfied air, which fully proved the truth of what he had asserted. The spaniel that had watched with a keen and jealous eye every movement of the stranger-guests, as well as the countenance of his mistress and the tones of her voice, perceiving every thing to be adjusted, again stretched himself lazily before the fire, as if to resume his nap; an occasional quivering of the eyelids, however, betrayed his slumbers to be feigned, not real.

"Can I have a few words of conversation with you, without a witness?" said the stranger to Lady Eleanor.

"Gaspar is an old and faithful servitor," she replied, with a smile, "and is one of those discreet persons who never hear what is not intended for their ears."

Upon this, he took a jewelled ring from a casket which had been concealed in his vest, and presenting it to her, asked her if she remembered it.

"I do," she replied, changing color. It is the very ring I gave Amine, a beautiful Morisco maiden, when we parted for the last time. She was the dearest friend I ever had. But why does she send back the ring?"

"To tenants of the tomb jewels are of no value. It, moreover, will serve as a token to show you that I am no impostor."

"Amine is then dead?"

"Yes, she died six weeks ago, in my wife's arms, and I am here to fulfil her last request."

"Let me hear it."

"She wished you to receive and protect her child. Her kindred have long been banished from Grenada, and her husband's will not receive the child of a Morisco mother. You, she said, would be above such prejudice."

"I take pleasure in saying that I am," she replied, bending over the child, and caressing her. "I will not ask you her name, for I cannot look upon this beautiful face, so exactly resembling the Amine's I so well loved, and call her by any name except her mother's."

"Amine is her name," he replied.

"Her features seemed familiar to me the moment I saw her, yet I could not recall to mind the person she resembled. If I have been rightly informed, Amine married the eldst son of a Spanish nobleman."

"She did. His father, Don Diego D' Alvarez, is one of the wealthiest grandees in Spain. Displeased with his son's marriage, he banished him from his presence. Henceforth the rough life of a soldier was his, 'till a year ago, when he fell on the field of battle. I was by his side, and bore him to a peasant's hut. He lived only long enough to recommend his wife and child to my care."

"I must know the name of one," said Lady Eleanor, "who appears to have so faithfully fulfilled his trust."

"My name is Rodovan," he replied, "and am of a race which, though proscribed and banished, I am not ashamed."

The little Amine had, by this time, fallen into a deep and quiet sleep. Lady Eleanor took her in her arms and placed her upon some cushions, telling Rodovan that Gaspar would conduct him to the apartment prepared for him. He rose, but seemed loth to quit the chamber. At last he drew near Amine, and regarded her with a look of great tenderness.

"Poor child," said he, "in the morning she will ask for me, and I shall be gone. Do not

wonder that it is hard for me to part with her. Hundreds of times she has fallen asleep on my bosom as you saw her to-night, and more than all, she has the blood of my own people in her veins."

He now turned abruptly away, and told Gaspar he was ready to go. It was now midnight, and the fury of the tempest was spent. Stars began to look through the torn skirts of the clouds, and the wind was heard only in low and hollow murmurs. Rodovan did not sleep, but lay watching from his window the first appearance of dawn. With its first faint glimmer he rose, and descending to the stables, fed his horse, and before the people were astir in the castle, was on his way.

When Amine awoke in the morning, and beheld every thing look strange around her, and found that her protector was not near her, she felt very lonely and desolate, but she did not weep. When Lady Eleanor found she was awake, she went to her bed and kissed her, and spake kindly to her; but the child's heart yearned for the kind, familiar voice of him who was already far away.

"Will he come back again?" said she to Lady Eleanor, who was trying to persuade her to eat some breakfast, and when she replied, "not to-day," her lips quivered and her large, soft eyes filled with tears. Although told that he would not return, she took her station at a window commanding a view of the mountain-pass that led to the castle, whence nothing could entice her for more than a few minutes at a time, and whenever she saw a horseman advancing in the distance, her whole heart seemed sent forth in the earnest and wistful gaze with which she regarded him. Many days she watched for his return, and when she found he came not, her affections began to wind themselves round Lady Eleanor, and she began to listen with a truthful and confiding heart to her soothing words. Soon that happy abandonment of spirit, with which childhood itself gives up to the pleasures of the passing hour gave the rose to her cheek and sunshine to her brow. The old castle began to echo to her footsteps, and her mirthful laugh, and the clear, bird-like music of her voice. With the dog by her side, the same that regarded her and her protector so suspiciously the night of their arrival at the castle, she soon began to wander by the shores of the wild mountain stream, to explore the recesses of the deep and solemn forest, and to roam over the breezy hill, her dark locks floating on the wind.

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Ten years had passed away, and Baron Waldberg, as well, as Lady Eleanor regarded her as fondly as if she had been their own child. Not the least intelligence had ever been received respecting Rodovan, although he promised to return in one year. Amid all the comforts of her new home, Amine had never forgotten him. She thought of him when she wandered in the lonely forest-paths, or sat alone in the still evening. That stormy evening, too, when she nestled closely to his bosom, and could scarcely hear his kind and cheering words, for the howlings of the tempest often came back to her. The image of her young and beautiful mother, as she recommended her to Rodovan's protection, filled a still holier place in her memory. She was the one bright angel of her dreams, and the imaginary guardian of her waking hours.

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The feuds of the turbulent barons of that period, often gave employment to Baron Waldberg and his retainers. It was after an absence of several months, that he returned with a young gentleman in his train, whom he had fallen in with on the road, and invited to share the hospitalities of the castle. Though his appearance was very youthful, he was tall, and of a most noble presence. At his entrance, he removed his cap enriched with fur, and revealed a broad, open brow, shaded with hair dark as night. Eyebrows equally dark, arching a pair of deep-set eyes which seem ever to change with the varying passions of the mind, a somewhat high but well shaped nose, a firm and handsome mouth, with a sweet expression of countenance, were, perhaps, a better letter of recommendation than any he might have carried in his pocket. They were so, at least, to Amine. On the other hand, it would have been unnatural for any young man who had the least perception of the beautiful, even had his affections been preëngaged, to have regarded her with sentiments which did not partake of pleasure and admiration. Living in almost perfect seclusion, Lady Eleanor consulted her own taste in the room of fashion, relative to her *protege's* costume. On the present occasion, over a skirt of rich satin, she wore another of light and flowing texture, deeply embroidered with gold. A satin vest, which was fitted exactly to her form, and a purple, gold embroidered tunic, over which, far below her waist, fell her rich, glossy hair, like a dark veil, made her appearance in the eyes of the young stranger as beautiful as it was novel.

As all were about to seat themselves at the well and plentifully supplied board, the arrival of

two other guests was announced. As they drew near the door of the hall, the stranger who first arrived, whispered a few words to Baron Waldberg, and hurried from the room in an opposite direction.

He who first entered, wore the habit of a Spanish gentleman of rank, and had apparently attained life's meridian. The other, who appeared in the humbler guise of an attendant, was in person tall and athletic, and his complexion was very dark. The attention of both was immediately directed to Amine, who appeared to interest them nearly as deeply as the savory viands which the Baron and his lady pressed them to partake. Her eyes drooped beneath their gaze, 'till their long lashes almost rested upon her cheeks, which glowed like the half-folded leaves of the morning rose.

After supper, the Spanish gentleman requested a private interview with the Baron. They had no sooner left the hall, than his attendant, drawing Amine aside, inquired of her if she remembered Rodovan, who ten years before brought her to the castle.

"I shall never forget him," she replied. "Not a day passes but I think of him."

"But you would not know him."

"If he looked as when I saw him last, I should."

"He does not. Time and sorrow and imprisonment have wrought a great change in him, but the sweet rose he so loved has suffered but little alteration, except to grow more beautiful."

These last words were pronounced in a softened voice, such as Amine knew she had heard before, and suddenly grasping his hand in both of her's, she said, "You are Rodovan."

"I am, and you are the Amine I used to hold in my arms ten years ago. I did not expect it. Though Amine, the child, loved me, I feared that Amine, the woman, would forget her early and humble friend, if not scorn him."

"I never have, nor never shall cease to think of you with gratitude and love. But why did you not come as you promised? Many weary days did I watch for you. The caresses of Lady Eleanor were, at those times, nothing to me."

"At the time I promised to be here, I was in prison. When I returned to Spain, which I did for the sake of securing some property I left there, your grandfather sought me out, charged me with having secreted you, and commanded me to inform him where you might be found. He had formerly refused to receive you when applied to by your mother, and I now soon found that he was anxious to obtain you only to bury you in a convent, or to get rid of you by still baser means, that he might obtain possession of a large estate which fell to your father. I refused to give him the information he desired, which so incensed him, that he informed against me, and procured my imprisonment for having dared to enter the kingdom after my people were banished. I remained in prison 'till his decease, which happened only a few months since, when your uncle, Don Diego D' Alvarez, procured my release, on condition that I would conduct him to the place of your abode, he having formed a plan of uniting you to your cousin, Philip, his only son, and thus secure the valuable estate which you inherit from your father."

"That was my uncle, then, whom you accompanied hither."

"Yes."

"I can never marry his son," said she, as her thoughts turned to the young and handsome stranger who arrived in company with the baron.

"That you shall not," he replied, "if when you come to see him you do not like him—not if there be any wit in this head, or strength in these arms. Yet this much will I say for him, he is a handsome, noble-minded youth, and every way fitted to win the heart of a fair maiden."

Amine, who, soon after her interview with Rodovan, retired to her own apartment, saw nothing more, that evening, of the young stranger, nor did she learn any thing concerning him, except that her waiting woman informed her that his name was Ferdinand. A variety of new and agitating emotions had sprung up in her bosom. Though past midnight, she had not yet slept. The moon was at its full, and the winds were hushed. She rose and went to the window. The river, which, when swollen with the autumn rains, was so wild and turbulent, now glided beneath with a soft and pleasant murmur. Suddenly the dash of oars arrested her attention, and looking in the direction whence the sound proceeded, she beheld a small boat containing two persons. She had no time to note their appearance, before the boat entered the deep shadow of the turrets, thrown quite across the river. In a few minutes a tenor voice, deep, clear and musical, accompanied by the notes of a harp, came floating upwards singing one of those provençal songs by which the youthful knight was accustomed to reveal his passion to his Lady Love. She could not, for a moment doubt that Ferdinand was the minstrel, for no person belonging to the castle or its vicinity, had so rich and charming a voice. Still less could she doubt that she was the person addressed, for the name of Amine,

joined with the most passionate epithets, frequently occurred during the song. As strain after strain, each sweeter than the former, arose to her ear, the thought of what Rodovan had told her respecting her cousin Philip, grew more and more painful, and by the time the musician had closed his first song, she had come to a firm resolution to reject his suit, however strenuously urged by his father in his behalf. At the close of the second song, more passionate and tender than the first, she again heard the oars dip into the water and left the window lest her white night-dress should be discerned through the gloom, when it emerged from the shadow of the building. The music appeared to have a soothing effect upon her mind, for when she again sought her pillow, she soon fell into a deep and refreshing sleep. In the morning when she descended to breakfast, her heart fluttered, and her cheeks glowed at the idea of meeting the midnight minstrel, but he did not make his appearance. Her uncle was present, and treated her with great affability and politeness. Rodovan, too, from the lower end of the table, contemplated her with as much pride and satisfaction as if she had been his own daughter. When the meal was finished, Don Diego D'Alvarez mentioned that circumstances rendered it necessary for him to depart.

"My friends, the Baron, and his lady," said he, taking his niece by the hand, "have promised to use their influence in forwarding the suit of my son, whenever he may arrive, and you will pardon a father, my dear Amine, when I say that his gifts both of mind and person are such as ought to recommend him to your favor.

Amine blushed and murmured some unintelligible reply, for Ferdinand was in her mind, and her heart revolted at the idea of receiving the addresses of her cousin, whom she felt assured she could never love. Rodovan, much to her satisfaction, she found was going to remain for the present at the castle, her uncle finding it necessary to furnish himself with an attendant more familiar with the country through which he was going to journey. As soon as her uncle took leave, Amine sought Lady Eleanor to beg she would use her influence with the Baron to send a messenger to Spain, to dissuade her cousin Philip from undertaking his contemplated journey to the castle. Lady Eleanor smiled and asked what possible objection she could have to his coming. Amine cast her eyes to the ground, but made no reply.

"I think I could answer for you," said Lady Eleanor, "but will content myself with warning you against bestowing your heart too lightly upon one who appears in the character of an adventurer—that which is readily won being too apt to be lightly valued. As respects your cousin Philip, it is too late to think of preventing him from coming. Though my husband and myself, certainly will not compel you to accept him, we shall endeavor to redeem the promise we made your uncle, as far as is proper. For your own part, guard well your heart, and remember that a deceitful tongue may utter flattering words and sing pleasant songs."

A little anger, in spite of her efforts to suppress it, was mingled with the feeling of shame awakened by these last words, and when Lady Eleanor requested her to sing a song, and accompany it with her lute, she felt half inclined to refuse. Her anger was like the April cloud, however, that soon flits away, and with an emotion of self-reproach for having indulged it, she took up her lute and sung one of the popular songs of the time with even more pathos and sweetness than usual.

A few days afterwards, Lady Eleanor said to Amine, "The Baron and I have been thinking of giving a masquerade. We have received sure information that your cousin, Philip D' Alvarez will be here a week from Wednesday next, and we are not unwilling to honor him by some rare entertainment. We shall invite all the gentry within forty miles, who will not fail to provide themselves with magnificent dresses, but we must not suffer you to be outdone."

"Were I to consult my own inclination," replied Amine, "I would adopt the simple habit of an Hungarian peasant girl. I once dressed myself in it for sport, and thought it became me better than a richer dress."

"It would become you, undoubtedly, but one more splendid would become you much better. I lately read the story of a beautiful princess, whose dress was described as being so charming, that I wish you to exactly imitate it."

Amine readily yielded the point, for she thought much more of meeting her cousin Philip, than of her dress. She felt glad of an opportunity to appear in his presence for the first time so disguised that he would be unable to distinguish her from others, while; with the assistace of Rodovan, she felt sure of being able to detect him.

During the intermediate time, she and Ferdinand often met, but in their intercourse, though so frequent, he never, for a moment, forgot that respect and deference, prescribed by the romantic spirit of chivalry common to the period. Once, and only once, he ventured to press the snowy

hand, held out to receive from him some beautiful flowers, which had found root on the side of a precipice, and which he had with some danger obtained.

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It was a rich, mellow sunset,

"And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest-leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

Ferdinand and Amine stood together on the battlement. Both were silent, yet the heart does not always need the medium of language to express its sentiments. On the present occasion, neither felt any difficulty in reading that of the other. At length, Ferdinand broke the silence.

"To-morrow evening," said he, you expect your cousin Philip."

Amine assented.

"You are aware," resumed he, "that he possesses many advantages, which I make no pretensions to. He is the sole heir to a princely domain, is allowed by the ladies to be comely in person, and has received the honors of knighthood—three things which no woman is apt to hold as of light value. The Baron and Lady Eleanor, moreover, have promised to espouse his cause. Can I, the unknown adventurer, have any thing to hope when such a rival enters the field?"

"You can have nothing to fear from one I hold in disdain. Had it not been that I inherit a few broad acres, which he wishes to add to his own fair domain, the despised Amine, might for all him, have remained in obscurity.

"By this good sword, you wrong him. The heart of Philip D'Alvarez is not a mercenary one," he exclaimed somewhat impetuously.

Amine raised her large, dark eyes to his with a look of surprize.

"You think it strange that I should say aught in favor of a rival," said he, smiling, "and I think myself, that it might have been more politic if not more generous, to have remained silent."

He then drew a hair bracelet from his vest, the clasp of which was enriched with a large brilliant of the first water, and fastened it round her arm.

"Should you wish to undo this," said he, "press your finger firmly against the inner edge of the clasp. Possibly, when you come to see your cousin, he may please you better than you anticipate—you may prefer him to me. If so, give him this bracelet. To me it will be the signal to leave this place for ever."

Saying thus, he pressed her hand to his lips, and left the battlements.

The following day, as evening drew near, those invited to attend the masquerade began to assemble. The old castle seemed converted into a fairy palace. The brilliant lights shed a flood of radiance over the different costumes, presenting every variety from the magnificent robes of the oriental despot, down to the humble garb of the peasant. Amine, with her long night-black tresses braided with jewels, and her rich purple robes, wrought with gold, fully realized to the mind of Lady Eleanor, the description she had read of the beautiful princess. She had been told that her cousin Philip had arrived, but no one amid the gay assemblage answered to the idea she had formed of him; nor could she any where discover Ferdinand. It was not long, however, before a person in the habit of a Tyrolese Hunter, his cap bound with fresh-gathered flowers, drew near the spot where she stood.

"Amine," said he, in a voice she at once knew to be Ferdinand's, "the hour of trial draws near. Philip D' Alvarez is in the castle, and will soon seek you. A description of your dress has already been given him by Lady Eleanor. An hour hence I may be far away, with only this memorial of you remaining to me."

As he spoke, he touched a withered rose she had once given him, which he had wreathed with the newly-plucked flowers that bound his cap. He waited for no reply, but turning away, was soon lost among the crowd. Fifteen minutes had elapsed, when the attention of all was attracted by the entrance of a Mask in the rich and picturesque habits of a Hungarian noble. He stopped and interchanged a few words with Rodovan, whom she had already recognized through the disguise of an Arab chief, and then, at once made towards a recess to which she had retired, to inhale, for a moment, the fresh air from an open window. She pressed her hand against her side, as if to still the almost audible beatings of her heart, for she felt assured that it was Philip D' Alvarez. He was, she imagined, near the size of Ferdinand, but his step seemed prouder and firmer, and his bearing more dignified. In a minute more he was at her side, and at once confirmed her suspicion by informing her that he was her cousin. He continued to address her in a voice scarcely above his breath, yet every tone, as well as word, was full of tenderness and passion.

"It was a mockery," said she at length, angrily, "to thus address a person whose face you have never seen."

"Never seen!" repeated he. "I have seen you without this mask hundreds of times. One year ago, chance threw me among the wild and picturesque hills surrounding this castle. I often

hovered near you unseen, and once, when your horse took fright——but why should I recall what you may have forgotten?"

"I shall never forget that my life was saved by a young hunter at the imminent hazard of his own, who had so little wish to cultivate an acquaintance with those he had so signally served, as to refuse the pressing invitation sent him the next day to dine at the castle. Think not, however, that for that reason, either my friends or myself, ever for a moment ceased to be grateful."

"It was not in my power to accept the invitation. While making the necessary preparation, a letter was put into my hand from my father, informing me of circumstances which compelled me to start for home without a moment's delay. I have now returned with his full approbation, as you undoubtedly know, to offer you my hand."

"Which I can never accept," said Amine, "my heart being already in the possession of another."

"If neither your heart nor hand can be mine," said he, after remaining silent for a short time, "you will, at least, consent to interchange tokens of friendship. Suffer me to take this bracelet, and in return receive this ring."

Suiting the action to the words, he adroitly slipped a superb diamond ring upon her finger, and at the same instant pressing the secret spring that secured the bracelet, he removed it from her arm. So rapid had been his movements, she had no time to prevent them, but before he could place the bracelet within the folds of his vest, she snatched it from his hand, and withdrawing the ring from her finger, returned it to him.

"Perhaps," said she, "I should not have refused some other memento of friendship, had you sought less peremptorily to enforce your request, but this bracelet I shall never part with, unless demanded by him who gave it."

"Amine, I am satisfied," said a voice that thrilled her heart. The poor and friendless Ferdinand is preferred to the rich and powerful D'Alvarez. I am thine 'till death."

As he spoke, he removed his mask, and she then saw that Ferdinand and Philip were the same.

The explanation which followed, was briefly made. He informed her, that when he found that from motives of interest, his father wished to bring about a match between them, he was resolved, that unless he could feel satisfied that she loved him for himself alone, never to offer her his hand. He, therefore, immediately after the departure of his father and Rodovan, set out on the same journey, and by chance, falling in with Baron Waldberg, confided to him the plans of his father and those of his own, the latter of which he requested him to aid in executing; a request with which the Baron as well as Lady Eleanor promised to comply.

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A few weeks more, and the castle was graced with a smaller, though not less happy party than on the evening of the masquerade. At the appointed hour, all proceeded to the family chapel, where Amine, her features beaming through the bridal veil, instead of being concealed by the tantalizing mask, and D'Alvarez in the rich dress of a Spanish noble, ratified their vows at the altar.

Original.

"LOVE'S FIRST STEP IS UPON THE ROSE."

A BALLAD.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

It was a lady young and fair,
Who sang that mournful strain,
Her brow wore not a shade of care,
Her cheek no trace of pain;
Yet sung she, e'en as one who knows
How youthful hearts are torn,
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

Bright jewels bound her raven hair,
And sparkled on her hand,
For earth held nought of rich or rare
Her wealth might not command;
Yet, mark how sad the music flows
From lips curved half in scorn,—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

No brighter, lovelier face appears
In pleasure's crowded mart,
That proud eye was not made for tears,
No blight should touch that heart;
But, as she sings, some memory throws
Its shadow o'er life's morn;—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

Alas! it is a weary task,
To trace life's hidden cares,
And who would raise the smiling mask
Which maiden feeling wears?
A quaint old rhyme may oft disclose
How much the heart has borne;—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

THE ESCAPE OF THE ATALANTA.

BY W. S. MAYO, M. D.

The deeds of our naval officers are emblazoned in the page of history—the memory of their triumphs preserved in the hearts of their countrymen, but the feats of our commercial marine, the gallantry, courage, and skill of its officers however strikingly evinced, pass unrecorded and unknown. We will relate one authentic fact, which, if it had occurred in the public service, would have rendered the name of the actors famous in the annals of the sea.

It was a few years previous to the last war, that the giant strifes of *Christian* Europe had reached their highest point. The flood of battle rolled its reddest tide, desolating the fair fields of civilized man, and tinting with its sanguinary hue the waves of every sea. Then was carried out to the fullest extent, that stupenduous system of aggression upon the rights of neutrals, in which the two great belligerents vied with each other in acts of violence and injustice, and which reduced our growing commerce to a precarious struggle with national bucaneers. Paper blockades, Berlin and Milan decrees, and orders in council, furnished excuses for all kinds of insults and piracies, and embarrassed our communication with more than half the ports of the globe. Among other places thus interdicted to us, was the port of Vera-Cruz, which, as a Spanish possession, was included in the comprehensive blockade of all the coasts of France and her allies, by England. This place, then, as now, sustained important commercial relations with the United States, which were, for a time, interrupted; and large quantities of gold and silver, the produce of the Mexican mines, had accumulated there, the exportation of which had been prevented by the strict watch kept up by British cruisers. At last, however, its want began to be severely felt. Extensive commercial transactions, which had this blockaded specie for a basis had taken place, and it was resolved, by those most interested, to attempt getting it at all hazards. For this purpose, a clipper schooner was expressly constructed; and a commander being required, combining activity, energy, prudence, and skill, Captain M——, was selected. His good luck was proverbial, having never cost the underwriters a dollar, and good luck in a seaman's life is generally but another name for good conduct. His own maxim was, that there is no accident happening at sea, which cannot be attributed to a want of either prudence or skill. Does a squall strike a ship unexpectedly?—there has not been a proper look-out. Is a spar lost?—the rigging is bad, or badly set up, or the spar was defective, or sail had not been reduced in time. Is a ship uneasy in a heavy sea-way?—her stowage is bad; or, does she find herself in dangerous proximity to land, or an ice-berg?—the reckoning is bad, or the lead, and the thermometer have been neglected.

In going out to Vera-Cruz, on her first voyage, the schooner was over-hauled by an English sloop-of-war, and carried into Nassau, New-Providence, as a prize; but as there were no circumstances to justify her capture, the courts were compelled to set her free. Without further adventure, she arrived off the port, and showing her speed to an English frigate upon the station, easily slipped in. The officers of the frigate, knowing the object for which she had come, and confiding in the speed of their ship, were not unwilling to entice such a prize to sea, but it was several weeks before an opportunity that was thought available, occurred. At length, getting under way late in the evening, Captain M—— ran boldly out into the offing, without passing near enough to see any Englishmen, and without suspecting that any saw him. For several days the schooner ploughed her way before a good stiff breeze until the fifth, which closed with the usual order to the man at the mast head to "take a good look around the horizon for sails," and the response "that nothing was in sight." In the middle of the night, while lying awake in his berth, the Captain fancied that he heard the swash of the water against the sides of a ship, and starting instantly to the deck there was to be perceived the hull and spars of a large vessel not twenty rods off, on the weather beam. The watch of the frigate, as she proved to be, were equally sleepy, and the proximity of the schooner had not been discovered. Blowing out the binnacle lights, and putting the helm down, the schooner was directed across the ship's wake, but at the moment when right astern, the flapping of a sail or the cracking of a block aroused the watch of the frigate, and a hoarse hail of "ship ahoy! what craft is that?" thundered from the lofty quarter right down upon the schooner's deck.

To this question no answer was returned, and it was immediately followed by a peremptory order to "heave to."

"Heave to! or I'll fire into you."

Still no answer. The ship was now all alive. The drums beat to quarters, battle lanterns were lighted, carronades cast loose, pointed, and fired,

but with an aim so uncertain, that, although several shot struck the schooner, no material damage was done, while the chances each instant diminished as she rapidly stretched out into the pitchy darkness to windward. In a few minutes the carronade shot fell short, when the frigate's gun-deck ports were opened, and a shower of iron started from the muzzles of her long thirty-twos—but it was too late—the chase was safe, and the dangerous adventure at an end.

The result of this voyage led to several others, all equally successful, but abounding in similar adventurous and narrow escapes. In the last, and most important, from the amount of specie involved, the vigilance of the British cruisers came near being rewarded with a splendid prize. It was just at the break of day, when Captain M—— tired out with the watchings of an anxious night, had retired to his berth, that the unwelcome announcement of "sail ho!" broke upon his ear.

"Where away?" he shouted up the companion way, to Mr. Jones, the first mate, who was officer of the watch.

"Right off on the weather-quarter," was the reply.

"What does she look like?"

"A large square-rigged vessel, sir, with every thing set that can draw, from royals down. She looks like a man-of-war."

In a moment, Captain M—— was on deck with his glass, and there, plainly to be perceived in the dull grey of the morning, was a large ship five or six miles to windward. Dropping his glass from his eye, after a momentary survey, he turned to Mr. Jones.

"Well, sir, what do you think?"

"I think, sir, it is mighty suspicious."

"Suspicious! there is no suspicion about it—that is an English frigate as plain as the nose on your face—the very fellow that has chased us so often."

"Ay, ay, sir, there can be no doubt of it," returned Mr. Jones—"you see she has got the identical brown fore-top-gallant-sail—she is coming along like a race-horse."

"Ay, she's got a fresh breath of wind; we shall get it in a moment more, when I hope Atalanta (the name of the schooner,) will show a little of her usual activity."

"Never doubt, sir, the old girl can show her heels to any thing in his majesty's service; and we have tried this fellow too often not to know his rate. To be sure, if we were up there to windward, close-hauled, it would be a little more easy, but as it is, she can do it without straining."

"Well, ease off the sheets, and set the square-sails! We can afford to indulge that fellow in his humor for studding-sails."

The Atalanta fell off before the wind, bringing the frigate nearly astern—a point of sailing, in which square-rigged vessels generally have the advantage—but of no use in the present case, as the schooner had the unusual quality, for vessels of her class, of sailing as well before the wind as close-hauled. In this way they continued for some time, the Atalanta rapidly increasing the distance from the frigate, when a sail to leeward, and ahead was announced. In a few minutes it was ascertained that she, too, was a man-of-war. Orders were given to brace up, bringing the schooner into her original position, with the wind a-beam; the new vessel to leeward; and the frigate to windward, and a little astern.

"Sail, ho!" shouted a look-out, for the third time.

"What, another! Where away?"

"Dead ahead!"

"This is something more than we bargained for, Mr. Jones," exclaimed Captain M——.

"Ay, sir, this is coming thicker, and faster, and considerably more of it. If that chap ahead is a Johnny Bull with his teeth cut, we shall be in a regular fix."

"Well, a fix it is, then," said the Captain, with his glass to his eye, "there's the hull of a two-decker beneath that mass of spars."

The sun was now fairly up above the horizon, dispersing, by his warmth, a slight haze which had obscured objects at a distance, and disclosing two more sail, one on the starboard, and the other on the larboard bow.

"We are in a nest of 'em, by Heavens!" exclaimed the Captain. "What do you think, Mr. Jones?"

"A regular trap, sir, and I think the sooner we turn tail, and try to creep out the way we got in, the better."

"We never could do it—these two chaps could rub us to chips between the muzzles of their guns, without firing a shot."

"Well, then, Captain, I'm really afraid that it is a gone case with us. Oh! if we were only up there," pointing to windward, "we should be safe enough."

"Well, we must get there."

"It is impossible, sir."

"Impossible or not, we must try—they can't do more than sink us. Take in the gaft-top-sails! Haul aft the sheet! Luff! Luff up! Let her come to it as close as she will lie!"

In an instant, the schooner had altered her course; heading up to the wind in a direction

obliquely across the bows of the rapidly advancing frigate.

"There, well all that!" exclaimed the Captain, taking the wheel into his own hands, "now men, go below, all of you! We shall catch a grist or two of grape, and you may as well keep under cover as much as you can."

The two vessels were now rapidly approaching each other—the frigate steadily pursuing her course, apparently confident that the prize was within her grasp; while the Atalanta, with the luff of her fore-sail shivering, was, in the expressive language of the sailor, "eating into the wind," at a rate which put all the calculations of her pursuer at fault. Soon, she was nearly athwart the fore-foot of the frigate, and within musket shot.

A flash from the bow-port, and a twenty-four pound shot dashed up a cloud of foam directly beneath the schooner's bows. In an instant another, evidently aimed at her, passed a few feet astern; and in a moment more the frigate braced sharp up, and let fly all the guns she could bring to bear. This manœuvre lessened her head-way, and before she could repeat the discharge, the schooner had got so far up to windward as to be out of range of her lee-broadside. Although unable to hold her wind with the schooner, and rapidly falling off to leeward, the frigate advanced through the water with a velocity that soon brought her close-to on the lee-quarter of the Atalanta. Falling off a little, which, while it made her lose ground, enabled her to open her weather broadside, she sent forth a storm of shot, which, at first, hurtled harmlessly over the little craft. Again and again it came, but with better aim, enveloping her in a shower of grape, riddling her sails, which were fortunately new and strong, and tearing the splinters from her bulwarks, masts, and booms; but still not an essential rope was cut, or a spar materially injured, while each instant the distance between the two vessels was increasing.

"You are hit!" exclaimed Mr. Jones to the captain, observing his left hand drop from the wheel, shattered by a grape-shot.

"Ready about!" was the only reply, shouted in a tone which brought the sailors instantly to the deck. "In a minute more we shall be within shooting distance of this other fellow ahead."

"Down with the helm, Mr. Jones!"

"Helm's a-lee!"

The jib-sheets were loosened, and the schooner came up, fore-reaching when in the very eye of the wind, at the rate of three or four miles the hour, and then falling off upon the other tack, in a direction contrary to that the frigate was pursuing. Following the example, the frigate also tacked, but it took her much longer, and when she came round, and gathered the head-way she had lost, the Atalanta was more than a mile off, hugging the wind with a closeness and tenacity peculiar to fore-and-aft clippers, and chopping her way up to windward after a fashion which would have rendered pursuit by any square-rigged vessel perfectly useless.

A shot from the frigate's bow chasers sunk, its force quite spent, a few feet astern.

"Hurrah!" shouted the mate, unable any longer to control the pent up excitement of the chase. "Hurrah!" and swinging his cap round his head, he gave it a shie over the lee quarter.

"Hurrah," echoed the crew with responsive enthusiasm, and imitating the monkeys in the well known story of the sailor and his caps, they followed the example of their officer, and in an instant a dozen tarpaulings were floating in the wake astern. Whether the Englishman fished any of them up as he came by, is not known, but at any rate, it was his only chance for a prize. At daybreak the next morning, the frigate was no where to be seen, and the schooner, with her cargo, without any further adventure, arrived in safety at New York.

As may be supposed, Captain M—— received the congratulations and approbation of his employers, comprising several of the richest merchants, bankers, and agents for foreign houses. A sum of money was voted to him, with a piece of silver, and inducements were held out to him by one who was principally interested, and who had become a large land-holder in the then wilderness of the northern part of the State of New York, to go on there and settle. The inducements were too strong to resist. He moved to to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and commenced the construction of the first schooner employed in the lucrative trade between the flourishing village of Ogdensburg and the ports on Lake Ontario.

Such is the diligence with which, in countries completely civilized, one part of mankind labor for another, that wants are supplied faster than they can be formed, and the idle and luxurious find life stagnate for want of some desire to keep it in motion. This species of distress furnishes a new set of occupations; and multitudes are busied from day to day in finding the rich and the fortunate something to do.—*Johnson.*

Original.

ANN MARIA HYDE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Ann Maria Hyde was a native of Norwich, Connecticut, and born on the 1st of March, 1792. Her family were of high respectability, and her early years nurtured amid all that affluence and love could bestow. Indeed she was reared with much of that idolatrous tenderness which is wont to centre in an only child,—as her sister, being sixteen years old at her birth, and removed ere long, by marriage, to a home of her own,—the little remaining one became the object of the most ardent parental solicitude. And well did she repay it,—not only by brilliant mental developments,—but by the unfolding of the sweetest affections.—Her gentleness of nature, breathing on all whom she knew, extended to animals,—insects, and even reptiles; whom she could not endure to see troubled, or hurt.

She derived entertainment from books, at an age when most children are occupied with the modifications of the alphabet, and though often interested in sports and pastimes, found pleasure in solitary thought, and serious reflection. She delighted in the historical and poetical portions of the Scriptures, and without directions from others, chose them for her frequent perusal. When her tiny hands were unable to sustain the weight of a large Bible, and her form too infantine to allow her to sit and read it at a table, without the care of others, she would spend whole days stretched on the carpet, her little bright face bent over its pages, in quiet attention, or sometimes suddenly reading aloud, passages whose sublimity struck her ear, or affected her heart. It was also perceived that she sometimes treasured them in her memory, and correctly applied them. Being once sick, when a very young child, she said, "I think I should be willing to die now, if it was not for my dear friends. But the Bible says, "Whoso loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

Fondness for knowledge, led her early to love school, and her instructors. She distinguished herself, while there, by scrupulous regard to their wishes, whether expressed or implied,—by the clearness and beauty of her recitations—the classical correctness of her written thoughts, and a propriety of demeanor, which no evil example could warp or overcome. At twelve, she was well-grounded in the solid branches of a good education, though the bent of her genius led to rhetorical, philosophical, and historical studies, which she continued to pursue throughout her life.

At the age of fourteen, she retired from school, and became the companion of her parents. Her love of nature now more fully unfolded itself, and the city of her birth, and the neighborhood of her residence, diversified as they were by rural and romantic scenery, became more and more dear. Her father, whose fine mind had been disciplined by the study and practice of jurisprudence, was gratified to perceive that his idol-daughter continued her daily intercourse with the best of authors, and her habits of profound thought, and frequent composition, while her mother was equally cheered by her affectionate participation in whatever promoted domestic welfare and happiness.

In her shrinking delicacy of feeling, and favorite themes of contemplation, it was easy to discern the poetic temperament. In this, as in all her other attainments, there was a remarkable precocity. Her chosen subjects were unambitious, and such as the affections dictated. One of the first, which met the eye of her friends, was written at about the age of nine years, and descriptive of her infant nephew. So harmonious were its numbers, that one of her relatives, without her knowledge, sent it to the pages of a periodical, and when she saw it in print, she burst into tears. The following effusion was addressed to the same nephew, when somewhat older, to console him for the loss of a favorite dog.

"The purest bliss that man enjoys below,
Is but a mixture of delight and woe,—
Compos'd of transitory, fleeting joys
Which time still lessens, and at length destroys.
Even the gay visions of our earliest years,
Are dim'd by sorrow, and defac'd with tears,—
So you, dear boy, are thus condemned to know
The pang of grief, and taste the cup of woe.
Might not your tender age avert the dart
Of keen misfortune from your shrinking heart?
Nor even the shield of strong affection save
Your fond companion from the silent grave?
How oft your cheek has warm'd with conscious pride,
To see him play and frolic by your side,—
How oft your bosom with enchantment glow'd
At his caresses on yourself bestowed,—
When after absence from your pleasant home,
To bid you welcome, he would bounding come.
Yet hush the grief that swells your mournful breast,
He sinks to quiet shades of peaceful rest,—
He sleeps as sweet,—as safe from all alarms,
As when protected by your guardian arms."

Another poem greets the birth of the second and youngest child of her beloved sister.

"She comes, a little stranger here below,
Where mingled streams of pain and pleasure flow,—
Where fragrant flowers and thorns, promiscuous rise,
And light and shade alternate veil the skies.
Welcome, sweet image of a spotless soul,
Whose mind no guilt,—nor gloomy fears control,—
Whose smiling dreams, approving angels tend,
And o'er their charge with unseen pinions bend.
—Like some sweet cherub from the realms of rest,
Of all its native purity possess'd,
She thinks no ill,—no future danger fears,
Nor sees the forms disorder'd Fancy rears.
Her infant wants, our constant care attends,
From suffering guards her, and from harm defends:—
But the strong thought, the comprehensive mind,
The genius active, towering, unconfin'd,—
The powers above our narrow orb to rise,
And trace the planets through the boundless skies,—
These are the gifts of Him who call'd to birth
Revolving spheres,—and form'd this lower earth.
Oh! may he listen to our fervent prayer,
And make our babe his own peculiar care,—
Grant her a soul contented and serene,—
Good sense, good temper, and a modest mien,—
We will not ask for beauty's dazzling blaze,—
Nor wit's illusive, and enchanting rays,—
Enough, if Virtue's solar beam shall shine,
To guide her safely 'till her days decline;—
So, shall her charms, when life's short day is past,
Unfading flourish and eternal last,—
And death translate them to that blest abode
Where stainless spirits throng the throne of God."

Hitherto, the course of the sweet poet had been without a cloud. The first sorrow that overshadowed her youthful path, was painful sympathy for her only sister, the protracted absence of whose husband on a voyage he had been induced to take, caused the most agonizing suspense, which at length—(no intelligence ever being received of the ship in which he sailed)—deepened into the dark gloom of widowhood. She continued, as long as possible, to spread the scattered fragments of hope before the eyes of the anxious family, but while the smile trembled on her lips, her private papers revealed with what prostration of spirit, she retired to weep for the bereaved and the fatherless.

"The light that cheer'd their darken'd way,
No more emits its guiding ray,—
The arm, their feeble steps that staid,
No more affords its needful aid,—
The eye that wept, if their's should weep,
Is seal'd in death's oblivious sleep,—
The heart that felt for all their woes,
Is hush'd in undisturb'd repose,—
No more their friend, their gentle guide,
Shall o'er their devious path preside,
Through life's dark gloom their steps direct,
And from its gathering ills protect.
Oh, Thou to whom our prayers ascend,
The widow's judge, the orphans' friend,
With mercy's cheering ray illume
Our lonely passage to the tomb,
And when the storms of time are past,
Receive us to thy rest at last,
Where to the pardon'd soul is given,
The pure, unbroken rest of Heaven."

From her deep, sisterly sympathy, sprang forth a noble principle—the desire, personally, to assist those, who, by this visitation, had sustained an entire reverse of fortune, and found every earthly prospect darkened. She made proposals, and obtained the consent of her parents, to engage in the work of education, and with an energy which astonished the friends who knew the diffidence of her nature, decided to become the member of a school, in a distant part of the State, in order to acquire that knowledge of painting, embroidery in silk, and some other accomplishments, which were, in those days, deemed essential for a teacher of young ladies. Then, she whose sensitive spirit had ever shrunk from association with strangers, and whose love for her own, sweet, sheltering home, was almost a morbid sentiment, braved privation and inconvenience, for several months, without a murmur. There, she might be seen, in the coldest winter mornings, taking her walk to school,—attending throughout the day, with a perseverance that allowed no moment to be lost, to those pursuits which were to qualify her for a sphere of future labor,—and in the evening, by the parlor fire of her boarding-house, or in her own little chamber, engaged with her needle, or in long and beautifully-written letters to the friends over whom her heart yearned, and for whom she sometimes, in secret, struck the mournful lyre.

"Oh, Thou, who know'st the lot they share,
And who canst well bestow
The balm that sooths corrosive care,
And heals the wounds of woe,—
If dangers daunt their trembling heart,
Or anxious fear assail,
Be thou their trust,—their sure support,
When earthly helpers fail.

Assure them that thy ways are just,
And all thy counsels wise,
Nor let them in thy love distrust
Nor frown with sceptic eyes.
From Thee, each blessing we derive,
By Thee is sorrow given;—
May grief instruct us how to live,
And point our path to Heaven.

When gathering clouds obscure the sky,
And howls the sullen storm,
With what enchantment we descry
The rainbow's glorious form,—

So, may thy mercy gild the gloom
Of destiny severe,
Sustain the sufferer to the tomb
And dry affliction's tear."

After her return home, she faithfully and successfully engaged in the instruction of young ladies, with an associate, whom, from her own school-days, she had continued to love, and the time passed usefully and happily. She, and this friend, with some of their pupils, became boarders in the house of her sister, and the consciousness that she was useful to others, gave at times, an almost celestial expression to her lovely countenance. The pleasures, or occasional trials of the day, formed a theme for twilight communing, with the sharer of her toils, and they found how every semblance of evil vanished away, when divided by the hand of friendship. Eminently was her nature formed for friendship. The troubles of her friends were her own,—their praises seemed more than her own,—for she took them into her heart with warm gratulation, while her own she examined with scrutiny,—with a severe humility, which half rejected them as unjust. Her constitutional diffidence guarded her from promiscuous intimacies,—while her exquisite sensibility,—high integrity, and disinterested spirit, gave to the friendships she eventually formed, an inviolable constancy. It was during this pleasant period of her life, that she wrote the following stanzas.

EPITAPH ON MYSELF.

"Stranger! beneath this stone, in silence sleeps,
What once had animation, reason, life;
And while in vain, the eye of friendship weeps
The bosom rests, unvex'd by mortal strife.

No more the smiles of joy illume the face,
Nor health's fair roses on the cheek shall bloom,
For ever fled the gaiety and grace
Of sprightly youth, they gleam not o'er the tomb.

Oh, stranger, pause! So shall thy graces die,
Thy talents, birth and fortune all decay:
Thus low in dust thy lifeless form shall lie,
And power and wealth and honor pass away.

Love not too well, the empty breath of fame,
Nor wrap thy heart in hoards of glittering store,
Death spares not for the tinkling of a name,
He points his shaft, and greatness is no more.

No arms escutcheon'd on the lowly stone
Reveal the titled greatness of the dead.
To proud ambition and to fame unknown,
Was she who slumbers in this mouldering bed.

No weeping Muses consecrate the ground,
No pensive bards in tuneful requiem sigh,
No genius here breathes inspiration round
The hallow'd spot where these cold relics lie.

Heaven has to few, the envied gift assign'd
Of Wit's enchanting, but deceptive light,
Nor gleam'd its magic o'er her humble mind
Who slumbers here, in deep oblivion's night.

What though no gathering crowds assembled round
Her final home, or grac'd the funeral bier,
Believe not that this undistinguish'd ground
Was never moisten'd by affection's tear.

For who, so vile, so unbelov'd can live,
So unlamented to the grave descend,
That sympathy no tribute has to give,
Nor sad remembrance moves one mournful friend?

Reader! if firm resolve inspir'd thy soul
No more from Virtue's sacred bound to stray,
Let fierce temptation with its strong control
Again impell'd to error's devious way.

If thou didst mourn in vain, for follies past,
Then weakly yield to vanity again,
Find every boasted motive fail at last,
And imperfections all thine actions stain,

Oh! pause, and contemplate a kindred mind,
And then implore of Heaven's assisting might
That thou may'st Wisdom's narrow boundary find,
And sovereign mercy guide thy steps aright.

Mourn not for her, whose unreluctant heart
'Neath this green turf hath found a refuge lone,
Nor at the truthful admonition start
That tells such bed shall shortly be thine own.

Farewell!—To Wisdom consecrate thy days!—
But ye, who strive with eager hands to gain
Earth's glittering store, and mortal's fitful praise,
Approach, and on my tomb-stone read,—they're vain."

Still more effectually to shelter the widowed sister, and her two children, her parents left their pleasant mansion, and became inmates under her roof,—and the subject of this memoir, relinquishing for a time, her school,—devoted her whole being to their comfort,—and to such social, intellectual and benevolent pursuits, as her native taste and her sense of religious responsibility dictated. While she systematically applied a portion of her time to historical, philosophical and theological reading, her journal amid the careful analysis of authors, or her own opinion on matters of serious import, mingles such little traits as the following,—which will interest those who prize the excellence of woman, in the order and economy of a household. "Rose, and prepared breakfast for the family;"—"spent a part of this day in housewifery;"—"passed several hours in watering in the garden;"—"busily engaged with my needle;"—"employed a portion of the morning in gathering corn, with Thompson's beautiful description of Autumn almost constantly in my mind, and that passage often on my lips,

'Think, oh, think!
How good the God of harvest is to you!'"

Though her attachment to her parents, relatives, and chosen friends, was so great, that she emphatically lived for them, more than for herself,—it had been evident from infancy that the love of her father was peculiar, and predominant. In their intellectual tastes, there existed a strong congeniality,—he had made himself from childhood the companion of her pleasures, as well as her studies, and when to the weight of advancing years, was added the pressure of adverse fortune, her affection became inexpressibly tender and pervading. It was a touching mixture of deep respect, and fond devotedness,—a delight in his company,—a desire to protect him from all anxiety,—an in-dwelling of his image in her perpetual thought. To the friend who shared her entire confidence, she sometimes expressed the feeling that she should never be able to survive him. But sudden and fearful sickness came. Night and day she watched without consciousness of fatigue,—she was unwilling that any hand save her own, should prepare or administer medicine and nourishment. When the finished work of the Destroyer became but too visible, she was determined not to leave his pillow while breath remained,—but, "Oh!" said she, "can I endure to hear his last groan!" Having never seen Death, she supposed it always attended with convulsion and agony, and had nerved herself for the terrific scene. But when she beheld the quiet, peaceful dissolution, and was assured by the physicians that the spirit had indeed departed, she clasped her hands with the exclation, "*Can this be death!*" and every emotion was for a time absorbed in gratitude to Him who had so gently removed her father and her friend.

She clung closely to the beloved dead,—but shed no tear. "How beautiful are those features!" she often murmured,—but no tear from her burning eyes moistened them. The knell, at which she was wont to weep, when it tolled even for strangers,—the great concourse that mournfully assembled to do honor to the deceased,—the pathetic prayers from revered lips,—the sullen grave closing upon the beloved form—drew no tear. Friends watched her with intense anxiety,—strangers wondered at her composure, she returned from the funeral solemnities,—and she sat down silently by the deserted hearthstone, in the very chair of the dead father,—still there was no tear. It was not 'till afterwards,—when induced to pour out her soul into the bosom of friendship, that she found the blessed relief of tears.

The shadow of grief was slow in lifting itself from her spirit. Indeed, it is doubtful whether its effects ever wholly passed away. For, though she returned to life's duties, there was about her that utter chastisement of earthly hope,—that sublimation of the soul, whether in sorrow, or in joy, which ever looks upward for its perfect rest. With the most earnest assiduity she strove to comfort her widowed parent,—and for her sake preserved cheerfulness of deportment, and took the smile again upon her beautiful brow,—but it was not like her former smile. It was that of a spirit, ripened for a better clime, having its treasures already garnered up there. The last voice of her lyre, (so far as it is known,) was a fragment, touching, not only from its brokenness, but because it was the last.

"My father! Twelve long months have wing'd their flight,
Since o'er thy couch of pain I hung oppress'd,
With fears lest I should lose thee. Then, my life
Methought, did hang on thine, and in that hour
When suffering nature found the last release.
When clos'd those eyes where I had ever read
The fond indulgence of parental love,
I deem'd, that He, whose mandate had withdrawn
My heart's best treasure, would not leave me long
In this drear wilderness, but e'er the earth
Was cold, that cover'd what I held so dear,
Would summon me to realms of lasting rest.
Delusive hope! It arm'd me to sustain
The weight of present woe, imparted strength
Before unknown, and bore me strangely through
The last, sad scene that gave thee to the grave."

Veiling her sorrows, that they might not darken the pathway of the remaining objects of her affection, she still labored for the improvement of the pupils, whose education she conducted, sought to be the stay of her widowed mother and sister, and by every means in her power, promoted the welfare of the fatherless children. The reading of serious poetry, formed the principal solace of the few intervals of leisure, which she allowed herself, but its composition was laid aside, after his departure, who had been her prompting spirit. Somewhat more than two years, after this event, she was taken ill of a fever. The first attack seemed slight, but her discriminating mind apprehending the result, arranged every minute circumstance of care and occupation, like one who returns no more. "I have no wish for longer life," said she, "but for my dear mother's sake." As the disease developed its dark features, "Lay me," she directed, "when I am dead, by the side of my father." Apprehending that the delirium, so often incidental to the disease, might overpower her, she drew her sister down to her pillow, and

whispered, "I have many things to say to you. Let me say them now, or perhaps, I may not be able. You know how much I have loved you. Seek an interest in our Saviour. Promise me that you will seek religion, that you will prepare to follow me. For, oh, I never before felt so happy. Soon shall I be in that world,

"Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
And *pour* and *pour* upon the soul."

And so, with many other kind and sweet words, and messages to absent friends, and communings with the Hearer of prayer,—passed away, on the 26th of March, 1816, at the age of 24,—as lovely a spirit as ever wore the vestments of mortality,—so lovely, that the friend who from life's opening pilgrimage, had walked with her in the intimacy of a twin-being, can remember no intentional fault, no careless deviation from duty, and no shadow of blemish, save what must ever appertain to dimmed, and fallen humanity.

Original.

THE GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN IN FLORIDA.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

While dimly sinks the Southern sun,
Along the hammock grey,
I stand beside the grave of one
Unknown to minstrel lay;
And as the dim wood wakes its strings,
Beneath the twilight sky,
I almost think on shadowy wings,
His spirit rustles by.
His home was in the far bright North,
'Midst smiles and greetings dear;
Alas! that he should wander forth
To sleep unnoticed here!
The passion flower hangs down its head,
As if to mourn his fate;
The daisy droops upon his bed—
And both look desolate.
Thou wind along this lonely spot,
O'ergrown with desert weeds!
Breeze of the wilderness! stray not
To dally with the reeds,
But haste thee! on where vigil eyes
Weep in the widow's room,
And softly whisper where he lies
In the far forest tomb.
And thou, young bird, that trills so late,
Thy matin song to-day,
Go back and join thy gentle mate,
Who sleeps not far away;
And tell her, when ye reach her grove
Along yon winding shore,
How ye have heard of one, whose love
Will never see him more.

Original.

SEATING THE PARISH.

BY SEBA SMITH.

"Order is Heaven's first law; and this confess'd,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."

So thought the good people of the old town of Brookhaven about a hundred and forty years ago, when they enacted the law for *seating the parish at church.* Do any of our distant readers want information as to the locality and geography of Brookhaven, we may as well premise in the outset, that it is on Long Island, some sixty miles or so from the city of New York, and is the largest town in territory in Suffolk County, containing more than a hundred thousand acres, and stretching across the whole width of the island. It contains seven or eight thousand inhabitants, who are distributed in several villages along the shores of the Sound and the Atlantic, while the middle portions of the town still remain covered with pine forests, abounding with deer and other wild game.

The early settlers of this part of Long Island, were mostly from New England, and the inhabitants still retain much of the primitive Puritan character of their forefathers. A company from Boston and its vicinity, commenced a settlement in Brookhaven as early as sixteen hundred and fifty-five; and in ten years the settlement had increased so much, that they called a minister of the gospel to come and reside among them. Their choice of pastor was, of course, from the good old pilgrim stock; for where else could they go? There was no other race among men or under heaven, according to their ideas, "whereby they could be saved." Accordingly, they settled as their first minister, Rev. Nathan Brewster, a grandson of Elder William Brewster, *who came over in the May Flower.*

Thus having proved the origin of the good people of Brookhaven, it follows as a matter of course, that they were not only a pious people, a church-going people, but also great lovers of *order and decorum.* Happily so important a conclusion does not rest for its authority on mere inference alone; it is sustained by ample and positive proof in the shape of duly authenticated records.

Like most new and remote settlements, the town might, for some time, be regarded as a sort of independent democracy. The people met together in a body, and adopted rules, and made laws, and elected magistrates and other officers, to see the laws properly executed. Their at-

tendance at church, also, was, for many years, conducted very much on the democratic principle. Indeed this is most usually the case with churches in all new settlements. The meeting-house, as well as the nation, experiences its revolutions, and in the progress of society, passes through all the regular forms of government.

It has its period of pure democracy; when the temple is a humble, unfinished structure, with open doors and windows, and the people come and go at all times during the hours of worship, as best suits their pleasure. Then it is, that the congregation sit on stout longitudinal planks supported by blocks of wood, and on transverse boards resting on the aforesaid planks. These planks and boards being common property, vested in the body politic, the respective seats, on the Sabbath, are seized and rightfully held, like a newly discovered country, by the first occupant; thus affording a practical illustration at the same time both of their political and religious faith, viz: that the people of the parish are all equal, and that God is no respecter of persons.

In progress of time, the meeting-house glides naturally into the aristocratic form of government. Wealth has begun to make distinctions in society. A better building is erected, or the old one repaired and put in a condition more suitable to the times. Permanent fixtures take the place of the loose planks and boards, and low partition walls divide the floor into distinct compartments. This revolution has been brought on and carried out by the wealth of the few who had the means to sustain it, and they in return receive the honors and distinctions usually bestowed on the successful leaders of a revolution. The many look up to them with reverence, and stand back and give place to them whenever they appear. The affairs of the meeting-house are now principally under their management and control, and having taken possession of the most honorable seats, and provided that the most respectable among the mass should take the seats of the next highest grade, the remainder of the house is left free for promiscuous occupation.

Years pass on; and by the diffusion of wealth and knowledge, and the increase of numbers, the society becomes ripe for another revolution. Then perhaps comes on a sort of constitutional government, not unlike that of our great republican union. A tasteful and costly church is erected, and the snug and elegant family pew succeeds to the former rude compartments. Each pew, like a sovereign and independent state, is governed by the head of the family, who has entire control over all matters of its internal police, subject, however, at all times, to the general and common laws of the society.

The illustration of our subject, drawn from the history of the good old town of Brookhaven, is derived from that period when the meeting-house was undergoing a change from a democratic to an aristocratic form of government. The building had been much improved, mainly by the generous liberality of Colonel Smith, who had poured out his treasure like water, to accomplish so laudable an object. By the thorough renovation it underwent at this time, including the applications of yellow ochre and oil, and the change of loose planks and boards for permanent seats, the meeting-house was much modernized, and exhibited a very respectable appearance. In front of the pulpit stood a large table of about twelve feet by four, around which, on communion days, the church gathered to partake of the supper. At the regular Sabbath services, the upper members of the parish, including, of course, Colonel Smith and his family, seated themselves at the table, as being the most honorable seat, on account of its vicinity to the pulpit, and the convenience it afforded as a resting-place for psalm-books and psalters. The rest of the floor of the meeting-house was divided into fifteen different apartments, of an oblong, bed-room sort of size and shape, which were denominated pews.

But it is hard to bring the mass of community to adopt great changes or innovations in government, or the habits of society. When our excellent federal constitution was framed, it was a long time before a majority of the people of all the states could be induced to fall in with it, and receive it as their form of government. So it was with the parish of Brookhaven. They had been accustomed, from time immemorial, to sit promiscuously in all parts of the meeting-house wherever they pleased, and there seemed to be but little disposition on the part of the mass of the parish, to break over the old habit. The society had become numerous, and contained many noisy and roguish boys, and not a few thoughtless and frolicking young men. Scenes of indecorum and confusion occurred almost every Sabbath, greatly to the annoyance of the more sober part of the congregation, and sometimes to the interruption of the ceremonial of worship.

At last good Parson Phillips had to stop short one day in the midst of his sermon. He stood silent for the space of a minute, looking sternly at pews No. 4 and 6, and then, shaking his finger solemnly in that direction, he said—

"If the boys in pew No. 4 will stop that crowding and shuffling their feet, and the young men in pew No. 6 will cease their whispering with the young women, the sermon can go on; if not, not."

The whole congregation looked thunderstruck. The old men turned their heads towards the two pews, and then towards the minister, and then towards the pews again. Deacon Jones, coloring with indignation, rose on his feet, and glanced round with a look of awful rebuke upon pew No. 6; and Mr. Wigglesworth, who was seated at the table, went directly into pew No. 4, and seizing two of the boys by the shoulders in the thickest of the crowd, dragged them out of the pew, and set them down at the foot of the pulpit stairs. These decided domonstrations in favor of good order were not without their influence, and the services again proceeded without any material interruption 'till the close. When Parson Phillips was about to pronounce the benediction, Deacon Jones was observed to rise sooner than he was accustomed to do, and before any of the rest of the congregation; and he was observed, also, to stand, during that ceremony, with his back to the minister, and looking round upon the audience, a thing which he was never seen to do before. The congregation, therefore, were prepared to expect something out of the usual course, from Deacon Jones. As soon as the amen had dropped from the minister's lips, the Deacon stretched out his hand, and began to address the audience.

"I think," said he, "the scenes we have witnessed here to-day, as well as on several Sabbaths heretofore, admonish us that we have a duty to perform which has been too long neglected. If we have any regard for our character as an orderly and well-behaved people; if we have any respect for the house of God, and the holy religion we profess, I think it is high time we took a decided stand, and adopted some strong measures to secure order and decorum during the hours of public worship. I feel impelled by a sense of duty to invite a general meeting to be held at this place to-morrow, to take the subject into consideration. And I hope that all the heads of families in town, and all who vote and pay taxes, will meet here to-morrow at ten o'clock for this purpose."

Col. Smith spoke, and said he approved of the suggestion of Deacon Jones, and hoped there would be a general attendance. The congregation then dispersed, some moving silently and thoughtfully homeward, and some loitering by the way and leaning over the fences, in companies of three or four together, and discussing earnestly the events of the day, and proposing plans to be presented at the meeting to-morrow.

Punctually at ten o'clock, the next day, there was a very general gathering of the inhabitants at the meeting-house. On motion of Deacon Jones, Col. Smith was unanimously appointed "moderator," or chairman of the meeting, and on assuming the chair, he stated in a few pertinent remarks, the general object of the meeting, and said they were now ready to hear any observations or suggestions on the subject. A minute or two passed in perfect silence, and no one seemed disposed to rise. At last, the chairman said, perhaps 'Squire Tallmadge would favor the meeting with his views of the matter. The eyes of all were now turned toward 'Squire Tallmadge, who, after a little pause, rose slowly, and addressed the chair as follows.

"For one, Mr. Moderator, I feel the importance of the subject upon which we are met; and for one, I am prepared to go into strong measures to remedy the evil, which has been so common of late. The evil is great, and must be corrected. We had a specimen yesterday of the noise and indecorum, which sometimes interrupts the course of worship. And that is not all, nor the worst of it. The young men and the boys have got in the habit of going in early sometimes, before services begin, and crowding into the best seats, and occupying the chairs round the table; so that the older people, the pillars of the church, and those who bear most of the expense of supporting the gospel, have to go into the back seats or stow themselves round in the corners, wherever they can find a chance. This is the difficulty, and it seems to me the remedy would lie in some entirely new arrangement for seating the parish. I think the inhabitants should be properly divided into classes, and each class assigned to a different pew, having reference to the rank and respectability of each class, and the respective proportions they contribute to the support of the gospel."

As 'Squire Tallmadge sat down, Mr. Wigglesworth and Doctor Wetmore rose nearly at the same time. The chair finally decided that Mr. Wigglesworth had the floor, whereupon Mr. Wigglesworth made the following remarks.

"Mr. Moderator; I agree with all that 'Squire Tallmadge has said, exactly; only I don't think he's stated the audacious conduct half strong enough. I think, if the young men have courting to do, they should do it at home, and not in church. Why, Mr. Moderator, I've seen

a young man, that I won't call by name, now, though he's here in this meeting, set with his arm round the gal that sot next to him half sermon time." Here the heads of the audience were turned in various directions, 'till their eyes rested on four or five young men, who, with unusual modesty, had taken some of the back seats, and one of whom was observed to color deeply.

"I think," continued Mr. Wigglesworth, "the people at church ought to be sifted out, and divided, each sort by itself. What's the use of having these 'ere pews, if it aint to divide the people into them according to their sorts? I have a calf-pen and a sheep-pen in my barn-yard, and I put the calves into one and the sheep into 'tother, and then I put the bars up, and don't let 'em run back and forth into each other's pen, jest as they are a mind to. I've no more to say, Mr. Moderator, only I hope now we've begun, we shall make thorough work of it."

Doctor Wetmore then rose, and made a few remarks. He fully agreed with the suggestions thrown out by 'Squire Tallmadge. He had witnessed the evils complained of, and had been mortified by them a good many times; and he believed the proper remedy would be, as 'Squire Tallmadge suggested, in some thorough change and some regular system, with regard to seating the parish at church. He would move therefore, that the subject be referred to the trustees, or selectmen of the town, and that they be requested to draw up an ordinance, to be adopted as a town law, for seating the people in a proper and orderly manner at church, according to their proper rank, and also having special reference to the sums contributed by each for the support of the gospel.

Mr. Wigglesworth seconded the motion, and it was put and carried unanimously. Deacon Jones then moved that the trustees be requested to give thorough attention to the work the present week, and bring their ordinance in the next Sabbath morning, and have it read from the pulpit, and go into immediate operation. This motion was also seconded and carried, and the meeting adjourned.

This week was an anxious week at Brookhaven, and one on which an unusual amount of talking was done. The subject was canvassed and discussed in every possible shape by all classes and in all families. The old ladies were rejoicing at the prospect of more quiet and orderly meetings, and the young ladies were in fidgets to know where they were to sit. Several persons came forward with surprizing liberality during this week, and added ten, fifteen, and some as high as twenty shillings, to their annual subscription, for the support of the ministry.

At last, the important Sunday morning came round. It was a pleasant morning, and the people went uncommonly early to church, and the meeting-house was fuller than it had been seen for many months before. None, however, seemed disposed to take seats as they entered, and all were standing, when Parson Phillips came in. When the Reverend gentleman came up to the pulpit, the chairman of the trustees handed him the ordinance, and requested him to read it from the pulpit, in order that the parish might be seated accordingly before the services commenced.

Parson Phillips accordingly ascended the pulpit, and unfolded the paper, and while the whole congregation stood in profound silence, with their eyes fixed on the speaker, he read as follows.

"At a meeting of the Trustees of Brookhaven, August 6, one thousand seven hundred and three; Whereas, there hath been several rude actions of late happened in our church by reason of people not being seated, which is much to the dishonor of God and the discouragement of virtue; For preventing the like again, it is *ordered*, that the inhabitants be seated after the manner and form following. All freeholders that have or shall subscribe within a month to pay forty shillings to Mr. Phillips towards his sallary shall be seated at the table, and that no *women* are permitted to set there, except *Col. Smith's lady*, nor any *women kind;* And that the President for the time being shall sit in the right-hand seat under the pulpit, and the clerk on the left: the trustees in the front seat, and the Justices that are inhabitants of the town are to be seated at the table, whether they pay forty shillings or less. And the pew No. 1, all such persons as have or shall subscribe twenty shillings; and the pew No. 2, such as subscribe to pay fifteen shillings; in pew No. 3, such as subscribe to pay ten shillings; No. 4, eight shillings; No. 5, twelve shillings; No. 6, nine shillings; No. 7, for the young men; No. 8, for the boys; No. 9, for minister's widows and wives; and for those women whose husbands pay forty shillings, to sit according to their age; No. 11, for those men's wives that pay from twenty to fifteen shillings. The alley fronting the pews to be for such maids whose parents or selves shall subscribe, for two, six shillings; No. 12, for those men's wives who pay from ten to fifteen shillings; No. 13, for maids; No. 14, for girls; and No. 15, free for any. Captain Clark and Joseph Tooker to settle the inhabitants according to the above order."

When the reading was finished, Captain Clark and Mr. Tooker entered upon the duties of their office; and after about an hour's marching and counter-marching, and whispering, and pulling and hauling, and referring to the parish subscription books, the congregation was seated, quiet was restored, and the services of the day were performed without interruption. The next Sabbath, each one knew his own place, and the new order of things was found to work well, and answered a good purpose for many long years after that, 'till in the progress of human events the parish became ripe for another reform.

Original.

THE LAIRD'S LEAP;

A LEGEND OF THE SCOTTISH PERSECUTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BROTHERS,' 'CROMWELL,' ETC.

For three or four miles to the westward of the little chapel, which I have before described, the country rose in a long regular slope of moorland pastures, here and there fenced by dry stone walls, but for the most part open and devoid of any sign of human cultivation, unless it were the scattered herds of small black cattle, and flocks of ragged looking, long-horned sheep, which cropped their stinted herbage. Beyond this bleak and barren range there rose a wilder, grander hill, still sloping gently upward in the same direction, but covered not with grass, but with deep purple heather, and interspersed with tall crags of grey, sifted sandstone, and here and there a deep morass, as might be clearly recognized by the rank verdure of its surface, and, at rare intervals a steep, precipitous and rough ravine, through which some noisy streamlet found its way to the broader strath, and mightier river. It was into this desolate and gloomy tract that the young Laird of Livingstone had dashed, when the last of this soldier's band fell in the short fatal conflict over the grave of his murdered victim. As his strong, high-blood charger swept over the mountain brook which separated the lone church-yard from the broad pastures, with scarce an effort, and stretched gallantly away over the gentle slope, confident in the speed and vigor of the fine animal that bore him, maddened by rage and indignation at the idea that his stout troopers, picked veterans of the Scottish life-guard, should have met an end so inglorious, he turned his body half round in his saddle, and shaking his hand with a swearing and angry gesture against the six or eight men who had started to pursue him, he gave vent to his excited feelings in a loud shout of scorn and stern, contemptuous defiance. It was well for him then, that not a musket remained loaded in the hands of those who followed him, for there were two or three among them, keen and unerring marksmen, and he was still within fair carbine distance, and there was not one man of that fierce, persecuted party, who would not have esteemed it a good deed, and acceptable unto the Lord of Hosts, to shoot him like a dog, whose hands, as they said, were purpled with the blood of the saints, and his raiment red with the same. He drove the spurs into the flanks of the proud charger, who answered with a snort and gleam of his vicious eye, that told of the untamed and gallant spirit, he had derived from a long train of desert sins. On, he swept—on! unchecked, and free, and fearless, skimming the long ascent with all the ease, and almost all the fleetness of the swallow chasing its insect prey, sweeping across the brooks and water-courses that crossed his course at intervals, as if they were mere furrows in the soil, and charging the rough, free-stone walls with vigorous and exulting joy. The rider turned when he had won the first mile of the hill, and as he looked back on the men who followed him, scattered, and foiled, and breathless, yet breasting still the slope with stubborn resolution, and giving vent to their thirst of vengeance in a deep solemn shout, a curl of scorn drew up his chiselled lip, as he muttered to himself—"Fools—blind, presumptuous fools!—as if their clumsy feet made but to trample their deep, clayey furrows, could vie with thy fleet hoofs—my matchless Barbary; for not a pant is in thy clear, slow breathing, not a foam-spot upon thy curb, not even a shade of moisture, on thy sleek, velvet coat." He paused, however, for a moment as he spoke, and gazed half wistfully around him, before him lay the steep and purple moors, and to his right, the ridges, steep and precipitous, and pathless, of the wild Rutlands—he drew his rein up shortly, and wheeling to his left hand, struck into a gallop, once again crossing the hill obliquely toward the lower country, and the road by which he had marched upward, but after riding some ten minutes, he crossed the top of a small hillock, and gaining a full view of the open country, saw what he had quite forgotten, a broad, fierce, brawling river in the valley, at two or three miles distance. "Ha!" he said, striking his hand passionately on his thigh, "ha! curses on it!—it had escaped my notice, and long ere this, be sure of it, the only bridge is guarded by a mob of these dog puritans!—why, the whole nest of them will be astir when the news goes abroad, that they have slain eight troopers of Graham's Guard!—and not a ford in that infernal stream, 'till I can reach the Preakin hollow. Well! here goes, for the mountain—thank Heaven, no foot of man can gain upon black Barbary, over these open fields, and ere I reach the heather, they will be miles behind me!" And, with the word, he wheeled his horse again, and rode back up the hill in the direction which he had first taken. In doing this, the line of his course was turned back somewhat, not actually toward the furious foes who were pursuing, but in a direction transverse to that which they had taken, so that he saw

them clearly, so clearly that he could mark the sullen, dogged air of each grim visage, and note the bitter rage which paled their embrowned countenances. But it was not this only that he noted, for, half way now between the chased and the footmen, who were still in resolute chase, he might perceive four peasants mounted upon the horses which they had caught after the fall of his dragoons, spurring them fiercely up the hill, and shouting in anticipated triumph. The sight awoke him instantly to a more fit appreciation of his danger, and wasting no more time, he set his horse's head straight for the moors, and without looking back at all, rode as directly as the crow flies over all obstacles that came in his way, with the calm nerve and splendid horsemanship that marked the perfect cavalier. A nearer, wilder yell, than any that had yet fallen on his ear, pealed wildly down the void; he momentarily turned his head, and saw that the two parties had united, and that, whereas the men who had first taken the chargers of the slain soldiers, were mere clanish rustics, Hackstoun, of Rathillet, and three of his companions, all, evidently from their bearing in the saddle, old troopers and experienced horsemen, had mounted in their place, and had already fearfully diminished the space that intervened between them and himself, their destined victim. Another mile had been already traversed, and only one remained ere he should reach the rough and broken heather—on he spurred—on! and with redoubled speed, and the black charger gloriously repaid his master's confidence, by its redoubled speed. On! he went; on!—and now he reached the wall, the last that intervened between the pasture and the moors. It was a strong, tall barrier, of sharp, dry lime-stone, at least six feet in height, with a broad, rugged ditch, on the near side. "Ha!" he exclaimed, with a gay smile, "ha! I am safe, then—not a horse, save mine, can clear it!" and, as he spoke, he pulled his horse deliberately up, that he might catch his wind before attempting the great leap, and looked quite coolly down the hill toward the men who followed, now, having lost a little ground in the last gallop, about half a mile behind him. They saw him pull up suddenly, and knowing the ground themselves accurately, and the formidable height of the boundary wall, perceived at once that he declined the leap—again, a wild, triumphant yell pealed from their lips, and again he shook his guantletted hand at their threatenings, and answered with a shout clearer, higher, and more triumphant, than their own. Then, setting himself firmly in the saddle, he gathered his reins up lightly, pricked the good war-horse with the spur, and charged the wall with cool determination. With flashing, and distorted nostril, the good horse charged it—with a long, easy stroke he rose into the air, swung over it, and was lost in a moment to the sight of the pursuers. But not ten bounds had the horse made beyond it, before the Laird perceived that to gallop in that rough and broken soil, was useless! Nay, more, was impossible. His was a mind prompt in expedient, fearless, and daring in a degree no less insolent, and cruel, and oppressive. "I will turn back," he said, "and from behind the wall will shoot the two first with my pistols—and then the devil's in it if I cannot cut down the others, if they dare cross on foot!" Another moment, and he had taken post under the shelter of the wall—had drawn both pistols from his holsters, and was examining their priming, when the near tramp of the horses apprized him that the time was come. Doffing his hat, he raised his eyes above the level of the crossing stone, so carefully that no one of the pursuers witnessed it. He saw Hackstoun within ten paces, and in the very act of putting his horse at the leap, and behind him, at perhaps ten paces farther, a second trooper, heavily spurring a cumbrousome bay stallion. In times of peril, thoughts flash, as it were, like lightning on the mind—he knew that Hackstoun's horse, how boldly he might ride soever, could not by any possibility carry him over that huge fence, and calculating on his certain fall, resolved that *him* he could slay with the sword merely. So, raising himself in his stirrups, he showed himself above the wall, and stretching forth his hand, took a quick aim, and fired. Through the dense smoke he saw the second trooper roll—man and horse—upon the ground; but the next instant, the man leaped to his feet with a loud cry, apparently unhurt, and instantly began to load his long-barrelled fowling piece. Meantime, Hackstoun had dashed his heavy charger at the wall, with a good will to clear it, it is true, and a revengeful heart that would have braved ten times the danger, had he been sure of making good his purpose. But, well although he rode, and daringly, the animal he backed could not accomplish it, but forced unwillingly, by the resolution of his rider, drove at it, cleared the ditch, but striking the top of the wall with its chest, was hurled backward into the chasm by the shock, while Hackstoun was thrown completely over, as if he had been launched from some gigantic engine, and pitching on his head among the heather, lay for the moment stunned and senseless. "I thought

so!" shouted Livingstone, "hell to your souls! Base dogs, how dare ye thus pursue a gentleman and soldier?" and, with these words, levelling the second of his pistols at the head of the third horseman, he pulled the trigger with an aim so steady, that the bullet took effect full in the middle of his forehead, and hurled him from the saddle, a dead man, ere he touched the green-sward. The fourth man pulled his horse up instantly, and leaping to the ground, began, like his companion, to make ready his long musket. With a contemptuous laugh, thinking himself now quite safe, Livingstone rode away, picking his way at a brisk trot among the tangled heather, and now and then, where the ground was harder and the heath lower than usual, breaking into a gentle gallop, that speedily set a large space between the fugitive and his pursuers. It was, perhaps, a quarter of an hour before the men who had paused to aid their companion, were enabled to continue their pursuit. Hackstoun, who had recovered altogether from his temporary hurt, leading the way, and cheering his men onward—but in that space, had again gained a full mile of advantage, and though the nature of the ground favored the footmen, three miles were traversed and the night was fast gathering around before they had got so near to him as to try the effect of their fire-arms. The first report fell on his ears startlingly, but the shrill whistle of the bullet, not following it, he judged, and rightly, that they were yet too distant to suffer them to aim correctly. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and a ball whistled by his ear, and was succeeded instantly by the full round report of the nearer gun-shot. Just as this happened, he cleared the heather, and gained what seemed a rich, flat table rock of slaty limestone. Taking advantage of the firmer ground, he dashed his horse into a gallop, but scarcely had he made three bounds, before a shout of warning, as it seemed, so wild and piercing that it made even Livingstone's high blood recoil and curdle, rang from the lips of Hackstoun. At the same moment a fierce gust of wind swept over the bare summit, driving before it a thick mass of driving mist, so dense as to be almost palpable—an atmospheric change, by no means extraordinary on the bleak moors of Scotland. Again, and again the clang of the steed's hoofs on the solid rock was borne to the ears of Hackstoun. Again and again the fierce Puritan shouted his note of warning. But it was all in vain—once more the heavy horse-tramp sounded—and then, one long appalling shriek, and all was silent. The breeze came up again and whistled away the mist-wreath, and the last gleam of the setting sun broke out of the dim storm-clouds. The Covenanters who had halted at the piercing notes of that long shriek, advanced as the fog melted—advanced two paces only—for right beneath their feet the rock broke off a sheer and perpendicular wall, six hundred feet in depth, of sifted limestone, with a wild torrent at its base—and in the torrent, crushed, maimed, and motionless as the black rocks around them, lay Livingstone and his bold Barbary. That precipice is called to this day, "The Laird's Leap," where the Lord took into his own right hand the vengeance of his persecuted people.

Original.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

"Come, pace the moon-lit deck with me,
The wind is blowing fresh and free,
The proud ship skims the ocean's breast,
While round our prow the foaming crest
Of many a wave is clinging now,
Whose whiteness rivals beauty's brow,
When at her feet the noble bow.
Come, walk the deck and you shall see
That glorious thing, a night at sea,
When not a cloud obstructs the sight
Of the wide azure field of light!
And I will fill your drowsy ears
With a sad tale of other years!"
He heard his comrade's step below,
Then, leaning o'er the vessel's side,
He thought him of a tale of woe
That robbed his early manhood's glow
Of all its rapture, half its pride!
His noble form in that lone place,
Assumed an attitude of grace,
His brow revealed in that pale light
Mocked the pure snows on Alpine height;
'Twas broad and high—a casket fair,
For the rich jewel hidden there!
His waving locks of ebon hue
The spray had sprinkled o'er with dew!
His large dark eyes, serenely bright
Seemed like the home of love and light;
Now flashing with a dazzling gleam,
Then with a soft uncertain beam,
As if the thoughts that swept the soul,
Now mocked, then yielded to control!
"Haste, comrade, for I would not keep
This lone night-watch upon the deep
Without a kindred spirit nigh,
To share my vigils, hear my sigh!"
Another form less tall and fair,
Now stood upon the topmost stair;
And gazing o'er him and around
Seemed lost in thought sublime, profound;
"I come with you this watch to keep,—
'Twere sinful, such a night to sleep;

But strange that one who loves so well
Within his own high thoughts to dwell,
Should shun, 'mid beauty calm as this,
A solitude of so much bliss!
Look, how the holy evening star
Sends down its greeting from afar!
See, how the waters glitter now,
As if some hand had robbed the brow
Of queenly night, and sent her host
Shattered but glittering from their post
To deck the crystal flood below,
And share its ceaseless ebb and flow!
Bold comrade, to no laggard's ear
Pour forth thy tale of love and fear;
Whate'er its burden, grave or gay,
My heart the tribute shall repay!"

PART SECOND.

Grave Herbert on his shoulder laid
His friendly hand, and twice essayed
To speak the feelings that opprest
With iron hand, his troubled breast.
"Early an orphan was I thrown
Upon the world, unloved, alone,
'Till he who guards the sparrow's flight,
Where all is tranquil, all is bright,
Raised up one friend to lead my youth,
In the sweet paths of love and truth!
He had a flower beside his hearth,
Which shed such fragrance on his path,
That wild idolatry was poured,
E'en as a miser's countless hoard,
On her whose heart was all his own,
And richer than a monarch's throne!
See! where the artist hoped to trace,
In fadeless hues, that peerless face!
'Tis like her, but not half as fair—
The life, "the soul is wanting there!"
And then her voice which came to me
Softer than air-harp's melody,
I sometimes think it floats around,
With a low, sad, persuasive sound,
Before the fearful angry blast,
On its black wing goes hurrying past!
It is a blessed thing to know
That they our spirits cherish so,
Have found a haven where the storm
Shall never its calm breast deform!
I loved, and was beloved! There came,
To feed love's never dying flame,
Rich words of deep abiding trust,
That always conquer, always must!
True unto nature, no disguise
Ere veiled the language of her eyes.
How oft upon some lonely rock,
Whose base received the billow's shock,
In days of yore, through summer hours,
Forsaking all earths tranquil bowers
Have we reclined—her soft white hand
Laid with such truthful love in mine,
As one of Heaven's own sinless band
Could not reject—would not resign!
While toiling on a foreign shore,
For wealth to scatter at her feet,
Ere at the altar I could pour
Those vows which render love complete,
A stranger's voice bade me return,
If once again I would discern
A form so worshipped! Thoughts that burn,
Will linger on that fearful hour,
When first by stern misfortune's power,
My heart was humbled! Oh, my God,
Why fell I not beneath thy rod?
Why linger on a mateless bird,
With wound scarce hidden by its wing,
With every depth of anguish stirred—
A lyre with no unbroken string!
I hurried o'er the restless main,
With every foot of canvass free,
And trod my native shore again,
And mingled with the throngs of men,
A hopeless child of misery!
I stood beside her dying bed,
And pillowed that beloved head
Upon my stricken, throbbing breast,
And saw her calmly sink to rest,
E'en as these waves will die away
When the wild breezes cease to play!
They laid her in a sheltered spot,
A cool, sequestered, pleasant grot,
And there a monument is raised
Above the form which men had praised.
The marble is of spotless white,
Fit emblem of the child of light,
Who early laid earth's trifles down,
To wear a seraph's fadeless crown!
I planted willows round her bed,
And now they wave above her head,
And seem to moan with pensive sound,
The slumber which is so profound!
It is the shrine at which I kneel,
When there in solitude I steal;
And ask her gentle soul to plead
For mine, when in its hour of need!
Around that grave my feet have trod,
Until my foot-prints mark the sod!
Daily and hourly do I pray,
That when my form must know decay,
In that sweet spot my troubled breast,
Shall find its chosen ark of rest!
Now leave me, 'till my thoughts grow dim,
And memory cease its funeral hymn!"
He strode alone the silent deck,
Then knelt unto his Maker there,
And prayed His hand such grief to check,
And shield his spirit from despair!
Then sought his berth, while angels kept
Their noiseless vigils as he slept.
He sought once more his native land,
But came to die!—An angel hand—
Ready to welcome him above—
Was the bright guerdon of his love!

IONE.

Boston, 1843.

Original.

CHIVALRY.*

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I.

THERE is a magic in the glance
Of plumes along the serried line,
And glory beams around the land
That sparkled over Palestine,
When heroes battled "long and well"
Against the Moslem Infidel—
And saw their banners floating free,
As Eagles, over Galilee.

II.

There is a strange, wild beauty cast
Around the ruins of the Past—
A wordless charm—a mystic light,
From tourney-tilt and mailed-fight—
Which we, without a sigh, exchange,
Before the very Maltese collar,
For bills by debtors drawn at sight,
Or the "almighty silver dollar."

III.

And yet I own, that, when I read
Of Richard's sword or Conte's steed—
Of armies marching on apace,
(With all their rustling flags unfurled
And standards set in Heaven's blue space,)
Like earthquakes thundering through the world!
I say I own, that, through my frame—
When listening to the sabre-clashes
And hearing many a hero-name—
A lightning through me wildly flashes—
A fire—which, *certes*, ne'er was made
For shining in the "Cotton trade."

IV.

If thus *I* feel—if thus *I* catch
Strange feeling from those leaves of story,
No wonder, that, the ladies say,
(With rosy health and beauty gay,)
"These modern times have naught to match
Those times in all that's found in glory:"
For hero-wreath and snowy hand,
And flowing curl and love-lit eyes
Were all enough to gem the bowers
That made the Warrior's paradise.

V.

Alas! alas! those days are o'er;
Only in books their glories cluster;
And ladies, who would look for more,
Must visit *a militia muster*—
Where Richard, in a suit of "*Jains*!"
And of some family-ill complaining,
Sees Warwick laughing at his pains,
Or Percy with a corn-stalk training.

VI.

Alas! alas! and yet 'tis strange,
That he * who brought about the change—
That he who with a *pen*, alone,
Crushed tourney-tilt and beauty's throne—
Should wear a laurel—see the look
Of loveliness bent on his book,
And shine the World's great Author-Titian—
Or bright Romance's chief magician!

VII.

'Tis even so!—and even now
The Noble o'er his pages bow,
While I am eking out a stanza;
Perhaps they read of woful bruise
The Don received—perhaps peruse
The blanket scene of Sancho Panza!—
Perhaps they're at the passage where
The Knight but little recked the air
Which on his midnight watch did blow so;
Perhaps when he beheld the charms—
The buxom form and snowy arms
Of his Dulcinea Del Tobso!

VIII.

'Tis even so! We kiss the pen
Which brought the world to *sense* agen—
When it's so pleasant to behold
Banner and flag above us rolled—
To see the hand of Beauty twine
A wreath for brow from Palestine,
While minstrels tell of knightly deed,
Of raven plume and prancing steed,
Whose mane floats like a snowy flake
That trembles o'er a heaving lake—
Of all—which sometimes we see still,
When men have met to shine—*and kill!*

IX.

It is a pity, I confess,
To see the Hero don his dress
Of iron-plate—unhelm his brow—
Hang up his sword, and grasp—*the plough!*
But as *'tis* so—and as the time
May not return of days sublime—
Days when De Burgos threw his glaive,
Or dug with sabre-point a grave
For manhood's form—just to display
How great he was amid the fray;
Why, in our time of homely trade,
When drays are harnessed to the steed—
And swords are into ploughshares made—
We'd better, *just for fun*, parade,
Or, *like the Dutchess, laugh and read.*

* See plate of the Duke and Dutchess, reading Don Quixote.

* Cervantes.

IMAGINARY evils soon become real ones, by indulging our reflections on them; as he who is in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.—*Swift.*

Original.

THE ABSENT ONES.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

I.

"TIME hath passed with a light foot fall,
Friend, o'er thy old ancestral hall;
The fret work still looks fresh and fair,
The windows their gorgeous coloring wear,
The dome is firm, the pillars strong;
How can I think the time so long?

II.

Years since I stooped my head before,
'Neath the wreaths o'ershadowing the low side door;
Years—and no trace of dim decay
Is here—yet a something hath passed away;
The fire burns bright on the ample hearth,
But I miss the sound of the children's mirth,
I miss each silvery voice's tone,—
Where—oh, where—are thy children gone?

III.

There was one whose eye had an eagle's glance,
And courage sat on his brow's expanse—
Tell me, sweet friend, and where is he?"
A wanderer from home on the treacherous sea—
Long hath he roamed with adventurous band,
Seeking for wealth in a distant land
But when summer is fair over valley and plain,
With the rose and the swallow, he comes again!

IV.

"And there was another—a thoughtful boy,
Careless of childish sport or toy,
But loving wild tales, and legends of old,—
Poring o'er books like a miser o'er gold,—
Thought drew swift lines o'er that pure young brow;—
Where is the gentle and gifted now?"
Thro' the wood walks he strays, but when night stars burn,
I trust, to his home, will the dreamer return.

V.

"And the merry bright child, with the golden hair,
Dancing like light on his forhead fair?"
He tarrieth with teachers loving and kind,
Winning rich stores for his opening mind;
But when the frost on the leafless trees,
Is nestling crisp in the winter breeze,
And the Christmas bough in the hall doth sway,
I trust in our home will the merry child play.

VI.

"And the sweetest of all, the lovely one,
Whose low soft voice had so dear a tone,
Whose eye was so darkly, so tenderly bright,
Whose hand was so small, whose step was so light;—
Thou tremblest—thou weepest! and is it *so*—
Is that graceful head in the dust laid low?
Alas—and time may the rest restore—
But the fairest and dearest can come no more!"

VII.

Well hast thou guessed! from our household band
The bright one hath passed to a holier land,—
She drinks from the fountain of Wisdom there,
With a brow unclouded by earthly care,
And she dwells with a Teacher far away,
Nor looks, nor longs, for a holiday.—
She hath passed through the valley of death's dark track,
And we know on its pathway she comes not back.

VIII.

But by the light of her cloudless eye,
So full of Faith's holy prophecy,
By the blessed words of prayer and praise
That hallowed her lips in her few short days,
By her glad "Farewell!" when we needs must part,
I have gathered strength to my weary heart,
For I know in her Saviour's ransomed train,
With the angels and saints, she shall come again!

Liverpool, England.

Original.

"COULEUR DE ROSE."

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

I.

LIFE is not all sable, tho' some would say so,
Who tell us that gladness is mingled with woe;
Our prospects will darken, and yield no repose,
Unless they be tinted with "couleur de rose."

II.

The hopes which we borrow, to lighten the grief
That oft must depress us, will give no relief;
Unless in the shading, hope artfully throws
A beautiful tinting, of "couleur de rose."

III.

The beauty that charms us, how brief is its stay,
When the bright hue of health has faded away;
E'en the blush dares to steal its warm sunny glows,
From the delicate tints of "couleur de rose."

IV.

The lover who kneels at his fair idol's shrine,
Sees hope, love, and joy, with perfection combine;
And know not, perhaps, until courtship shall close,
How much he's indebted to "couleur de rose."

V.

The husband—the father—how fondly they deem
Their home treasures fairest, tho' humble they seem;
For Nature herself, in her kindliness throws
A veil o'er the parent, of "couleur de rose."

VI.

Yet, oh! it is lovely, to greet with a smile,
The cold-hearted world, in return for its guile;
To shed all around us the sweets of repose,
And look at our neighbor, through "couleur de rose."

Original.

THE SKETCHER AT THE FOUNTAIN.*

"This world is full of poetry," exclaims the delicate and imaginative Percival; and well that it is so; well is it that we can sometimes escape from brick and mortar; the din of business and the harsh jangling of trade; the dust of life and the monotonous thunder of wheel-smitten streets; ay, well is it—for in the escape we can lose *the man*, and gain *the God*. How gloriously appear the wind-kissed forest—the dashing torrent—the clear, bright river—the looming mountain, and the blue sky bending over all, like a mighty thing of love and life, to him who has been held for months in the strong and perpetually clanking chains of the multitudinous city! He receives an *in esse*—an *individuality*, when out alone in the gorgeous temple of Creation, never known, when he feels the many-depthed and colored tides of human existence dashing and leaping and roaring against him. He is a communer with the "quick spirit of the universe," and with it, albeit unknowingly holds his dialogues."

"————————He climbs
O'er crags, that proudly tower above the deep,
And knows that sense of danger which sublimes
The breathless moment—when his daring step
Is on the verge of the cliff, and he can hear
The low dash of the wave with startled ear,
Like the death-music of his coming doom,
And clings to the green turf with desperate force,
As the heart clings to life; and when resume
The currents in his veins their wonted course,
There lingers a deep feeling—like the moan
Of wearied Ocean when the storm is gone."

Let the one who would purify his heart, and cleanse his soul from the earth-stains which every day wear and tear life, must, alas! necessarily produce, steal away, sometimes, from the scenes which create them, and gaze upon those portions of Nature that remain in the same innocence, beauty and grandeur they presented, when the stars of morning sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. It was not a false philosophy of the ancient Eremite, which taught, that, the soul gained loveliness, strength and majesty in solitude; for there, it not only communes with itself, but must converse with that Power, which is the glorious fountain of all that embellishes and dignifies the stage where man enacts his multifarious dramas. As usual with him, the theorist abused his grand conception, and by abandoning the "human vortex" entirely, forgot the true aim of life, and converted that, which was to brace him up and beautifully qualify him for its duties, into an instrument for their total demolition. It is very lovely and very grand to bask in the holy and stainless star-light—but we must remember that lamps are to be used also. Fragrant as are the coronals of summer—sparred and iced and sublimely obscure as are the caverns—musical as are the cascades, and sternly majestic as are the storm-defying mountains:—the inmates of the heart—the mysterious mansions of the soul—the marches of the spirit, and the masses of mind which bloom, invite our scrutiny, waken melody around us—appealing to our sympathies and demanding our co-operation. While rejoicing in the *outward*, we should not forget the internal—the world in man. The neglect of this is the chief cause of that sickly sentimentality and morbid peevishness which has of late weakened and often desolated much of our literature.

Besides—the one who struggles with the cares and nobly triumphs over all the ills of life—who goes forth, with a brave soul and an unquailing eye, into the sounding labyrinths of existence, and strives, Lacoon-like, not needlessly either, with the serpent of wrath, and envy, and hate, and malice—we say such an one, has a joy, an exhilaration—a voiceless heart-shouting, in the forest, by the river, or on the mountain, where solitude and silence have brooded for centuries, which the Eremite must wholly lose. The chords of the most brilliant and powerful harp shall fail in their tone, if struck too often: or, if the proud soul would not have its bravery measured by aught material, we would say, that the grandest objects, when viewed too frequently, must pall, and novelty is only a word which expresses the idea of general invisibility.

Then the city is not to be despised, and the sounding thoroughfare must not be slighted—for there we have been called. So on the other hand, let not these lines of mortar and these wheel-smitten streets for ever *monotonize* on the eye, and jar on the ear! "Let us, like the bards of old, or the hearty foresters of Albion in her prime," as an ancient writer quaintly expresses it, "dally with the simple breezes and talk with the bold brooks, or may be, cast a loving eye on the round heaven—for God hath verily made these also."

The guilenesses and *bon hommie*, united to a pure ideality of painters, has often been mentioned. Do they not owe much of this to their retiring so fully into the exquisite beauty and variety of Nature, as she appears unmarred by strife, or unstained by passion?

There is a quiet beauty, however, in the artist's life, which the darkest cloud of misfortune cannot wholly destroy. His brow may be con-

* See engraving.

tracted, and his frame may be bowed down by sorrow, but the light which glows within, is always seen, faintly it may be, but illuminating his countenance or glowing through his actions. The temple may be darkened, but the altar is lit by the sacred and eternal lamp.

The artist is a Poet: for what are his words, but colors? A bard, limited, it is true, but still a bard, producing the grand and beautiful—we may add, the melodious—for there is a music in hues as well as in rhymth. But this very limit may render his conception, certainly his execution, more powerful and perfect in that which is his domain. The beautiful engraving before us, suggests an illustration of the fact. The narrower the orifice, the higher will be the jet of water. (That, Goldsmith, when essaying on rhyme, unfortunately thought of this comparison before, matters but little, as

"a thing (similie) of beauty is a joy for ever;"

besides, we have thus an opportunity of showing our honesty in these days of literary larceny, by *giving credit*.)

We have said the artist is a poet. And why not? Is not his dwelling amid the GRAND and BEAUTIFUL? Does he not, no matter how trifling may be his sketch, reflect the Universe-Poem, whenever he spreads out his sheet of canvass, and takes up his more than pen-speaking brush? Doth not the brook pour its ancient tune upon his ear? Doth not the forest shake above him an emerald plume? Doth not the ocean show him "Eternity! eternity! and power!" Doth not the storm lift for him its trumpet? when

"Far along
From peak to peak the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder."

Doth not the Evening crimson the sky, and the Night jewel the heavens for him, also? Is not the universe, many-leaved—glorious in hues, and majestic in sounds, spread open to his gaze? Yes, the IDEAL hath given into his hands a golden key with which he unlocks the portals of the IMMORTAL, and walks into the DREAM-LAND with high THOUGHTS and ministering ANGELS—drawing TRUTH from VISION, and producing the REAL from the UNREAL: for the noblest TRUTH is born of the IMAGINARY, strange as it may appear to, and unbelieved as it is, by the many. Is it not proved by the lessons put down in black charcoal on rough paper, by a Hogarth? in the Canvass-Paradises of Raphael, and in the lofty sculpture of Angelo? Is it not proved in the sturdy dicta of Milton, and in the wonderful nature-readings of Shakspeare? Doth not the voice of Freedom attest it? Are not the Poets, the Pilgrims of that DREAM-LAND, her worshippers—her expositors—her high priests? What are a thousand swords to a lyric of the old Tyrtaeus, or the rhyme of Bannockburn? The arm palsies; the sabre rusts, but the song!—it is eternal, speaking to man through all time, like a trumpet pealing from the depth of heaven.

Many point to the hero, to the orator, and to the statesman, as the founders and preservers of our Liberty. Ah, the Bards, whose soul drank freedom from his ministering winds and streams and stars, was their heart-impeller. He kindled the torch which they hand down, flashing and eternal, from generation to generation. Then let not the creator be forgotten in the preserver!

So much for those who suppose the "*Kalon*" to be found in every-day, frame-saving, money-piling ideas. If the artist of the sterner sex, (who is the Poet—the creator, also,) has gathered so much of the beautiful around him, why should not those of softer nature and kindlier impulses, also walk in the Ideal Realm? Who shall dare to say to her, "hitherto shalt thou come, and no further?—We are surprized that so few women have entered and triumphed in the clime of art, as the sex is so remarkable for a perfect development of the perspective faculties, and an intense love of the Beautiful. We can account for this, only by a reference to the long-continued tyranny of man, who, in seizing the reins of government, also monopolized the arena of intellect. Happily, woman, as in the case of the glorious De Stael and the distinguished Sedgwick, has asserted her rights, laid her hand on the altar, and demanded a part in the radiant, solemn and sublime rites of the great temple of mind. There, hear we pealing the rich song of a Hemans—the noble sentences of an Edgworth, and the pure morals of a Hale.

Yes! the fetter is broken! Go forth, where the stream
And the forest are bathed in the earliest beam;
When the song of the fount's like a musical dream!—
Go forth when the stars roll their rivers of light
Through the wide-spreading fields of the shadowy night—
Where the skirts of the clouds are in glory unfurled,
Like the wing of some cherubim watching the world;
Go forth where the universe-leaves are unrolled,
With their writings and pictures of azure and gold;
Go forth, oh, thou fairest and best of our kind—
And catch on thy forehead the sunlight of mind!
Strike the harp-strings, and let their full melody roll
With the star-wakened tides of thy beautiful soul!—
Let the sphere-jewelled heights of Philosophy shine
With the glory that's thrown from thy teachings divine!
Let the canvass display, to the wondering earth,
All the splendor which from the Ideal hath birth!—
For the fetter is broken! The dark cloud is past—
And woman hath gained her bright laurel at last!

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—Number I.

A visit to Windsor Castle, and a peep at royalty.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

A BRIGHT summer sun, piercing through the dusky atmosphere of London, saw us on our way towards the Depot of the Great Western Railway. The steps and gateways of this great building were occupied by the conductors and porters of the company, attired in Railway uniform, decorated with silver and red worsted, with a huge "G. W. R.," embroidered upon their backs. They flew to let down the steps of our cab, conducted us to our seats in the cars, shut the door and left us with a bow, although their courtesy and readiness were not to be repaid with money, such remuneration being against the rules of all the English rail-roads. This is one of the finest railways of England, extending from London to within a few miles of Exeter, at which place it will terminate. It passes through Reading, Bath and Bristol. We, however, left it after a ride of thirty-five minutes from London, where we were to take a carriage to Windsor, distant two miles. The Queen, and royal family, now always take this route to Windsor, in preference to a tedious drive of twenty miles. A Queen, travelling by railway, is somewhat at variance with our ideas of the grandeur and exclusiveness of the station; but whoever imagines her going in the every day cars which take the common traveller, is much mistaken. Her majesty arrives at the station in the royal carriage, from whence she steps into a gilded saloon, set round with satin couches, having in the centre a table adorned with vases of flowers, etc. Here, surrounded by her family and suite, she is rapidly whirled away. This is a 'special train' for the Queen's use, and instead of ordering her carriage, she orders out her locomotive. The Slough station is a short distance from the town of Slough, and consists of a large elegant hotel, built of light colored stone. Omnibuses and every other style of carriage awaited the traveller. Among them, were a few pretty open carriages, having servants in scarlet livery. These we found belonged to the hotel, and in this aristocratic style we flew over the smooth roads to Windsor. Slough is a very small town interesting only as having been the residence of the great Herschel, and his telescope. We saw his house as we passed. We drove over a lovely plain, in which the hedgerow's trees and fields were in all the glowing beauty of mid-summer. Some distance in front of us, the land rises in a gentle swell, and on its summit, a grand array of battlemented terrace, castellated turret and frowning wall, tell us Windsor Castle is before us,—a most majestic and imposing object between us and the distant horizon. As we rattled through the pretty village of Eton, I gazed with longing eyes at its celebrated college, grey with age, covered with ivy, and sheltered with trees. Through an ancient gateway the court is visible, with a bronze statue of Henry VI., in the centre. A fine bridge of iron arches is thrown over the Thames, and passing this, we drove through the ancient city of Windsor, and took up our quarters at the Castle Hotel. The Queen, we were told, drove out before dinner every day at five o'clock in the afternoon, and as we had time sufficient to view the castle and dine before three, we set out immediately to Windsor Castle. A short walk brought us beneath Henry VIII.'s gateway, having a battlemented tower on each side. Passing beneath the arch-way, guarded by a scarlet coated sentinel, we found ourselves in a large court, surrounded with ancient buildings and towers. In front was the beautiful chapel of St. George; an exquisite specimen of the decorated Anglo-Gothic architecture—the residences of the Dean and Canons adjoin it. A low range of buildings at our right are the quarters of the poor knights of Windsor, founded by Edward III., for the benefit of twenty-four knights supported by his bounty. Among the towers, the most interesting were Julius Cæsar's, Winchester, built by William de Wykeham, and particularly the Round Tower, which frowned above us at our right. This is the keep of the castle, and residence of the Governor of Windsor, Earl of Munster. Here, many a royal prisoner has languished, among whom were John, King of France, David, of Scotland, Queen Phillipa, and the gentle Earl of Surrey. James I., of Scotland, looked out the window to

> "See the world and the folks that went forbye,"

and beheld the pretty Lady Jane Beaufort, walking in the castle garden,

> "The fairest or the freshest younge floure
> That ever I saw metho't before that houre!"

Over this tower the royal banner of Britain now flaunted its folds of scarlet and blue and gold to the summer breeze, in token of the Queen's presence. When she returns to London, the union Jack of the Governor resumes its place, while the royal flag is hoisted in every town through which the Queen passes, and is planted upon the palace in which she resides. Pass we

on through this Norman arch-way, and enter a small court where we may overlook the grand quadrangular court of the castle, which being surrounded by the private apartments of royalty, cannot be sullied by our plebian footsteps. In the south centre, is the grand gateway, at one side of which is the Queen's private entrance into her apartments. Over it is her morning room, from whence, while at breakfast, she can view the troops at parade in the quadrangle. The large Gothic windows, look into St. George's Hall, while next them, opposite the grand entrance, is an antique tower, adorned with statues of Edward III., and the Black Prince, under richly sculptured canopies. A bronze statue of Charles II., stands in this court. Enter now this Gothic porch in King John's tower, and ascend the oak staircase to the state apartments. After resigning your parasols and canes to an attendant, a smiling young lady throws open the door of the Vandyke room. This is a large apartment, the walls of which are lined with crimson damask satin, divided into compartments by gold mouldings. The ceiling is richly stuccoed, painted, and gilded. Chairs and couches of burnished gold, with crimson satin seats, are set around the room. The real ornaments, however, of the apartments, are Vandyke's paintings of Charles I., his family and court—the King, himself, on horseback, as large as life, being a very superb and effective picture. The walls of Queen Adelaide's drawing room into which we next enter, are adorned in the same manner. The paintings are by Zuccarelli, and some of them are beautiful Italian landscapes. Doors from this apartment open into a rich suit of rooms, decorated in the style of Henry VII. These, however, we could not see, but were bowed into Queen Adelaide's closet, a sweet little boudoir, lined with blue damask silk, with silver decorations—hung round with paintings, in silver frames, furnished with blue and silver chairs, and two tables of marble, set in chased silver frames, presented by the corporation of London. Over these are two long glasses, with massy silver frames; Here are some of Claude's sweet sunsets, Holbien's portraits, Rembrandts grand heads, and some pretty pictures by Teniers, Rubens, Dow, and other masters.

The closet of William, the sailor King, is decorated with marine designs, and tridents, anchors, and cables, are to be seen upon the walls, and silk hangings. The collection of pictures is large and beautiful. But I will not ask the reader to follow us, as we wandered hour after hour through a long succession of these apartments, decorated and adorned with all that wealth, taste, science, art, and royal power could command. The ceilings and walls of some were unadorned by pictures, but painted in glowing colors, with the beautiful god and goddesses and scenery of Verrio. Some are lined with Gobelin tapestry, and so much like painting, that we look closely ere we perceive the threads and worsted. The designs of one room are from the story of Esther. The Waterloo chamber is a noble room, decorated with portraits of the kings, nobles and warriors, who were connected with the battle from which it is named, painted by Wilkieshee, and Sir Thos. Lawrence. The ball-room is brilliantly decorated by George IV.,, and enriched with Gobelin tapestry, representing Jason and the golden fleece. The ceiling is painted, and stuccos, with heavy framework, richly burnished with gold. The floor is of polished oak, inlaid with fleur-de-lis, in ebony, while the gilded chairs and couches are covered with red velvet, flowered with white; the room is ninety feet long. It is also adorned with delicate wreaths of flowers and fruit, exquisitely carved in oak by the celebrated Grinlan Gibbons. The throne-room deserves notice, as it is worthy the fair young Queen who graces it. The walls, floor and furniture, are covered with garter blue velvet, stamped with the order of the garter, in yellow. The chair of state stands upon an elevated dais, at the upper end of the room. The paintings are the installation of the knights of the garter by Benjamin West, and portraits of Kings of England. A very interesting part of this suite, to us Americans, was the Vestibule, decorated with five fine paintings, by West. They are scenes from the life of Phillipa, and the Black Prince, the hero and heroine of England. We now descend to St. George's Hall, a noble apartment two hundred feet long, opening by large windows into the quadrangle. It is used for *garter purposes*. Upon a throne of carved oak, covered with crimson at one end, the sovereign sits when a knight is to be installed, and here is given the grand banquets. This room was remodeled by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. The ceiling is crossed by oak groinings, springing from corbels, on which are carved knights in armor, holding each two shields of silver and gold, with the armorial bearing of the first twenty-six knights of the garter. The decorations of the room are shields, armor, coats of arms, etc. The guard chamber, into which we enter now, contains many specimens of armor, and is decorated with figures of knights in armor. At one end is a part of the foremast of Nelson's

ship, the Victor, supporting a bust of that naval hero, by Chautrey; and flanked upon each side by ordnance taken from Tippo Saib, of Seringapatam. Over a wreath is a beautiful shield of silver inlaid with gold, executed by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented to Henry VIII., by Francis I. Here ends the suite of apartments on the north side of the castle, which are alone shown to strangers, the rest being private. Of their paintings and decorations and busts, vases and statues, the half has not been told. As we passed from some of these gilded saloons, how forcibly did the last words of the guide bring into my mind Solomon's pathetic "vanity of vanities," —"here," said the guide, "such a queen died—here—such a king *lay in state*."

The company that had thronged the rooms were now telling each other it was near the hour chosen by the Queen to drive out, and following the mass we descended to the terrace. Along this Queenly promenade, we could not hurry, but loitered, looking out at the fair scene beyond, and at the ancient and noble building which reared its turretted walls at our side. This fine walk extends nine hundred and seventy-eight yards around the sides of the castle. Over the battlemented wall, we look down upon park and garden, etc., fair meadows with the bright Thames winding around it,—at the quaint old walls of Eton embowered in trees. And beyond and around, fair meads, vales, woodlands, hills and waving groves extend far and wide, dotted with tower and villa, with hut and cottage. This scene we returned to at all hours while at Windsor, but never did it look so touchingly sweet as one summer eve while the setting sun was tinging purple every hill top and tree top, every ancient tower, and the banner of England which waved over our heads. Passing along this north side of the castle, we come to the east, but sentinels warn the stranger that this is sacred ground, as the terrace runs along the Queen's private apartments.

The terrace however, continues, and making a large sweep surrounds a sweet bijou of a garden, which, decorated by the tasteful hand of George IV., and lying under the eye of a royal lady, must needs be a most perfect garden. Under one side of this terrace walk, is an extensive orangery, while on the other sides green slopes and steps lead down into the garden. The most perfect of parks is Windsor Park, as we gaze upon it over the battlements of this charming walk. Softer than velvet is the bright green sward,—grouped with the finest designs are the copses and groves, and contrasted with the nicest care the different tints of the rich foliage around. Turning, we look upon the magnificent east front of the castle, supported by four square towers, lighted with projecting bow windows of the Tudor style, and oriels, decorated with beautiful tracery. Here are the dining, drawing, and private rooms of royalty. From the library in the centre, a door opens upon the terrace, from which a broad flight of steps leads down into the blooming garden, glowing with every shade, breathing perfume, and decorated with statues of bronze and marble. If you would see the Queen, however, linger not to gaze at the noble trees of the park, or the brilliant garden, but pass along the terrace, and descend the steps, when you will find yourself before the grand entrance and south front of the castle. Then take your station among that crowd of men and women who line each side of the road which leads down to a gate at which the Home Park ends. Beyond that gate we see a straight road running through the Grand park, gently rising for three miles, at the summit of which is an equestrian bronze statue of George III., by Westmacot. This noble avenue is lined with two rows of trees on each side, between which is a footpath. The Grand Park contains one thousand eight hundred acres—is stocked with fallow deer, and adorned with several pretty royal villas, and contains the charming lakelet of Virginia Water. Beyond this park are the shades of Windsor Forest. Look around at these noble parks, and up at the stately castle, at the grand gateway, with the towers of York and Lancaster on each side, and say if this and the magnificent apartments you have viewed with us, be not a fitting preparation of your mind for the sight of the powerful Queen, who rules over a sixth part of the human race, and upon whose dominions the sun never sets. The people are, some of them, very well dressed, and are, many of them, strangers, but the greatest part are wives and daughters of the shopkeepers of London, adorned with gay silk dresses, bonnets covered with flowers and ribands of every different hue, with that taste for glaring color which characterizes a cockney lady. The people become fidgety, peep through the iron bars of the gate into the quadrangle, and question the scarlet clad sentinels who are passing constantly before the entrance. At length a man appears—he unlocks the gate—we all form a line, and he passes along, intreating us to stand back a little, and make a broader path "as her majesty rides a new horse, and is fearful he may injure some of her people." "Perhaps she is afraid the people may injure her," said a

man at my side—and as it was soon after the attempt upon her life by Bean, that might have been her idea. The man retires, and locks the gate—we all stand tiptoe, watching—now they are thrown open wide, and a young lady and gentleman quietly come forth on horseback. Their dresses were exactly such as one would see on dozens of fair equestrians in London and New York. She wore a blue broadcloth habit, with a small linen collar, and lead-colored kid gloves. Her hat was the usual riding hat of black beaver. His dress was the usual dress of a gentleman, and his hat was grey beaver, with a black crape band, in honor of the late Duke of Orleans. These were the Queen of England, and Prince Albert, her consort. Shade of Elizabeth! how would thy ruff sink down with amazement, and thy jewels glare with indignation, hadst thou beheld thy descendant then! I, who had only read of Queens in books which tell of their grand doings, and their gorgeous robes was not quite prepared for this simplicity. Behind her rode the Prince and Princess of Lienengen, similarly attired, except that her hat wanted the short black feather which the Queen wore. A barouche, filled with four of the royal suite, and two outriders, completed the cavalcade. Victoria is of the middle size, and rather plump. Her hair is dark brown, plaited on each side, and tucked behind her ear. Her features are like the portraits we see of her—her eyes bright. She looked before her with a flushed and anxious air, and bowed slightly on each side with a sweet but pensive smile, while the people around took off their hats, or curtesied in silence. Prince Albert raised his hat several times. It was expected she would have passed down the path, but she pointed with her little hand to the left—an equerry rode forward—the line was broken, and the party trotted over the grass much to the disappointment of the spectators below us. As they gravely walked over the grass, I looked after them, and thought how much happier and merrier a party would they have been, if they had not been so exalted in station. Alas, how sad a thing is royalty. What an infatuation to place one of our kind, inheriting all our passions and affections and sins and frailties, upon a pedestal where they must live the part, and enact the scenes which is expected of them, whatever the distaste, the joy or the sorrow they may feel. Domestic life is but a show—they must live in public, ay, and live as it pleases the public, or they are rudely torn down from their high places, and given to woe, and death or banishment. As the royal children were also to be driven out, we lingered with the rest to see them, for a royal baby was a sight new to me. A barouche, with four horses and outriders, came from the gate, all the horses being singularly mottled with white spots. Upon the back seat were two ladies and the children. His royal highness, Albert, Prince of Wales, sat in his nurse's lap, his little bright eyes peering about with delight that he was to be taken a ride. His nurse held him up to the adoration of his future subjects, and he held up his head as if he tried to look the prince. He wore a straw hat, the broad brim turned up in front, with a band of black crape. The Princess Royal seemed at a game of fisticuffs, as if fighting with her nurse for the parasol. Fie, what a naughty princess! Her frock was white cambric, with a broad black silk sash, and on her august head she wore a bonnet of white drawn silk. Upon the front seat rode the dowager, Lady Littleton, head nurse, as the children take precedence of this stately richly attired lady, she sits in front. A stout, hale old fellow near me, seemed charmed with the pugnacity of her royal highness, Adelaide Louisa Victoria, and he swore she was a true child of John Bull. The people around, all seemed charmed with their little masters, and their beloved Queen. As I gazed upon their satisfaction, I tried to imagine to myself what was the feeling which animated them—and what were those mysterious things called royalty and loyalty. Why did they so delight to gaze upon that young female on horseback—and place her in magnificent palaces, and surround her with all that was most delicious and beautiful and grand of earthly things? What mighty wisdom lay under that fair young brow, and what might lay in that little gloved hand, that thus they honor her? I could not see—I was unfortunately born on the wrong side of the Atlantic, to penetrate the mystery of royalty and loyalty.

A delicious morning tempted us out early the next day, and at nine o'clock we found ourselves before the gate of the Home Park. Of course we could not enter, as the public are not admitted until two, but we stood gazing at the beautiful castellated palace before us, when we beheld quite a sweet domestic scene. A lady simply attired, was leaning over the terrace, her husband beside her, watching their little girl as she was placed upon her pony. It was Victoria and Albert. A chair was strapped upon a small pony, in which was fastened the little princess, who was led off, surrounded by six attendants, two nurses, two grooms, and two liveried servants. We then turned, and seeking the door of Saint

George's Chapel, squeezed in among the crowd who awaited the hour for divine service. After being jostled for an hour, the doors were opened, and all rushed to the choir. The choir of this church is justly celebrated as being a fine specimen of the florid gothic. The roof is extremely beautiful, being of that style called *fan tracery*, where the groinings spring from the top of the shaft, and spread out like a fan over the roof, meeting again, and hanging down through the centre, seeming stalactiles carved with exquisite nicety. This style came in about the year 1400. The body of the church was set with benches, which were soon filled, as well as the two rows of pews on each side. The peculiarity of this choir is the stalls for the knights of the garter, which line each side of the choir above the pews. These are stalls having each a canopy of carved oak above it, crowned with the helmet, scarf, sword and banner of the knights. There are thirty-eight knights, among them many foreign potentates, of which the sovereign is chief. Victoria's helmet, satin scarf, sword, and gay banner, were at the head. The effect of these brilliant banners contrasting with the black oak, is very fine as you look down the choir. A sort of box, projecting over our heads near the end of the choir, is the seat of the royal party. The windows are painted, and curtains of blue silk hang around them. Upon this was every eye strained, and at last the organ peeled, and a white silk hat, trimmed with white lisse, and a black velvet shawl appeared, and told us we were blessed with the Queen's presence. Of the solemn and beautiful cathedral service, I have spoken elsewhere. The windows of this chapel are beautifully adorned with Gothic tracery, and painted in glowing colors. Some of the modern ones are from designs by Benjamin West, the one over the altar by him, being the resurrection. From it a stream of every colored ray was painting the white pillars, and marble floor. Under this floor lie Henry VIII., Queen Jane Seymour, and Charles I. Edward IV. and his Queen Elizabeth Woodville, lie here also, under a beautiful tomb of wrought steel, hung with gold and jewels at his death by his subjects, but stolen away again during Cromwell's reign. Many sovereigns, warriors, and noble ladies are buried here, and many are the fine tombs, and beautiful the carving and decorations, but none of them inspired the feeling with which I gazed upon the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte. She possessed a noble character, and a feeling heart, and was summoned from life when surrounded by all that could make rank and domestic life happy. The monument is divided into two compartments. In the lower one the body of the Princess is lying on a bier, covered with a drapery which conceals all but the outline of the figure, which is strictly defined. At each corner a female sits with her head bowed with sorrow. Above this, the spirit of the Princess is ascending to heaven, supported by two angels, one of whom bears her infant. A canopy richly wrought and gilded surrounds the whole, emblazoned with the arms of Great Britain and Saxe Coburg. This monument was not erected by her relatives, but by subscription of her sorrowing countrymen; a circumstance which gives it more interest.

Sunday afternoon brought out a new crowd of Londoners, who were to be seen strolling in parties over the parks and terrace and garden. This last presented a brilliant scene. Every alley and walk were alive with gaily dressed persons and merry children, while a fine band in the scarlet uniform of Windsor were stationed before the grand steps in front of the Queen's rooms, playing beautiful airs.

Of our many rambles among the forest glades of Windsor, I have not room to speak. The oak of Herne, the Hunter, Shakspeare's oak, of course, was visited. Its huge, bare arms entirely divested of bark, contrast well with the green wood boughs around it.

And now, farewell to princely Windsor. A long and delicious ride through beautiful scenery brought us back to our hotel in London, where the three nice young men appointed to attend upon us, flew to the carraige to assist us out, the landlord came forth with a cordial welcome, the chambermaid eagerly led us into our room and the housekeeper came out to drop us a respectful courtsey.

DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.

The strong barriers which confined the stores of wisdom have been thrown down, and a flood overspreads the earth: old establishments are adapting themselves to the spirit of the age; new establishments are rising; the inferior schools are introducing improved systems of instruction, and good books are rendering every man's fireside a school. From all these causes there is growing up an enlightened public opinion, which quickens and directs the progress of every art and science, and through the medium of a free press, although overlooked by many, is now rapidly becoming the governing influence in all the affairs of man.—*Dr. Arnott—Elements of Physics.*

Original.

THE SPIRIT'S VOYAGE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"When the child was buried, a little canoe with a sail to it, laden with bread-fruit and cocoas, was sent off from the shore with a fair wind, in order, as they said, to bear the spirit of the dead away from the land of the living."

"They've filled with fruit, their frail canoe,
With fruit and flowers of brilliant hue,
A blooming freight—but whose the hand,
To guide the light thing from the land?
So feathery light,—'twould seem a sin,
To trust a fairy's weight within.
The waves are bright,—the skies are fair,
A balmy blessing is the air,
Her sail is set,—she glides away!
Where goes the graceful boat to-day?
I hear no voice come o'er the tide;
I see no form the helm beside;
And it might seem a moment's toy,
But that they wear no smile of joy,
And fondly watch its snowy wing,
As if it were a holy thing:—
Why send they forth their boat to be
A plaything for the reckless sea?"
"Oh! stranger! calm or wild the tide,
Their light canoe will safely glide,
And all unscathed by tempest-shock,
By coral-reef or roughest rock,
Ere morn, its stainless sail be furled,
For ever in the spirit-world.
A viewless hand that bark obeys,
A voice unheard, the sea-wave, sways,
A thing so holy and so fair,
Secure and safe, is smiling there,
That fiercest winds, before it, falter,
And into harmless zephyrs alter.
Ah! well may they the wanderer mark;
For know,—within that blessed bark,
The spirit of a little child,
Is playing on the waters wild!
Behold our chieftain's burial ground!
We raised to-day another mound.
Behold its lone and hallowed tree!
So graceful and so fair was she.
But look!—the boat is seen no more,
The mourning train have left the shore,
And, hark! those accents sad and wild
Our island chief laments his child."

THE LAMENT.

No more!—ah! never, never more!
Her precious feet will tread,
Like light, our dwelling's coral floor,*
By young affection led;

Those little feet, whose graceful fall,
So airy and so gay,
Broke not the frailest shell of all,
That glittered in her way

No more! Ah! never, never more,
Her glancing hands will braid
Our painted mats, to shade the door,
Where warm the noontide played!

No more with lightest limbs she'll spring
Far up the cocoa tree,
No more the cocoa-cup she'll bring,
With sunny smile to me!

But safer, through the land of souls,
Those tender feet shall go,
And where the endless river rolls,
More rich the cocoas grow;

And still beneath her joyous hand
The spirit-fruit shall rise,
For ever blooming through the land,
Where *nothing* droops and dies!

Her dark hair's long and glossy stream,
Shall bright Kahullah's deck;
And wreaths of rainbow shells shall gleam
Around her arms and neck.

Play on amid those fragrant bowers,
My fair and happy child!
Ere long another bark of ours
Shall brave the waters wild;

And though 'twould scarce a boat so weak,
The *sin-weighed* soul, sustain,
A father's spirit cannot seek
His only child *in vain!*

* The floor of the hut is strewed with fragments of coral and shell.

Original.

SONNET.

Written in the burial-ground at Newbury, Mass.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

How cool and calm is this sequestered place!*
Where can earth boast a more instructive spot?
This is the goal of man's terrestrial race,
The peaceful home where ages sleep forgot
Etherial spirits "walk unseen" around,
And hallow all this consecrated ground.
Oh! when ambition burns with restless fires,
And passion drives each kindly thought away;
When hope with all her blissful train expires,
Or fierce temptations lead my feet astray;
May the still voice that meekly whispers here,
In accents sweet as music from the skies,
Renew each grace, dispel each gloomy fear,
'Till hope revives afresh, and every murmur dies!

* Within this sacred enclosure are deposited the remains of my sainted grand-parents, and it was during a visit to their graves in the summer of 1822, that the preceding lines were hastily written.

Original.

"HE SHEWED THEM THE KING'S SON."

2nd of Kings, 11th, and 4th.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

——Oppression was in Israel,—and the sway
Of an usurping woman, steep'd in guilt,
Made the good tremble, and the bad grow bold.—
With tears, the toil-worn peasant reap'd his corn,
And trod his vintage,—for the frown of Heaven
Darken'd the joy of harvest.

Twice three years,
Had that bad queen, in impudence of pomp
Wielded the sceptre,—while the people mourn'd
Their murder'd princes,—and her tyrant sway
Bore with revolting spirit.—Righteous men
In prostrate prayer invok'd Jehovah's name,
And by his desecrated altar cried,
"Oh, Lord!—how long?"

Yet not in hopeless grief
Drop'd the High Priest,—but trimm'd his silver beard,
And wore his costly mitre gloriously,—
While ever and anon, his brow betray'd
The inspiration of some secret joy
That made his spirit strong.

At length,—one morn,—
He call'd the people,—and amid the array
Of warlike guards,—with bristling spear and shield,
Shew'd the *King's son*,—who from red slaughter snatch'd
When mad Athaliah crush'd the royal race,
He, in his house had hid, and nourish'd up
To sit on David's throne.—

Yes,—there he stood,
In childhood's beauty,—with his wondering eye,
And clear, high brow.—And when the priestly hand
Pour'd forth the annointing oil, and plac'd the crown,—
With one continuous shout,—*"God save the king!*
The temple echo'd, and the mountains cried
To vale and stream,—'till every brooklet told
The whispering reeds and pebbles on its way,—
How God had bless'd his people, and in wrath
Remember'd mercy.—

Ho!—thou mournful one,—
Who 'neath the burdens and the cares of life
Dost bow despairing,—hast thou never heard
Of the King's Son,—the lowly manger-born,—
The heralded of angels?

Hast thou seen
His face,—so full of pity for the ills
He took a part in, while a guest below?—
Know'st thou his love?—

Then what of boastful hope
Shake off his unripe fruits,—thou hast the feast
That meek submission spreads,—the peace of him
Who making the Eternal Will his own,
Becomes co-worker with Omnipotence.—
So,—in thy loyalty and love, hold on
Life's shortening pilgrimage, and hand in hand
With the King's Son,—pass to thy destin'd skies.

Original.

SONG OF THE SPRING BREEZE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

I.

Oh, give me welcome—I come—I come
From a sweet and balmy land,
With the tropic rose I have made my home;
'Mid ripening fruits I have loved to roam—
Where the sea-shells lie in their golden sand,
I have played with the foam of a Southern strand.

II.

Oh, give me welcome! I bring—I bring
A gift for the coming May,
The sunshine falls from my restless wing,
It touches the ice of the mountain spring;
But I laugh—I laugh as it melts away,
And my voice is heard in the leaping spray.

III.

Oh, give me welcome—a welcome now!
The winter was stern and cold,
But I sung him to sleep, and I kissed his brow
While I lifted his robe of spotless snow.
And that crusty fellow, so chill and old
Awoke in a mantle of green and gold.

IV.

A welcome now! while the south wind weaves
His breath with the morning dew,
As he fans the moss on the cottage eaves—
And drives from the hollow the sear dry leaves.
Where the violet hides its eye of blue
And the pale young grass peeps faintly through.

V.

Oh, welcome me—while I have a rout
With the pleasant April rain—
The birds that sing with a silvery shout
And the fragrant buds that are breaking out
Like drops of light with a rosy stain,
'Mid the delicate leaves that are green again.

It fares with religion as with a shuttlecock, which is stricken from one to another, and rests with none. The rich apprehend it to have been designed for the poor; and the poor, in their turn, think it calculated chiefly for the rich. An old acquaintance of mine, who omitted no opportunity of doing good, discoursed with the barber who shaved him, on his manner of spending the Sabbath, which was not quite as it should be, and the necesssity of his having more religion than he seemed at present possessed of. The barber, proceeding in his work of lathering, replied, "that he had tolerably well for a barber; as, in his opinion, one-third of the religion necessary to save a gentleman would do to save a barber."

OH, SOFTLY FALLS THE FOOT OF LOVE.

WORDS BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON—MUSIC BY E. J. LODER.

ALLEGRETTO CON ESPRESS.
f
p
Oh, soft-ly falls the foot of love, those, those he worships rest, More gently
Where where
than a mother bird, Who seeks, seeks her down-y nest; And thus I steal to thee, be-
who

lov'd, Beneath the dark blue night, And thus I steal to thee belov'd, Beneath the
dark, the dark blue night. Oh, come to our unconquer'd hills, For there the stars, the stars are
f p
3
D. C.
bright, Oh, come, Oh, come to our unconquer'd hills, For there, for there the stars are bright.
f p

2 Oh, pleasant 'tis to wander out,
When only thou and I
Are there to speak one happy thought,
To that far silent sky!
The valleys down beneath are full
Of voices and of men,
Oh, come to our untrodden hills,
They will not tell again.

3 The balmy air may breathe as sweet,
With perfume floating slow,
But here where thou and I may roam
The fresh wild breezes blow:
Oh, here each simple flow'ret seems
To know that it is free,
The winds on our unconquer'd hills,
Are full of Liberty!

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE LADIES' COMPANION AND LITERARY EXPOSITOR.—Our friends will see that in the present number we have amply redeemed our promises in relation to certain improvements in the appearance of our magazine. The only complaint that has ever been heard hitherto against the Companion, has been as to the size of the type with which it was printed—a complaint which we must acknowledge has not been without proper foundation. No beauty and clearness of typography can make up for the want of the requisite magnitude in the letters which can alone present them with a proper and pleasing distinctness to the eye. The striking improvement which we have effected in the present number in this particular, will, we have no doubt, be fully appreciated. It is our intention to make our magazine as pre-eminent in its mechanical execution, as it is in its literary pretensions. We wish to make it a literary oasis amid the vast and dreary deserts of eye-sickening letter-press which the spirit of a false economy, urged on by an inconsiderate system of competition has established—a verdant spot upon which the eye may rest with pleasure, and the intellectual flowers which adorn it gather additional fragrance and power from the beauty, elegance, and clearness of their dress. That we have succeeded, we boldly assert and challenge a comparison between the mechanical execution of the present number, and that of any other periodical in the country.

But while paying due heed to this branch of our editorial labors, we have not been unmindful of the still more important requisites of the intellectual and literary character of the Companion. Upon this point, the names of Mrs. Embury and Mrs. Sigourney which we have succeeded in securing to the editorial management, are fully sufficient. They are the best guarantee which we can offer of our firm determination to enforce the pretention of our magazine to the reputation of being the best and the most brilliant periodical of the age. Both of these ladies are well known as graceful, practised, and vigorous writers. Their writings have been, and are, the honor of American Literature—their accomplishments are universally acknowledged—their literary reputations limited only by the bounds of the great English reading world. With such aid no one can doubt our ability to enforce and maintain the Ladies' Companion and Literary Expositor's claim to the title of the American National Magazine.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN YUCATAN: *Harper & Brothers.*—In this work Mr. Stephens has succeeded in making an exceedingly interesting and valuable book: and at the same time that he has avoided some of the faults of his former productions he retains their principal merits and beauties. He has the same graceful, unpretending and generally correct style—the same easy and taking good temper—the same acute observation at the same time that he does not fill up his pages with a record of so many trivial events. He does not chronicle so many uninteresting dinners as he did in his sketches of Central America.

Too much praise cannot be given to the typographical execution of this work, or the numerous elegant and elaborate engravings from the designs of Mr. Catherwood, which adorn and illustrate it. The work is in these particulars an honor to American literature, and is more particularly to be commended in these days of cheap publications and infamous typography. A summary of its contents, which is the most our space would permit us to give, is in this case unnecessary, as all of our readers either have or will examine it for themselves.

SHAKSPEARE.—The Harpers are issuing in numbers a new edition of Shakspeare, with notes, and illustrated by numerous fine engravings. It will be completed in eight numbers at twenty-five cents each.

THE CATHOLIC EXPOSITOR.—A very able exponent and defender of the doctrines and principles of the Roman Catholic church. The April number commences the fourth volume. The Rev. Felix Varela and the Rev. C. C. Pise, are the conductors.

UNIFORM EDITION OF THE VARIOUS WRITINGS OF CORNELIUS MATHEWS: *complete in one volme; New York Sun Office.*—We have received part one, consisting of a portion of the Motley Book, which like most of the other writings of Mr. Mathews is characterized by an air of pretension—an exaggeration of style and sentiment, and an eternal succession of futile attempts at humor, which at once dispose the reader to dislike the book and the author more than their real merits will justify. The best commentary upon the style of Mr. Mathews' writings is to be found in the newspaper advertisement, in which they are announced. As a specimen of puffery that advertisement is the greatest thing we have seen in a long time.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GEOGRAPHY: *Lea & Blanchard.*—This most valuable work is now in the course of publication in numbers, or parts, at the low price of twenty-five cents each. As a work of reference on those subjects of which it treats, there is nothing published that can compare with it. It furnishes a complete description of the earth, as well as physical, statistical, and moral. It exhibits the natural history, industry, commerce, political institutions, and the civil and social state of every nation. The name of its editior, Hugh Murray, and his able assistants, the professors of the Edinburgh University, are a guarantee that it is correct as it is comprehensive. It will be completed in twenty-four parts.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—This standard and valuable work which is now in the course of publication by the Harpers, has been issued as far as part sixth. The whole is to be completed in sixteen numbers, at the very low price of twenty-five cents per number, or four dollars for the complete copy of one of the most recondite and elaborate works of the day.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, AND DICTIONARY OF RURAL AFFAIRS: *Carey & Hart.*—An exceedingly valuable and practical work: compiled from the best authorities, by an English agriculturalist, and revised and enlarged by an American farmer. It is precisely the kind of work that has been much wanted, and will no doubt meet with an extensive circulation. It will be published in sixteen numbers, three numbers of which have already been issued.

THEATRICALS.—"The drama is at a low ebb," says every one, and it is a well known proverb that "what every one says must be true." We are sorry to say that the proverb is true in this case, with the exception, perhaps, of the *Bowery*, while during the engagement of Mrs. Shaw, has been doing a pretty fair business. Mrs. Shaw, in the "Love Chase," however, is an attraction which would draw under any circumstances; and we cannot predicate upon the success of the Bowery any estimate of the real state of theatricals in this city. If extraordinary inducements take people to the Bowery, the drama may be going down, and the enterprizing manager be still ignorant of the fact. The prospects of the *Park* revived considerable with the engagement of *Mr. Booth.* This speaks rather to the injury of the establishment, for if they cannot do but moderately well with such an attraction, what could be expected without any? Whatever may be said of the drama in general, the palmy days of the Park have closed, at least for the present. Its sun has grown dim, and we are afraid that it will be a long time before it will rise to that refulgent position in public opinion that it once occupied. The *Chatham* with even *Mr. Forrest and Miss Clifton*, has not commanded much public attention. We think the manager is pursuing a wrong course when he engages stars, and allows them to pocket the entire receipts, leaving his own treasury penniless. The engagement of *Mr. Forrest and Miss Clifton*, proved, comparatively speaking, *a total failure.* The *Olympic* is about closing a prosperous season, but not as much so as many of the former ones. We have endeavored, as briefly as possible to give a faithful sketch of our city theatres, adhering throughout, strictly to the truth.

THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER AND THE SLAVE.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion.

CANTERBURY BELL.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 1843.

Original.

THE SULTAN'S DAUGHTER.

LAND of the Orient! where the plumes
Of Cherubim were first unfurled,
When man, in Eden's rosy blooms,
Walked monarch of the primal world!
Land of the brightest gems which e'er
God's Angel-Seasons, varying, set,
Amid the changes of the year,
In Nature's glorious coronet—
Clime of the rose, the bird, the beam—
The purple sea and azure stream;
Clime where a thousand memories throng—
Of glittering casque—of minstrel song,
And all which to the grand belong,
And Beautiful, that Earth has known,
Through smile and life—through death and groan:
Realm of the sun! Thy lovely skies
Seem gates that ope on Paradise—
The very clouds that float above,
And for a moment dim the air—
Are all so full of warmth and love,
That they outvie the light elsewhere;
Clime of the soul! To thee was given
The sweetest, earliest beam of Heaven,
And still from those unsullied days,
The lambent flame of glory plays!
'Tis playing now o'er Fane and Shrine—
Despite of Crime which 'round them swells,
And glances with a hue divine,
Along the dark-blue Dardanelles.
Land of the Heart! Oh, never shone
A brighter beam from Heaven's blue throne,
Than sparkles now! The very earth
Seems drunk with sunshine, flowers and mirth,
And through her myriad lovely plains,
The glad, deep rivers bounding roll,
As if they warmed her swelling veins,
And thought she owned a living soul.
The BEAUTIFUL are forth, to gaze
On sky and sea, where'er the rays,
Like torches o'er sweet pictures thrown,
Show Nature's loveliness alone!
She knelt beside the garden-stem,
And watched its roseate diadem,
Slowly unfolding every gem!
The luxuries of palace-hall—
Where fountains rise as if to mock
The chrystal rills that murmuring fall
From many a towering Alpine rock—
The Koran's line—the cool Kiosk—
The Crescent and the holy Mosque
Were all forgot that hour within;
Nor did she feel the shade of sin:
For this was Nature's splendid shrine—
Its incense wreathed from cup divine—
Its anthem swelled from many a lyre,
That thrilled beneath the mornings' fire,
Like that Egyptian harp of old,
Whose trembling strings of flashing gold,
In the grey dawn for ever rolled
Sweet music, while the minstrel-flame
Glanced over its entrancing frame.
And she was lovely! Painters might
From her dark eyes catch heavenly light—
Eyes through whose lustrous, coal-black gloom
An Eden shone with all its bloom:
And in her form there seemed a thought
Of graceful ease and glory wrought
To perfectness:—ne'er sculptor brought
Such majesty from marble yet,
(Though by an angel-artist taught,)
As in the Orient's daughter met.
But, oh, 'twas not the grace of frame—
'Twas not the snowy hand—the curl
Which like a dark cloud, trailing, came
'Round the white forehead of the girl,—
Adown her neck, whose whiteness shone
Dazzling, like snow on mountain-throne—
Not these that charmed you to the spot
And painted on the startled heart
An image, which, aye unforgot,
Could never from the soul depart.
It was the nameless fire that came
From those dark orbs in sheets of flame,
Whene'er she looked around, above
O'er all, through all—which God has given,
To wreathe the earth with light and love,
From his exhaustless wealth of Heaven!
To her how poor the lamp that flung
Its ray where Harem-drapery hung,
To that grand light which blazed afar
From pensile sphere or colored star!
And what the jewel's various fire
That lit the diadem of sire,
To morning's beam, that flashed o'er isle
Like some glad angel's holy smile!
And what the music which the slave
At evening in the Palace gave,
To those deep anthems rolled from wood
And mountain-steep and bounding flood,
When all the spirits of the storm
Were starting into awful birth
From cradles, with the lightning warm,
And rocked by clouds above the earth!
Nor would she look on these alone:—
The light that in her spirit dwelt,
Was over others sweetly thrown,
And even by the vassal felt.
If some bright planet sudden threw
Its splendor round the vaulted Blue—
If some sweet tone of music gave
Its harmony from dancing wave,
Or if, at morn, another flower
Had opened in her rosy bower;
The blaze and tone and fragrance swept
Not on her pathway lonely,
For she would ne'er in glory walk
Like seraph, gladdened only—
But, oh, it was her joy and pride
To point them out to all beside,
And in their pleasure feel a thrill
Of pleasure more extatic still.
What was a Princess' crown to her—
Nature's own lovely worshipper?
The Goddess that she woo'd had wreathed
Around her brow, of snowy whiteness,
A crown o'er which the angels breathed
Their blessings of undying brightness—
And this she wore, still undefiled,
The Orient's lovely, guileless child!

W. WALLACE.

Original.

CARLOTA, THE NUN OF SAN ELISEO.

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

IN TWO PARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'QUADROON,' ETC.

New York, Dec. 1, 1842.

My Dear Sir:

On one of those golden afternoons which render the month of November in Louisiana delightful above all other seasons in all other lands, I was riding on horseback through the lower Foubourg of New Orleans, in company with an agreeable young Creole gentleman, Alfred Soulié, who, in addition to a fine estate and a good person, possessed a highly cultivated mind, and is a poet of no mean rank. He is, also, a very pleasing prose writer, though his style and the tone of his mind partakes strongly of the Germanic hue. His imagination loves to revel in, and his pen to describe, legends and tales belonging to this dark and extravagant school which, based on the wildest theories of a fanciful superstition, had its origin, nevertheless, among a profoundly ideal yet singularly intellectual people. Our conversation during dinner had been upon subjects congenial with his peculiar tone of mind—tales of marvel and of wonder! and in reply to an inquiry if he was familiar with any legend or tradition of Louisiana? he replied to me by abruptly ordering saddle horses, and saying—

"I will ride with you to a spot not far distant, that has been the scene of an event, which, although not belonging to supernatural legendrie or spiritual superstition, involves in its singular circumstances sufficient interest for those whose minds can receive the healthy nourishment which facts often furnish, as if in mockery to the flimsy creations of fiction."

After riding a short distance down the street, into which we turned from the house, we entered the Rue Ursuline, and passed along beneath the grey walls of the old and now tenantless convent. Not far beyond the convent grounds, we stopped in the front of a large, ancient-looking mansion, erected in the pompous days of Spanish power. It was profusely ornamented with pilasters and carved work, and its battlements had been adorned with huge stone urns, most of which had now fallen. The whole edifice was ruinous and neglected; grass grew from its window sills, and one leaf of the spacious and heavily arched gateway was broken down, and lay flat upon the stone pavement of the vaulted passage which led into the *patio* or inner court. Over the gateway was a stone shield, on which were sculptured the arms of the house. Yet in its ruinous state, the dwelling wore an air of grandeur and family pride that time could not erase.

"This is the building to which I alluded," said M. Soulié. "Let us ride through the portal, and if you will pass to the other side of the ruined fountain of the patio, you will discover the object of my visit here."

We entered on horseback beneath the crumbling arch of the *portecocher*, and riding across the shattered pavement of the inner court, came to a range of rooms beneath a verandah, which, continuing round the four sides, both enclosed and adorned the patio. Most of the rooms composing the suite which we approached, were shut up, or without windows or doors, but my attention was at once attracted to the farthest in the range, by the sight of an old man with a head white as snow, his once dignified form bent with care and sorrow, rather than the weakness of age; his garments squalid; his beard long and untrimmed; his eye set and rigid, and his countenance singularly and strongly expressive of misery. He was seated upon a low bench beneath a grated window, which he seemed to watch with nervous solicitude.

Before I could ask M. Soulié for an explanation, my attention was suddenly drawn to a female figure that appeared at the grated window, which, shaded by a deep arch, was low, dark and gloomy. Instantly on beholding us, she cried out with a wild look of joy, and clapping her hands—

"Ho, ho! Two husbands! Brave bridegrooms, father, brave bridegrooms! Mounted and spurred! Ho, for the bridal, ho! I have two brave husbands!" She then looked at us steadily for an instant, with the most singular intensity of penetration in her gaze; then shaking her head, and ringing her hands sadly together, she added in a tone of disappointment—

"No, no! it is not Estavan! it is not *my* bridegroom, father!"

"No, no, it is not Estavan, daughter," repeated the old man with a cold laugh, which chilled my blood.

"What means this?" I asked of M. Soulé, astonished at what I beheld.

"Observe now closely what you see, and you shall learn by-and-by," he answered in a low tone.

I then turned to observe the woman, whose appearance was the most striking I had ever beheld. She was about thirty-eight years of age, with a dark complexion, and long black loose hair that reached nearly to her feet. Her person was singularly elegant, and her manner graceful and easy. Her hands, as she clasped them together, were symmetrical and delicate—indicative of birth and blood not to be mistaken—and the fingers glittered with jewels. Her features were beautifully regular, and a finer mouth and chin I never saw. Her teeth were white and brilliant, and such eyes as she rested upon us were never matched for depth, brightness and glory of expression. The shade with which Reason tempers the light of the mind was shattered, and it blazed forth in that full splendor so painful to look upon. She was the splendid wreck of perhaps the handsomest woman of her times. That she was of Spanish birth and parentage was plain, by the lofty style of her Castilian features, and the naturally proud carriage of her finely shaped head. Her dress was as singular as her appearance. She wore a pure white robe, bound beneath the bosom by an embroidered *cénta*, and a necklace of magnificent pearls adorned her neck; while about her temples was entwined a wreath of bridal flowers, in striking contrast with her unloosed coal black hair that covered her snow robe, like a mourning veil. Whatever was her strange history, I felt that naturally fierce and ungoverned passion had made her as I saw her, for never was depth of passion so

vividly pourtrayed in the lovely lineaments of a woman's face.

"Have you made your observations, monsieur?" said M. Soulié, tightening his reins, and slightly pressing the sides of his horse with his spurs.

"Yes, but am more and more involved in mystery by what I have seen."

"Let us now ride. If you will dine with me the day after to-morrow, I will gratify your curiosity by opening to you the meaning of this extraordinary scene you have now witnessed."

I looked once more to get a parting glance of the singular female whose appearance and aspect strangely and impressively conveyed to my mind the idea of a fallen, but still beautiful angel, "chained in darkness unto the Great Day." She left the window as I did so, darting a piercing glance of murderous hate towards us; and the old man had never looked up or taken any notice of us. So we rode out of the court, and with the reluctance of ungratified curiosity, I left them to their singular solitude and mysterious companionship.

The following day I called at the hospitable mansion of M. Soulié, and found left for me a note, apologizing for his unexpected absence by a sudden summons to his plantation on the coast; but directing me to a spot in his library where he had left a narrative of the subject that had so recently engaged our attention, which he had amused himself after returning home, by writing out for me; desiring me, if it pleased me to accept of it, and make such use of it as I pleased. I have therefore literally translated it, and, at your request, my dear Snowden, send it for publication in your valuable magazine.

With friendly consideration
I am very truly Yours,
THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE."

William W. Snowden, Esq.

Don Beltran Garcia and Don Fabrian Isla, were two young men, both born in old Castile, and both descended from the noblest and most ancient families of the kingdom. Both arrived at the age of manhood about the same time, and being very confidential and close friends, they resolved one day, each being the sole living representative of his family, to quit Spain for the new world, and improve their fortunes, which had been much straitened by a long series of mortgages upon their paternal estates. After settling up their affairs there, and leaving their patrimonies in the hands of faithful stewards, they set sail for Cadiz, in a ship bound for the then Spanish domain of Louisiana. On their arrival in New Orleans, they began to consider how they should invest their money, which amounted to about ten thousand *pesas* each, in such a way as to make it yield them great returns. Don Beltran had a fancy for commerce, and decided that he would become a merchant, and used many arguments with his friend, Don Fabian, to induce him also to embark his money in commerce, which, at that period, promised such rich increase to the wealth of those who engaged in it. But Don Fabian was of a less active and ambitious temper than Don Beltran, and being of a quiet and somewhat pastoral turn, he resolved that he would leave the city, and seek those riches in the fertile regions of upper Louisiana, in the pursuits of agriculture, which his friend preferred striving for amid the noise and struggle of a busy mart. As both, therefore, though bosom friends and companions from childhood, were of different tempers and tastes, and as neither could persuade the other to abandon his scheme, and share in his own, they affectionately embraced each other, and parted; Don Beltran to engage in the eager pursuits of commerce, Don Fabian to pursue the rural and pleasing occupation of agriculture. Leaving the latter for the present, to fulfil his intentions, we will remain with Don Beltran, and see how he gets along. He was now twenty-four years of age, being one year older than his friend; and handsome in person, and of agreeable address, he was not long in captivating the regards of some of the most beautiful women in the city; and having a great love for social pleasures, he easily found time from his pursuits to seek that enjoyment which cultivated society always affords to ingenious minds. Among the ladies that arrested his attention, after he had been two years settled there, were two cousins, with but two years difference in their ages; Doña Engracia, the elder, being twenty, and Doña Gertrudis, the younger, eighteen. They were both remarkable for their beauty and agreeable vivacity, and Don Beltran seeing them often, and being of a susceptible temper, became equally enamored of both of them; which, if he would love either, will not appear so extraordinary, when it is told that their resemblance to each other was as great as if they had been twin sisters. They, in their turn, were both in love with him, and so well they carried it in their looks and port, when he was by, it were an acute observer to decide which of them most loved Don Beltran in return. Don Beltran felt that he could not be at the same time the husband of both of them, and was in a strait how to choose between them, for he must needs have one of them to wife, when he learned that Engracia was born out of wedlock, and that she had in her veins a taint of Moorish blood. This at once decided the difficulty in his mind, and determined him to make Gertrudis his wife; who, he could not but confess, was of a sweeter temper than her cousin. But he was still ena-

mored with Doña Engracia, who was not only very lovely, but who, he was well assured, loved him with all the passion of her ardent feelings. Although in his mercantile affairs Don Beltran was most conscientious and upright, in those which affected the heart he did not feel himself bound by any laws of honor. He was of free and licentious principles, and felt no hesitation in gratifying all his desires of pleasure, however widely they might range over the broad sea of sensuality. He, therefore, not wishing to lose either of his loves, resolved while he made Gertrudis his wife, to make Engracia his mistress. His art and tact taught him first to effect the latter object, which, aided by her deep and unreined passion for him, and his apparent preference of her over her rival cousin, he was not long in bringing to pass. This result was no sooner brought about as he wished, than he made an offer of marriage to Gertrudis, and she shortly became his wife. This event, which Doña Engracia, happy in her illicit love, had not dreamed of, had no sooner taken place, than hatred and revenge towards both, filled her soul. She did not let Don Beltran discover her feelings, but patiently waited the time for consummating her vengeance. Thus a year passed by, and both the mistress and the wife had nearly about the same time, presented Don Beltran with a daughter. This event, the anticipation of which had probably suspended her revenge, gave it a direction. Yet she delayed it three years, each morning and evening brooding over it in the silent recesses of her heart. By degrees, moulded and modified by a mother's feelings, it had assumed the aspect of ambition. The children, she saw with secret delight, were so much alike, that if once changed, no eye but a mother's could single out its own offspring. Daily she watched the growth of the two children. The least change in the other, as by a scar or a bruise, she copied and imitated upon her own. Don Beltran discovered this, and was troubled by the wonderful resemblance between the two children, and fearing, from his knowledge of Don Engracia's character, as well as his consciousness of the wrong she had received by his union with her cousin, he feared she might at some unguarded moment substitute her own for the legitimate child, and thus secure to it the inheritance of his rapidly increasing wealth. The more he thought of it, the more it troubled his mind, and, at length, Gertrudis, his wife, being taken suddenly ill, and dying in great agony, he suspected Engracia of poisoning her; but being unable to prove it, though fully convinced of her agency, he resolved, before this should be followed by a change of the children, now easier to be effected, or by the death of one of them, to remove the cause of his constant alarm, and, as he believed, the murderess of his wife. He therefore accused her before the Alcalde, and had her brought to trial, when, to his surprize, there were forthcoming witnesses, whose testimony convicted her, and she was executed. This was five years after Don Beltran's marriage, and when the children were four years of age.

This dangerous woman being removed, he now took precautions to prevent an exchange of the children, which he, himself, could, with difficulty, distinguish apart. To this end, stifling all the paternal feelings which a natural father may be supposed to have, as well as suppressing the emotions of humanity, he gave the lovely infant into the hands of a confidential servant, with instructions to destroy it. The slave bore it to the river, into which he had bade him cast it; but arrested by the child's sweet smile, and its extraordinary beauty, he hesitated to destroy it as Don Beltran, his master, had commanded him. While he was thus vascillating between obedience to his master, and the whispering pleadings of humanity, he discovered a hacienda's lugger lying near, with its sails up, as if ready to depart up the river. On its little deck lay a monk fast asleep, and a short distance below, he saw the crew advancing with merchandize to put on board. The idea instantly occurred to him, to give the child a chance for its life, while he obeyed his master by removing it from his sight; and without any further thought, he nimbly ran and placed the child beside the sleeping *padre*, hurriedly wrapped it in his robe, bade it lie quiet, and then hastened on shore. Here, from an unseen spot, he saw the sailors get on board, and the lugger stand up the river; and when, at length, it disappeared around a point, he could see that the *padre* had not awakened, nor was the child discovered. Praying that it might be protected, but kept for ever out of the way of his master, whose vengeance he feared, the slave returned, and reported to him its destruction according to his command.

Don Beltran was gratified, and, rewarding his servant, gave all his attention and care to his daughter, whom he called Carlota, which name Dona Engracia had also perversely given her own child, contrary to the wishes of the displeased Don Beltran, who herein, as both children answered readily to the same name, had seen with what little trouble she might effect her purpose of exchanging them. Don Beltran

now grew rich, and became Alcalde of the city, and the highest grandee of the province. Carlota, his daughter, whom, for distinction, we will call Carlota Gertrudis, grew up beautiful, sweet tempered, and rich in all those charms of mind and person that render woman enchanting. Her character was yielding and gentle, which, added to a refined mind and affectionate heart, and wonderous beauty, made Don Beltran proud of her, as well he might be. Thus she grew up to the age of seventeen, when he thought it was time to look round for a husband for her, but as he had already made up his mind whom he wished to have for his son-in-law, it was no very difficult matter for him to decide, provided the maiden's wishes chimed with his own. But this subject belongs to a maturer part of the story; let us meanwhile follow the fate of the little Carlota Engracia, whom we left under the good monk's gown. *Padre* Benito had come to the city on an ecclesiastical menage to the Vicar General from the parish of San Eliseo, on a tributary stream up the Mississippi, a hundred miles in the interior. He had taken passage on the lugger belonging to the estate adjoining his parish, and coming on board too early, had lain himself down to sleep till the time of starting. The sailors, with becoming reverence for the worthy padre, would not disturb him, and so he slept until the lugger had left the city three leagues behind. Carlota, who from the first had been too frightened to stir from where the slave had placed her, also soon fell asleep. Padre Benito waked after a three hours' nap, and if he was surprised as well as pleased to find himself far brought on his voyage, he was no less surprised and astounded at discovering, on attempting to rise, a sweet little child four years old asleep under the folds of his gown.

"Madre de dios!" exclaimed the good monk, crossing himself.

"Valgame dios!" responded the equally astonished captain.

"El diable!" echoed the crew.

The perplexed father Benito again crossed himself and muttered a pater nostre; the little fat captain shook his black head and winked significantly to his three sailors, who exchanged not very reverent glances at the poor padre's expense.

"Some enemy hath done this," said the poor monk after a few moments silence.

"Nay, know you not, holy father, whence it came!" asked the little captain.

"As true as the Virgin Mary reigns in Heaven," he answered honestly, "know I nothing of it."

The men also professed ignorance, and all were now filled with surprise. The child waked, and smiling up into father Benito's face, warmed his heart towards it as he was contemplating how he should dispose of it, and he resolved to take it with him and place it in the convent, which was near San Eliseo, till its parents or parentage should be discovered; which he was now too far from the city to go back to ascertain. So the beautiful black-eyed child, which said its name was "Carlota," and that its mother was dead, was kept on board the pet of all, and particular favorite of padre Benito. On his arrival at San Eliseo he fulfilled his intention by placing it with the Lady Superior, and sending a messenger to the city to ascertain if any inquiries had been made after such a child. But as he heard of none missing, and so reported on his return, father Benito, notwithstanding some whispered slanders that implied he knew more about it than he would tell, resolved to have it baptised and stand godfather to it.

The little Carlota Engracia now became a daughter of the church, under the patronage of the Superior, and tuition of father Benito, grew up to the age of seventeen, one of the most beautiful maidens the convent's walls had ever contained. She was, however, of a bold impetuous spirit, impatient of restraint, and the creature of strong and fierce passion, which at times would exhibit themselves in the most terrific aspects. These outbursts of strong and deep feeling were transient and unfrequent; but they afforded a key to her character. At such times her dark eyes would blaze with the intense light of the passions, and her whole breathing form become singularly energetic with expression: while her face, ever beautiful, would wear a wild and dark aspect such as, it would seem, no mortal spirit could give to a mortal countenance. Yet Carlota was generous, kind and noble, returning affection with warmth, and with a heart overrunning with gratitude. What has been said of her was the bad part of her character, which in all mankind is more or less mixed with good; but her's was strengthened by the fiery energy of the Moorish blood, which she inherited from her mother. Father Benito would often gaze upon her dark and glorious beauty, after she had arrived at maidenhood, and wonder in his simpliicty how evil could dwell with so much loveliness; marvel where, within the folds of the golden smile, could lurk the iron frown that would, at times, suddenly take its place. But father Benito was a monk, and knew very little of the beautiful sex he speculated upon.

It is not generally known that in the north-western portion of Louisiana spreads a fertile and pleasant region for many a wide league. It is watered by meandering rivers, whose banks are beautified by open groves and meadows, covered with vast herds. Its verdant undulating plains were once interspersed with pleasant *aldeas* or villages; transparent lakes abounded, covered with wild fowl; and the numerous stone *haciendas* of wealthy agriculturists, were everywhere seen; while here and there appeared the towers of a convent or church, situated around the loveliest scenery of natural lawn and grove on the earth!

This lovely region called by the early Spaniards "El buen paradisio," was settled by a simple pastoral people, more than a century and a half ago; and while all the rest of the province of Louisiana, except immediately in the vicinity of New Orleans, remained a wilderness, this *buen paradisio* presented all the pleasing features of a peaceful, thriving, religious, and well regulated population; without any government but the parental rule of the church. We are now speaking of the past! A change has come over the fair region. Avarice has taken the place of domestic independence, and infidelity that of religion. The villages and churches are in ruins; the pure Spanish population has become mongrel, and the only signs of the former happy condition of things is the convent of the Sacred Heart, near the ruined village of San Eliseo.

This convent was, and still is at this day, the abode of an Ursuline sisterhood, and stands on the banks of a pleasant river half concealed in a grove of sycamores; while green meadows, and boundless prairies, dotted with clumps of fragrant forest trees, and mirrored with miniature lakes as clear as crystal, roll away towards the horizon. A horse-road, at the time of our story, led along the river-side from the village, past the convent, in which was seen an occasional passenger riding on a mule; while pirogues and luggers passed now and then by, on the river, the oarsmen keeping time to a harmonious song; and troops of horses and herds of cattle grazed in the dales, or scoured the plain with the noise of continuous thunder.

It was to this fair region, and twenty leagues above the convent, that Don Fabian Isla repaired after parting with his friend Don Beltran. He selected a domain embracing many square leagues fertile and well-watered, planted by the tasteful hand of nature, with groves; varied by undulations, and beautified by lakes. In a few years his cattle were numbered by thousands, his horses by tens of thousands, and his flocks of sheep whitened the plain that surrounded his stately *hacienda*. Peace and prosperity blessed him, and he was a happy man; not so much because he was rich and abounded in goods and houses and lands, but because he feared God and loved his neighbor, kept his conscience pure, and enjoyed the fruits of a benevolent heart. Like Don Beltran, he had taken a wife the first year of his arrival at "Buen Paradisio," who presented him with one son. This boy advanced towards manhood inheriting all his father's virtues, and head and heart. He was Don Fabian's idol, and though loved by him with all the fond pride with which a father regards his only son destined to inherit wealth, he was not spoiled by his affection, but grew up to the age of twenty with a sensible head, an honest heart, and uncorrupt principles. He was handsome in his person; modest in his behavior; of a frank, ingenuous temper, and brave and courteous as became a gentleman.

One morning when Estavan had completed his nineteenth year, his father, the good Don Fabian, called him to his side and thus addressed him—

"My son! You are acquainted with my history and that of your family. You have learned from me that my friend Don Beltran, whose letters to me you have often heard me read, and myself, on obtaining our patrimonies, found them so much encumbered by the extravagances of our fathers, that without some means to increase our incomes, we should be unable to live in the style which our birth and condition required of us. We therefore decided to seek in other lands the fortune which we had not inherited. We sought this province, and Don Beltran engaged in commerce, while I entered in the more congenial pursuit of agriculture and keeping herds. Don Beltran, who writes me thrice a year, and I him as often, has grown rich, and I have also been blessed beyond my hopes or wishes. It is his wish as well as mine to revisit Spain once more; but, alas! she is the scene of a sanguinary revolution, and the party which we are known to favor, is proscribed by the new usurping power. We have both ceased to look forward to a return, and only hope to be restored again to our native land and estates through our children. Don Beltran has a daughter two years your junior. He has lately written to me, and desires that the friendship so long existing between us may be cemented and perpetuated by the union of our children. It is my wish, therefore, my son, that you prepare yourself to

visit Don Beltran, and pay suit to his daughter, to whom report, as well as her father's letter, gives great charms both of mind and person.

Young Don Estavan bowed low as Don Fabian ended; and always accustomed to yield his own will to that of his father, whom he greatly loved and honored, he expressed himself ready to comply with his wishes. This the young man was the more willing and ready to do, inasmuch as his heart was perfectly maiden free; and, furthermore, from the accounts of her which he had read in Don Beltran's letters to his father, he had already in his mind anticipated his father's commands, by determining to ask his leave when he should become of age, to pay his cousin Carlota a visit, according to the Castilian custom, as a formal suitor for her hand, provided her beauty and worth should prove such as he had pictured her to himself.

Early one bright sunny morning of the ensuing week, Don Estavan rode from his father's door with his tears upon his cheek, and his blessing upon his head. Attended by two servants, mounted on mules covered with costly trappings, himself gaily dressed in a scarlet ponto, with a sword and silver spurs, astride a fiery and beautiful horse, he took the road along the banks of the river, in the direction of the city from which, at the outset, he was distant an hundred miles.

The sun was about half an hour high, the evening of the same day, when the good Doña Dorotea, the Lady Superior of the convent near the village of San Eliséo, sallied forth, as her custom was, to walk along the banks of the river at the head of her flock of nuns. They had got half way between the convent gate and the river, the distance between them being a quarter of a mile, when Doña Dorotea and all her nuns, to her and their consternation, discovered themselves in what might be very properly called a dilemma, viz: a small squadron of wild horses were on one side of their path; a herd of cattle had come up behind them; a deep pond was on the other side, and a young cavalier, bravely mounted, followed by two servants, was turning into the road directly in front! Now it was a canon of the convent, and of Doña Dorotea in particular, that no nun should go near a man. The perplexed Doña Dorotea saw at a glance the peculiarity of her position, and puzzled her slow brains to no purpose to know how she should get her nuns out of the ambuscade that the "gentleman with the hoof" seemed to have laid especially for their temptation and ruin. To retreat was to fall back upon the horns of the cattle! to turn to the right was still worse, for the wild horses stood in the way, pawing and snorting the air! to advance was to incur, in holy Doña Dorotea's opinion, the worst danger of all; for the young Don Estavan was drawn up directly in the path, gazing upon the fair flock she led with mingled wonder and admiration. And in this perplexity she gathered her nuns close around her, and there they stood huddled together, looking at the young cavalier as the point from which the greatest danger of the three menaced them.

Don Estavan smiled and lifted his flapping sombrero and, as if appreciating their difficulty, spurred his horse round between them and the wild horses, and left the path free. At this act of civility Doña Dorotea's mind felt relieved of an exceedingly great weight, and marshalling her fair company, she proceeded on her way. Don Estavan kept his post until all had passed him, each of them glancing back a bright eye over her shoulder, and he then diverged a little from the way and pursued his journey by a path close by the water-side. He had not rode far when his attention was attracted by a long narrow pirogue containing seven half-naked, dark-looking men, shoot out from a bayou on the opposite side of the river, and pull swiftly across to the banks along which he was riding. At the same time he saw these he heard shrieks of alarm from the other path, and saw nuns flying towards the convent. A second glance at the pirogue told him they were a party of the river *picarones*, who skilfully eluding pursuit had long infested the river, robbing merchant boats, and often committing depredations upon the land. Estavan saw that they had pistols in their belts, and carried short swords in their hands. Their costume consisted of short white *calzones*, rolled up to the thighs, leaving the legs bare; blue or red shirts, and woollen caps. Their object he could not devise, but from the terror of the nuns, and the shrieks of Doña Dorotea, whom they left far in the rear to take care of herself, he imagined they contemplated a second Sabian abduction. But whether it was the nuns or himself they had in view, he felt himself called upon to act.

"Vamos, muchachos!" he cried to his two servants, drawing at the same time his sword from its sheath, and loosening his pistols in his girdle; "let us ride to the protection of the females. We are three good men to seven rogues, and will easily give a good account of them."

His servants drew their machètes and made ready their pistols. In the meanwhile the pirogue kept on her way undeviatingly, like an

arrow, and struck the bank a few yards lower down than where Don Estavan and his servants were riding. The young man instantly put his horse forward to reach the path in which the nuns were fleeing, and soon got between them and the pirates, who, not yet perceiving Don Estavan for the trees, immediately left their boat in pursuit of the Doña Dorotia's flying flock.

Don Estavan and his two men, not a little surprised them by appearing so suddenly in their path with such plain demonstrations of disputing the way with them; but accustomed to conflict they set upon him without delay. Don Estavan soon gave a good account of two of them, and his servants fought well, giving and taking many broad wounds. At length, after wounding a third, Don Estavan was desperately wounded in the side with a pistol ball, and losing his seat, he fell from his saddle to the ground. One of his servants who was but a lad of seventeen, sprung from his mule and stood over him to defend him; but after bravely battling it awhile, he was slain on his master's body. The other servant seeing him fall, and his master lying apparently dead beneath him, fled on his mule. The picarones who remained alive, three in number, now stripped the body of the servant, and while two were robbing Don Estavan of jewels and money, the third was removing his plated bridle and saddle from his horse. They were about to plunder the baggage of the mule, when hearing the convent bell ringing vespers; they took it for an alarm to rouse the neighboring village, and gathering up their plunder, with what haste they could, they precipitately fled to their boat, and put off for the other side of the river. In the meanwhile, Doña Dorotia and her nuns, succeded in reaching the shelter of the convent, and barring the gates, they felt themselves secure. They had hardly got the bars down, however, before Don Estavan's servant came riding up in great fear, and implored admittance in the name of the blessed Virgin, saying his master and his fellow servant were killed, and unless they gave him shelter he should surely be slain, also by "*los diablos infiernos*," as he termed them.

Doña Dorotia was humane, and she was also prudent! She was at a loss what to do. The dilemma was almost a paralell with that on the outer side of the gates, when she was between the horses, the lake, the cavalier and the cattle!

"Surely, I have need of more wisdom than my poor brain hath," she said, sighingly. "If the poor man be slain at the convent gate, it were a scandal to the church, and his blood would be on my head. If he be let in and mischief busy her tongue about it, scandal will also come of it—for, never since I was born saw I other man than a holy monk inside of a convent."

While she was thus vexing her holy mind, the affrighted muleteer continued to implore admittance.

"Let him in, good Doña Dorotia," said a beautiful, black-eyed nun, coming near her; "he is already wounded, and hath ventured his life in the convent's defence! If I were Superior, I would not only let him in, but go forth and see if the brave and handsome young cavalier lie not in his wounds and hath need of our aid!"

"You speak boldly, nun Carlota, and wisdom hath spoken by your mouth," answered the unhappy Doña Dorotia. "Let you him in, I will not!"

The spirited nun did not require to be twice bidden, but with bold and generous haste undid the bolts and admitted the bleeding muleteer within the sacred precincts of the nunnery; and alighting with difficulty from his horse he was permitted to lie down upon a pile of straw in one corner of the court.

"Shut the gates, nun Carlota," said Doña Dorotia quickly to Carlota, who was looking anxiously in the direction of the path to the river.

"Nay, good mother, I would know the fate of the brave cavalier! Look! there goes the pirogue back again to the other side! I will go and see if he need not our assistance. It were a cruelty to leave him there all night, perhaps conscious but helpless."

"You will be carried off," cried Doña Dorotia. "No, no, come in! Some of the picarones may be there!"

"Nay, I *will* go," answered Carlota, decidedly; "and if he is only wounded, I will get some of the fishermen from the village to bear him into the convent. Old nun Teresa is a good doctor, and father Benito, whom we will send to San Eliseo for, is skilled in surgery."

Before the Lady Superior could interpose to prevent her, the impulsive girl had left the gate and flown in the direction of the late scene of contest. In her way, and not far from the convent walls, stood a few fishermen's lodges, the occupants of whom, alarmed by the firing, were standing in a group about the doors. To them she called, and three of the men, taking up what weapons were at hand, followed her to the spot. Here she beheld a scene that made her shudder; but inspired by the sympathies of humanity, as

well as by a deep and romantic interest which she had taken in the handsome youth when she first beheld him seated on his horse in the pathway, she advanced across the ensanguined ground to where Don Estavan lay beneath the body of his faithful servant. The fishermen removed it, and Corlota with joy saw, by the heaving of the young man's chest, that he was alive. She instantly bade the men lift him and bare him tenderly towards the convent, while she ran to the river, and bringing cool water in one of the muleteer's canteens, bathed his temples with it as he was borne along.

On arriving at the gate, Corlota found it closed; but on spiritedly demanding admittance, it was opened to her by poor Doña Dorotia, who believed, in her simple heart, that all mortal troubles had come upon her that day.

Father Benito probed the young man's wounds, and aided by Nun Teresa, bound them up, and laid him upon a cot in a vacant cell near the gate; though first consecrating both him and his servant ere the pious Doña Dorotia would give her consent that they should remain within the four walls of the convent.

END OF PART I.

Original.

BYRON IN GREECE.

Never wert thou so great, illustrious bard!
As when self-exiled to the shores of Greece,
With vexing cares conspiring to retard
Thy noble efforts for the slave's release!

'Twas not the poet, but the patriot man,
Strong in himself, when other aids were gone,
Patient in toil, and foremost in the van,
Waiting a glimpse of Liberty's young dawn!

Hoping, when others bowed unto despair,
Firm, when a nation quivered to its base,
Loosing the captive with a generous care,
Quelling the passions of a savage race!

Pouring thy wealth like rain upon the land,
Statesman and Soldier! Glorious were thy deeds!
One with Bozzaris and his gallant band
Whose names grow brighter as their day recedes!

And thy last offering, Byron, was thy life,
Leaving whole nations mourners at thy doom!
Not from a bloody field of sanguine strife
Wert thou removed to fill a hallowed tomb!

But death o'ertook thee in thy bright career,
On Missolonghi's not inglorious plain!
England hath claimed thy dust, when but a tear,
An epitaph, a tomb, for thee remain!

How doth thy title pale before the name
Thou hast so richly earned on History's page!
Unheard by thee, the trumpet-tongue of fame
Shall keep thy memory bright from age to age.

Boston, Mass. H. J. W.

Original.

THE UNLUCKY MISTAKE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"I'll say as they say."—*Comedy of Errors.*

Mrs. Sinclair, though amiable and handsome, remained single 'till she was nearly forty, when she received and accepted an offer of marriage from Mr. Sinclair, a bachelor of about her own age. Soon afterwards, she unexpectedly came into possession of a large property, bequeathed by a distant relative. This good fortune was speedily followed by a severe affliction. Her husband, in every respect an estimable man, was taken suddenly ill and died. Having no near relations of her own, and those distant being already sufficiently affluent, she came to the determination to adopt one of the nieces of her late husband, should either of them please her. She had as yet seen none of his relatives, all of them residing in distant towns. She had, however, heard him express a great regard for his half brother, whose name was Harden, which made her desirous to obtain some information relative to his family. As she was revolving the subject in her mind, she recollected that Mr. Sinclair had told her that a poor widow by the name of Mansfield, who procured a livelihood by sewing, was a sister to Mr. Harden's first wife, and on her she resolved to call in the hope of obtaining the information she desired. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and a few minutes' walk brought her to the door of Mrs. Mansfield's humble dwelling. The widow answered her knock and conducted her into a small but neat apartment.

"I am afraid," said Mrs. Mansfield, in answer to Mrs. Sinclair's inquiries, "that I can give you no satisfactory information concerning them. My sister, who was Mr. Harden's first wife, died in a little more than a year after her marriage, leaving an infant daughter a few weeks old, and I have never visited them since. His second wife has likewise a daughter, but as to the merits of either I am wholly in the dark."

At this moment a little girl belonging to a family that occupied a part of the same house, entered with a letter in her hand.

"I have just been to the Post-office for Mrs. Norris," said she, "and the Post-master asked me to bring this letter to you. He said the postage was paid."

"This must be from one of the Hardens," said Mrs. Mansfield, "by the Post-mark. After neglecting me eighteen years, I don't know why they should notice me now."

"I hope it is from one of the young ladies," said Mrs. Sinclair," for some people say that you can judge of a woman's character by her letters."

"Yes, it is from Florence, my niece," replied Mrs. Mansfield, looking at the signature, and she was then going to lay the letter aside, but Mrs. Sinclair requested her to read it.

Her niece informed her that the perusal of some letters which she wrote to her mother about the time of her marriage, which she had recently found while overlooking some old papers, had awakened in her so strong a desire to see her, that she had with her father's concurrence, written to her for the purpose of inviting her to spend several weeks with them.

"You must certainly accept the invitation," said Mrs. Sinclair, "it will afford you such an excellent opportunity to judge of the young ladies."

"I am afraid I shall be biassed in favor of Florence," she replied, "especially if she should resemble her mother. I confess, however, that I have some inclination to make the visit, though Florence does not intimate that her mother-in-law joins in the invitation."

Before Mrs. Sinclair took leave, Mrs. Mansfield had decided to write, in answer to her niece's letter, that she might expect her in two weeks, for having some sewing on hand which she was obliged to finish, it would be impossible for her to go sooner.

Two days before the one Mrs. Mansfield had set for her journey, Mrs. Sinclair again called on her. "I have been thinking," said she, "that I should like to accompany you on your visit to the Hardens, if it will be agreeable to you."

"It certainly will be," replied Mrs. Mansfield, "but should they not be apprized of your intended visit?"

"It would have been proper, but if I go with *you*, it is now too late, and as they are people of wealth and fashion, it can certainly be no inconvenience to them to receive two visitors instead of one."

It was finally arranged, that as Mrs. Mansfield lived entirely alone, and would have no one to prepare her breakfast, that she should spend the night previous to their departure, with Mrs. Sinclair. Her trunk was therefore conveyed to the splendid mansion of the rich widow and placed in the hall, and after carefully extinguishing the fire and locking the door, she followed herself. The next morning they had just risen from the breakfast table, when Mrs. Mansfield, in running up stairs to procure something she had left in her chamber, slipped and sprained her ancle. At first, the injury appeared to be slight, but the ankle soon became so swollen, and grew so painful, that she found she must give up all idea of undertaking the proposed journey. Mrs. Sinclair said that she would likewise remain, but against this Mrs. Mansfield urged so many objections, that she concluded to go, provided she would promise to remain at her house, where she could receive every necessary attention, 'till she had entirely recovered from the effects of the accident. This point was scarcely settled, when the stage-coach drove up before the house. In the hurry and bustle of the moment, Mrs. Sinclair did not observe that Mrs. Mansfield's trunk, in the room of her own, was transferred from the hall to the back of the coach. It was not until they had arrived at the hotel where she was going to stop for the night, that she discovered the mistake, and she then concluded not to return it, as Mrs. Mansfield might possibly be able to come herself in the course of a few days. It was about an hour before sunset the following day, that the driver, stopping his horses in front of a large white house, half embowered amidst shrubbery and trees, opened the coach-door and said "This is where Mr. Harden lives." As soon as Mrs. Sinclair had alighted, she saw a beautiful girl hastening down the gravel walk to welcome her.

"My dear aunt Mansfield," said she, holding out her hand, "how glad I am that you have not disappointed me."

"Shall I set your trunk just inside the gate, ma'am?" said the driver, before she had time to inform Florence that her name was Sinclair.

"If you please," she replied in answer to the driver, and again turning to Florence, was about to make an explanation, but at the moment she was going to commence, Florence again addressed her as aunt Mansfield, and expressed her regret that her father had been obliged to leave town a few days previous, on account of business, and would probably be detained several weeks. This information suddenly suggested the plan of suffering the family to take her for Mrs. Mansfield; as from her they had nothing to hope, she imagined they would not be likely to assume virtues which they did not possess. She did not repent the plan she had decided upon, when she entered the parlor; she received a very cool welcome from Mrs. Harden and her daughter, Melissa.

"Have you dined to-day, aunt?" said Florence, finding that her mother did not seem likely to make any inquiry of the kind.

"I have not," she replied. "On account of being overloaded, we arrived so late at the hotel

where the passengers usually dine, that it gave us so little time, only a few attempted to eat anything."

"As aunt Mansfield has not dined," said Florence to her mother in a low voice, "had I not better put a slice of ham upon the table?"

"Certainly, if your aunt wishes it," she replied in a voice which she took little pains to suppress —"but we are not in the habit of placing ham upon the tea-table."

"I would not have you depart from your usual custom on my account," said Mrs. Sinclair. "I don't wish a better meal than I can make on bread and butter and tea."

"Melissa and I," said Mrs. Harden, "make a point of keeping a very plain table when Mr. Harden is absent, and what we save in that way we appropriate to charitable purposes. Perhaps, however, you are one of those who do not think it proper to give to the poor, lest it should encourage pauperism."

"A widow," she replied, "who has nothing but what she earns with her own hands, may oftener possess the will than the means of relieving the destitute. I have, however, sometimes in a humble way, been able to impart relief so as to leave smiles on those faces which I found dimmed with tears."

A girl now appeared at the door, and requested Mrs. Harden to step into the adjoining apartment, as she wished to speak with her.

"Well, speak," said her mistress; "I am ready to hear what you have to say."

The girl blushed and hesitated, and then approaching her, addressed her in a low voice.

"I suppose," said she, "as you have got company, I must put the tea urn and the gilt china upon the table."

"And I suppose you must do no such thing," said Mrs. Harden in a petulant tone of voice, though so low she imagined it could not reach the ears of her unwelcome guest. "Let one piece be broken, and the whole set is spoilt."

"Well, I don't know what to make of your mother, she is so full of whims," said the girl to Florence, who was assisting her, "she told me the other day to put the gilt china on the table whenever any real ladies and gentlemen were here, and if that aunt of yours is'nt a real lady, I am no judge."

When they were seated at the table Mrs. Harden filled a white china cup with a broken handle, resting in a blue and white saucer, with tea, and handed it to Mrs. Sinclair. The other cups and saucers were of a similar description, being evidently the relics of several demolished tea-sets.

Mrs. Sinclair requested Florence, who accompanied her to her bed-chamber, to furnish her with writing materials, and before she retired to rest, she wrote an explanatory note to Mrs. Mansfield, to prevent her from forwarding her baggage, and to request her leave to make use of any articles of clothing contained in her trunk which she might need.

Mrs. Sinclair had been in her room only a few minutes, when Mrs. Howell, who lived exactly opposite the "Eagle Hotel," was seen approaching the house. Melissa ran and met her at the gate.

"You cannot think how glad mother and I were, when we saw you coming," said she, "for soon after tea we saw a splendid carriage and a pair of elegant chesnut horses drive by, and as we expect they went to the hotel, we thought that you might possibly know something about them."

"Yes, I have gathered a few particulars," she replied, "which I have come on purpose to tell you."

Mrs. Harden now appeared at the door, and welcomed Mrs. Howell with great cordiality.

"Mrs. Howell *does* know something about the people who passed by in that superb carriage," said Melissa.

"I knew so," said Mrs. Harden. "What is their name?"

"Evering."

"A family party I suppose," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, and consisting of Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter."

"Is Mr. Evering rich?" inquired Melissa.

"As a nabob, and the son, whose name is Willard, and Eliza, the daughter, will probably have, at least, a million of dollars each."

"Where do they belong?" said Mrs. Harden.

"Ah, that is the very thing I came to tell you. They reside in H———, the very town where Melissa's rich aunt, Mrs. Sinclair, lives."

"As likely as not they are well acquainted with her," said Mrs. Harden.

"That is what I think," replied Mrs. Howell, and this probability will, in my opinion, afford a plausible plea for your making some advances towards cultivating an acquaintance with them."

"But are they going to remain here long enough for such a step?" inquired Mrs. Harden.

"Oh, yes, I am told they intend to remain ten or twelve days."

"I have just hit upon a nice plan," said Melissa.

"What is it?" inquired her mother, and Mrs. Howell both at once.

"Why if they should spend the Sabbath in town, they will of course like to attend church, and they will undoubtedly receive it as a very polite mark of attention, should we offer them seats in our pew."

"A better plan could not be thought of," said Mrs. Howell. "It will naturally open the way to a better acquaintance."

"It would be as you say, an excellent plan," said Mrs. Harden, "were it not for one thing."

"What can that be?" inquired Mrs. Howell.

"Why Florence's evil genius that is always at her elbow, I believe, must put it into her head that it would be exceedingly amiable in her to invite her aunt Mansfield to make us a visit. She accordingly importuned her father 'till she obtained his leave to send for her."

"Her aunt Mansfield? Why that must be the poor widow I have heard you speak about, who obtains a living by sewing."

"The very same, and would you believe it? she lives in H———, and I should not be surprised if the Everings know her by sight, or as far as I know to the contrary, they may be among her employers."

"Has she arrived yet?"

"Yes, she came this afternoon in the stage," replied Mrs. Harden. "You will see at once, that it will be impossible to invite the Everings to sit in the same pew with a person of her standing."

"But you forget that that we have two pews," said Melissa.

"So we have," replied her mother. "You recollect the pew, Mrs. Howell, where Phebe and Matty and Patrick sit. Mr. Harden purchased it on purpose for our hired help, and Florence and her aunt can sit there for once. Can you see any impropriety in such an arrangement, Mrs. Howell?"

Not the least in the world."

"Nor I," said Melissa. "It is true the pew is rather near the door, which would, as I should imagine, make it rather agreeable this warm weather, on account of the air. The only difference beside, is, that it is not carpeted and cushioned and lined with crimson velvet, like the one where we sit."

"Which this troublesome aunt Mansfield, not being accustomed to, will probably not even notice," said Mrs. Howell. "But sometimes people who have no luxuries at home, are the most exacting and consequential of any in the world when they are abroad."

"Luckily this is not the case with her. She appears to be sensible of the inferiority of her station, and is very meek and accommodating."

"That will make her a little more endurable, then," said Mrs. Howell. "But I have been thinking that Florence might possibly object to sitting in the pew with the 'help.'"

"No, I don't think she will. Were her father at home she might, but now, as she has no one to appeal to, I think she will fall in with the the arrangement without saying a word."

"Come, let us say no more about 'the aunt Mansfield' now," said Melissa. "I want to inquire if this Miss Eliza Evering is an elegant looking girl."

"Very, as nearly as I could judge by the slight opportunity I had of observing her; and her brother,—so I have been told,—ranks among the most graceful and fascinating young men in the United States. I think he would be a fine match for you, Melissa."

"Thank you—but he is probably engaged."

"Report says to the contrary, and really I know of no young lady who would, in my opinion, stand a better chance to make a favorable impression on him, than you. But it is growing late and I must bid you good night."

"I believe, on reflection," said Mrs. Harden to her daughter, after Mrs. Howell had gone, "that I shall sound Mrs. Mansfield to-morrow, and ascertain if she has any knowledge of the Everings, and if she has not, perhaps she may as well sit in the pew with us, if she chooses to attend church."

According to this determination, she said to Mrs. Mansfield the next morning at the breakfast table, "I understand that one of the richest men in the State resides in the town where you belong."

"You allude to Mr. Evering, I suspect."

"Yes."

"Do pray tell us what you know about the family, and whether you ever happened to see any of them?" said Melissa.

"I have seen them," was the reply, "and they have the reputation of being very intelligent and amiable."

"Have they ever employed you to do their sewing?" said Mrs. Harden.

"They never have."

"Phebe told me this morning," said Florence, "that the name of the family that arrived at the hotel last evening was——"

She had proceeded thus far, when an expressive frown from her mother silenced her.

"Now I have commenced asking questions," said Mrs. Harden, "I should like to inquire if

you know anything about the rich Mrs. Sinclair who resides in H———, who is my sister-in-law?"

"I am somewhat acquainted with her, though not so thoroughly in every respect, perhaps, as I ought to be."

"I have heard that she is very handsome and very lady-like," said Melissa.

"Is she, aunt?" inquired Florence.

"Some have thought so,—the opinion of others may be different."

"We must always expect," said Mrs. Harden, "to find those among the lower classes who can never see anything in persons whom fortune has exalted above them, either to love or to admire."

"You never saw anything so elegant as a collar aunt is working for Mrs. Sinclair," said Florence.

"Then she employs you, if the Everings do not," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, I have done a great deal, first and last, for her."

"Does she move in the same circle as the Everings," said Melissa.

"I believe she does—or rather I am certain she does."

"How sorry I am that we did not send for aunt Sinclair, as we talked of," said Melissa.

"We must expect our plans to yield to those of your father and Florence," said her mother.

"I am sure father said that you might send for her if you thought best," said Florence.

"But it so happened that I did not think best. I thank my stars I have a little sense of propriety, and am not like him so immersed in business, as not to consider that a seamstress or washerwoman would feel ill at ease in the company of the wealthy and the refined."

Tears started to the eyes of Florence, and the color in her cheeks deepened to crimson. Even Mrs. Harden thought she might have gone too far, and stole a glance at her guest that she might observe the effect of her speech, who, far from appearing to resent it, was, at the moment, sipping her coffee with an air of perfect composure.

"I have no cause for alarm," thought she,—"arrows cannot penetrate marble;" and from that moment she ceased to have any misgivings respecting the arrangement they had made for the Sabbath.

It was Saturday evening, and Mrs. Sinclair had been in her chamber about fifteen minutes, when Florence, having rapped for admission, entered with a flushed and excited countenance.

"Aunt Mansfield," said she, "I wish I had never sent for you, and had I known father was going to be absent, I never should. Your feelings must have been daily, almost hourly wounded, and now my mother and sister have a plan in agitation which is worse than anything they have said or done."

"For certain reasons, my feelings may have been less injured than you imagine, so my dear Florence, give yourself no uneasiness. But what is the plan you allude to?"

Florence, in reply, informed her that Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter, were at the hotel, and that her mother had just told her that she had sent an invitation to them to take seats in their pew, should they wish to attend church, which they had accepted, and that in consequence of which, her aunt and she would be obliged to remain at home, or sit with the "help."

"Don't let that disturb you," said Mrs. Sinclair, with a smile—"I mean on my account. I can receive just as much benefit from the religious services, in a plain, humble pew, as in one ever so splendid."

"But I consider it an insult to you, and I would not bear it."

"I am so fond of reading the characters of people, that I have received more pleasure than pain from those little occurrences which have occasioned you so much annoyance. Upon the whole," said she, as she selected from Mrs. Mansfield's wardrobe her best dress, which was a black silk, a little rusty—"as my garments are rather homely, I should, as the saying is, appear like a speckled bird beside your mother and sister, and the Everings, I think, therefore, that the plan of assigning me a seat with the servants, rather a judicious one."

Mrs. Sinclair, as has already been observed was a handsome woman, and the next morning when all were ready for church, it is probable that a stranger would have discerned glimpses of the lady through her humble apparel, as readily as through the sumptuous garments of Mrs. Harden. As for Melissa, she had decorated her person as elaborately as if she had been going to appear in a ball-room. Florence, partly from the influence of a just taste, which made ornaments appear to her out of place in a temple dedicated to the Most High, and partly on account of the humble garb of her companion, appeared in a plainer dress. She and her aunt had been quietly seated in the pew assigned them, about fifteen minutes, when her mother and Melissa, accompanied by the Everings, swept up the broad aisle. She had predetermined not to like them, not excepting even Willard, though *his* good qualities, in a particular manner, had

been the almost constant theme of Melissa's conversation whenever they had been alone; being influenced, no doubt, by the humiliation and grief which they had innocently caused her to suffer. The benevolent and dignified countenance of Mr. Evering, however, and the still finer one of the son, at once gave wing to those prejudices which she had been nursing with all diligence. She did not obtain a sight of Mrs. Evering's face, but the daughter's she thought one of the sweetest she had ever seen. When the services were over, Mrs. Evering, just as she was leaving church, happened to notice Mrs. Sinclair. She pointed her out to her husband, and hastening forward, they greeted her with a warmth equal to the surprise they felt at meeting her.

"Only see," said Mrs. Harden to Melissa, with a scornful toss of the head, "how sociable Mr. Evering and his wife are with Florence's aunt. If they had seen her in their own town, they would not have thought of speaking to her, unless they had wished her to do some sewing for them, but because they have happened to meet with her a hundred miles from home, a person would think she was the governor's lady by their appearance."

"I must certainly introduce you to Mrs. Harden and her daughter," said Mrs. Evering to Mrs. Sinclair. "They were very polite in inviting us to take seats in their pew. We did not expect to receive so much attention from strangers."

"Excuse me now, if you please," said Mrs. Sinclair, who did not feel quite ready for the denouement which the proposed introduction would occasion. "I will give you my reasons some other time, and instead, take the present opportunity to introduce to you my young friend, Miss Florence Harden."

Florence went through the introduction like one in a dream, for she was completely bewildered by hearing her aunt, as she supposed her to be, addressed as Mrs. Sinclair.

When, on their return home, Mrs. Sinclair made no allusion to the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering had addressed her, she began to imagine that they might inadvertently miscalled her name, and soon dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Monday morning found Mrs. Harden and Melissa closeted together, endeavoring to decide whether it would be best to invite the Everings to tea, together with two or three families of the first class, or to muster all their forces, and make a tremendous effort for an entertainment on a grand scale, and invite all the *elite* of the town and its environs. Finally, so vacillating were their minds respecting it, that they summoned Phebe, a very staid and worthy person, that they might receive the benefit of her opinion.

"What is done in a hurry, is seldom done well," said she, in winding up her remarks, and this sage maxim, introduced in so timely a manner, turned the scale in favor of a small, select party. But what was to be done with "Aunt Mansfield," was a question more difficult to settle than the one relative to the seats in the church. She might, it was true, if she only thought so, remain quietly in her own chamber, or stay in the kitchen with Phebe and Matty and Patrick, and render them some assistance, as there would be plenty to do, but they did not like to propose to her either of those methods of spending the evening. As to the cordial manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering greeted her, it was, Mrs. Harden said, nothing at all, and she doubted not but that they would be highly offended, should they find her enjoying all the privileges of a guest at a party made expressly in honor of themselves. Accordingly, at the dinner-table, by way of experiment, the subject of the party was introduced, and the impropriety of persons in the humbler walks of life seeking to thrust themselves into the society of those above them, was dwelt upon at large. The understanding of their guest, however, appeared to be uncommonly obtuse, and their minds remained unrelieved by any intimation on her part, that she should prefer to remain in her own room, or make herself useful by assisting Phebe and Matty.

The evening appointed for the party arrived. At an early hour, before any of the guests began to assemble, Mrs. Sinclair entered the drawing-room, and took a seat in the most obscure corner. Her black silk dress looked very well by candle-light, and her dark, glossy hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, corresponded admirably with her style of beauty. Mrs. Harden bit her lips, and exchanged a meaning glance with Melissa, but they felt constrained to bear the intrusion, as they considered it, in silence.

"I hope, for your sake," said Eliza Evering to her brother, as they were on their way to Mrs. Harden's, "that the 'maid of the raven lock,' we met yesterday, will be at the party."

"I hope she will," he replied. "I thought her the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Mother thinks, by the description I gave of her, that she must be the young lady she saw with Mrs. Sinclair, whom she introduced as Miss

Florence Harden. If so, she is doubtless a connexion of Mrs. Harden's and we shall probably see her this evening."

Florence, who had been required by her mother, to superintend a variety of arrangements, had not time to complete her toilette, 'till most of the company had assembled. Mrs. Sinclair continued to retain her station in the obscure corner, which Melissa had very adroitly contrived to screen, by placing before it a luxurious chair for an exceedingly corpulent gentleman, who, moreover, being afflicted with the gout, would not be likely to speedily change his position. The screen, both the inanimate and animate part, was adjusted just in time, the Everings being immediately announced. The bustle occasioned by their arrival, had pretty well subsided, when Florence, simply, yet elegantly attired, entered the apartment. The expedition she had been obliged to use in arranging her dress, had given a fine glow to her cheeks, and made her dark eyes appear more lustrous. "How beautiful!" was the involuntary exclamation of Willard Evering. Having exchanged salutations with those near her, she contrived to accomplish the somewhat difficult passage beteen the chair of the corpulent gentleman and the wainscot, and took a seat beside the neglected guest. The eyes of Willard Evering and his sister, followed her, and they then perceived Mrs. Sinclair. Mrs. Harden, who perceived that Melissa's care had been in vain, approached Eliza Evering for the purpose of apologizing.

"I can assure you," said she, "that I never had any thing occasion me more mortification and chagrin, than being obliged to permit a person of her standing to mingle upon terms of equality with persons whose presence I esteem an honor."

"Do you allude to that beautiful girl?" said Miss Evering, looking at Florence.

"I allude to the Widow Mansfield," she replied, "who lives in H———, and whom Mrs. Sinclair, whose late husband was Mr. Harden's half brother, employs as her seamstress."

"I know Mrs. Mansfield perfectly well, and should feel gratified to meet her on the present occasion. You must pardon me, however, at being unable to discover her among your guests."

"But you can certainly see the woman who sits behind Mr. Quimby, that large gentleman."

"Yes, I can partly see her."

"Well, then, you see the Widow Mansfield, do you not?"

"No, indeed, it is Mrs. Sinclair, the same lady my father and mother met with, last Sabbath, soon after leaving church. Had you been as familiarly acquainted with her as I am, you could not have mistaken her for Mrs. Mansfield."

"What you say is impossible," said Mrs. Harden, turning pale.

"By no means, and to convince you that I am not laboring under a hallucination, we will appeal to my mother, who, very opportunely, is coming this way. Is not that Mrs. Sinclair, mother, whose face is just perceptible above the shoulder of yonder fat gentleman?"

"Certainly; do you doubt the evidence of your own eyes? I am on my way to speak to her, to persuade her and that charming Miss Harden—who is, I presume, a connexion of yours, Mrs. Harden—to emerge from that obscure corner, where it appears as if they had gone on purpose to hide themselves."

Mrs. Harden waited to hear no more, but going up to Melissa, and taking her by the arm, they left the apartment together. In a few minutes a note was handed to Mrs. Sinclair from Mrs. Harden, requesting an interview.

"Excuse me for a short time," said she to Mrs. Evering, "and if you please, introduce my young friend to your son and daughter, who are coming this way, I dare say, to request the favor of me."

It would require too much space to relate all the conversation that passed between her and Mrs. Harden and Melissa. She, however, voluntarily promised not to expose the manner in which they had treated her to the Everings.

"I have accomplished my object," said she, "and I have no feelings of revenge to gratify. You have all of you appeared in your true characters, and I am so well pleased with that of Florence, that with the concurrence of her father, I shall adopt her as my daughter. You, perhaps, may have learnt a lesson, which will profit you more than wealth. On your account, more than on my own, we will now, if you please, rejoin the company."

As may be imagined, the desire of Mrs. Sinclair to adopt Florence as her daughter, was readily conceded by her father. Florence accompanied her when she returned to H———, when they found Mrs. Mansfield entirely recovered from the effects of her accident. It was Mrs. Sinclair's first care to settle upon her an income which would make her easy for life.

Willard Evering did not fail to cultivate the acquaintance with Florence already commenced, and finding her as rich in moral and mental endowments, as in personal beauty, soon yielded to

her his heart, which was speedily followed by the offer of his hand.

The splendid bridal celebrated a few months afterwards, at the mansion of Mrs. Sinclair, showed that the offer was not rejected.

Wolfsboro', 1843

Original.

HEALING AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased.—*St. Mark*, 1*st. and* 32*d.*

JUDEA's summer day went down,—
When lo! from vale and plain,—
Around the Heavenly Healer throng'd,
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow,—the hectic cheek;
The cripple bent with care,—
And he, whose soul dark demons lash'd
To foaming rage, was there.

He raised his hand,—the lame man leap'd,—
The blind forgot his woe,—
And with a startling rapture gaz'd
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose,
The paralytic pale,—
And the loath'd leper dar'd once more
His fellow-man to hail.

Mark,—on the arm of pitying love,
The lunatic reclin'd—
While unaccustom'd words of praise,
Relieved his struggling mind.

The mother, to her idiot-boy,
The name of Jesus taught,—
Who thus, with sudden touch had fir'd,
The chaos of his thought.

For all that sad, imploring train,
He heal'd ere evening fell,—
And speechless joy that night was born,
In many a lowly cell.

Ere evening fell!—Oh! ye who find
The chills of age descend,—
And with the lustre of your locks,
The almond-blossoms blend,

Yet have not o'er an erring life,
With deep repentance griev'd—
But left the safety of the soul
Unstudied,—unachiev'd.

Before the hopeless shades of night,
Distil their baleful dew,—
Haste!—heed the Heavenly Healer's call,
Whose mercy waits for you.

Original.

THE WAY TO RISE.

BY LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO.

ABOUT sixty years ago, there dwelt in the town of Burnt-Island, situated on the west coast of Fifeshire, just opposite Edinburgh, a certain merchant, named Robin Drysdell, its most distinguished inhabitant. He was a trader in extensive business, having the entire ownership of two coasting vessels, besides a large share in a three-masted West Indiaman, that was seen regularly, once a year, sweeping up the Firth of Forth, laden with the produce of another zone, and putting to shame with her white lofty sails, as she drew it towards the quay, the humbler craft, whose uncouth looking hulls and sooty lamps crowded the port. Mr. Drysdell was not only the richest merchant, but at the time we take up our tale, had attained the highest civil dignitary in the place, viz: that of baillie or chief magistrate; he was also an elder of the kirk,—an office, as it is managed in Scotland, of no small ecclesiastical dignity; and withal, held the military rank of captain in the Fifeshire militia. These honors, however, were not all of the baillie's seeking;—they rather devolved upon him as a necessary concomitant of his rising fortune, and he submitted to their infliction accordingly. We do not mean to say that he was not proud of all and each of them; but there were some points attending them—and more particularly the time those different duties deducted from what was formerly devoted to his peculiar affairs,—which, to use his own expression, were *fashious*. Even at the proudest of his official moments, too, there was a feeling of awkwardness he could not overcome, which damped the satisfaction he might be expected to feel.

It was, for instance, with something amounting to shame, that he made his way through the crowd of urchins assembled at the door, to see the baillie issue forth in his regimentals, when the militia were on duty; and on such occasions, it was observed that he frequently reached the rendezvous in a more profuse perspiration than either the weather or the distance accounted for. Neither was he at perfect ease, when, in the magisterial duties, he was marshalled to church on the Sabbath, by two halberdiers dressed in red coats, the council following at a respectful distance, and the procession brought up by the town crier. Even when standing at the plate in his capacity of elder, there was something annoying in being stuck up for the gaze of the public, when every other Christian was allowed

to pass quietly on, and in being constrained for half an hour together, with the polite humility esteemed decorous in a servant of the poor, to bob his head to every dull tinkle which the half pence made as they descended into the pewter basin. But the counting-house was his proper element,—there he found himself at home; and with his short thick pen, firmly compressed between his lips, his squat figure in a well worn coatie, or short coat, of a snuff color, and a ruler in his left hand, which it was his custom to retain even after leaving the desk, he felt himself a man of more consequence, and actually commanded more respect, than when surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of official dignity.

There was only one quay in Burnt-Island, which ran out from one side of the wharf or breast, a considerable distance from the sea, and forming a curve towards the end, confined the shipping in a pretty secure and commodious basin. At the entrance of the quay, and only separated from it by the breadth of the street, stood the baillie's house,—a large, three-storied tenement, about two thirds of which were devoted to business, and the remainder to domestic purposes. It was distinguished from the rest of the houses in the street, by its greater height, and by a huge beam which projected from the highest window of the warehouse, somewhat in the form of a gallows; from this beam depended a thick rope, which, to the eye of an inlander, must have added to the sinister appearance of the machine; but in the iron clicks at the end, and the blocks of the upper part, a denizen of the coast might recognize that sort of tackle by which heavy goods are hoisted into the warehouse. The affairs of the counting-house were managed under the master's superintendance, by a youth whose name was Alick Dumfries,—a distant relation of the late Mrs. Drysdell, (for the baillie was now a widower,) and was permitted to look forward to a share in the concern. The domestic economy was under the sole direction of an only daughter, named Jennie. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed, clear-complexioned Scottish lassie, as gay as the lark singing in the morning sun, and as sweet and modest and graceful as the primrose of the spring. She was the light of her father's eye, and the pride of his heart; and so complete was her dominion over his affection, that, in the common phrase, she could have turned the old man round her finger.

Her power over the baillie was often a source of great comfort to Alick Dumfries, who, although clever and steady in the main, was apt to take "camsteerie fits," as his master termed them. In fact, he was somewhat self-willed on all occasions; but except in the said fits, contrived to gain his end by artful manœuvres, rather than open rebellion,—so much so, indeed, as frequently to appear to give in with willingness into schemes which he had himself suggested. The firmness of the youth's character, at length, in some measure, got the mastery over the milkier soul of his master, and except on great occasions, when the wrath of the latter was raised to a pitch which the clerk did not think fit to tempt further. Jennie was rather the mediator between two rival powers, than a pleader for mercy in favor of the weaker party. Her mediation very seldom failed of its effect, for she was as powerful with Dumfries as with her father. Whether it was gratitude for her kind offices which had ripened into a warmer attachment, or

> Accident, blind contact, or the strong
> Necessity of loving,

I know not; but Alick did love his cousin, (twenty times removed,) with a vehemence proportionate to the turbulent strength of his character. The baillie was not perfectly satisfied with the evident partiality of the young people. Alick, to be sure, was come of gentle kind, and was a shrewd, active fellow, and by this time, well nigh indispensable in the business; but his whole income amounted to no more than fifty pounds per annum, and even that, together with his future prospects, depended on the baillie himself. The father, too, was proud of his daughter, and thought, perhaps with good reason, that she might aspire to a much higher notch. She was the admiration of all the young men of the town, who toasted her health in huge tumblers of whiskey toddy, after the fashion of Burnt-Island; and even the strangers, he observed, whom business brought occasionally to this rising port, threw "sheep's eyes" at her as she tripped along. More than one of his mercantile correspondents, too—good men and warm—who had experienced his hospitality, remembered, in their letters, the sweetness of the Mayflower, as they gallantly termed her, and inquired warmly after her health. No positive declaration, however, had, as yet, been made by any of the admirers, and the baillie left the affair to chance or destiny.

Alick Dumfries was not discouraged either by his own poverty, or the baillie's sour looks; he was secure of Jennie's affection, and he was determined to marry her. Of this he did not make any secret, but, with an impudence peculiar to himself, took every opportunity of insinuating his purpose to his employer. This pro-

duced much dissension between them, but at length answered the knave's purpose completely; the wrath of the baillie became less bitter every time, and at length the dose was repeated so frequently, that it ceased to be offensive, and, by degrees, imperceptible to himself, he came to look on Alick Dumfries as his future son-in-law.

Matters were in this position, when the West Indian Argosy arrived, and, for a while, drove all thoughts of his daughter's marriage out of the baillie's head. Even Dumfries was so completely engaged by the multiplicity of business which the event produced, that he saw very little of Jennie 'till after the discharge of the vessel. At length the bustle was over, and things subsided into their usual state; the ship was laid up in the dock to undergo some repairs; the cargo was shipped off by coasters to other ports, or hoisted into the warehouse; and the counting-house assumed its accustomed appearance of quiet industry. It might almost have been forgotten that such an event had occured, so totally were all vestiges of its effects removed or concealed, but for one troublesome memento, which now began to give Dumfries no little uneasiness. In addition to her usual freightage of rum, coffee, and sugar, the good ship had been charged with a West Indian planter, returning to his native country, to breathe the cooler air of the Scottish coast for the brief space it might be his fate to breathe at all. He had gone out to push his fortune when very young, and, from the meanest offices undertaken by Europeans, had risen to be the possessor of a very considerable plantation, with a sufficient complement of the black cattle, which were then used in that quarter of the world, for its cultivation.

It was easy for a man possessed of so much wealth to secure the good graces of so inveterate a worshipper at the shrine of Mammon, as the baillie; accordingly, as soon as Mr. Snelldrake (such was the name of the interlopping planter) had condescended to vouchsafe a few amorous glances at Jennie, her father went regularly to work, not only to humor and countenance the addresses of the new comer, but to promote by every means in his power, a union, which filled his imagination with visions of future splendor too tempting to be withstood. Snelldrake was invited to the house on all occasions; and so complete was the victory he had won over the heart of the aspiring baillie, that Jennie at last began to entertain serious fears, lest her father should really intend to push matters to extremes, and force her to take a stand repugnant to her own feelings, and at variance with that passive obedience she had ever yielded to his will. How to get rid of the contumacious Dumfries was now the main source of anxiety with the baillie and the new rival. Every plan had been tried without effect; at last Mr. Snelldrake suggested a quarrel and his dismissal.

This, however, was an act easier talked of than executed; the baillie tried it over and over again in his mind, but the difficulty was to manage it so as to have some color of justice on his side; without this it could not be thought of,—the whole town would cry shame on him. It at last occurred to him, that it would be a very easy matter for him to push some of the disputes, that were of almost daily occurrence between him and his self-willed clerk, but a step or two beyond the point at which they had hitherto terminated. "His blood will then be up," said he, "and, if I am no mista'en in Dumfrie, he'll gi'e me cause enough to pack him about his business,—and may be a ruler if no' a bar at the tail o' him."

Whether it happened that Jennie got some intimation of the line of action determined on by the confederates, and gave her lover the hint, or whether the honest baillie went too inartificially about it, we cannot very well say; but the next morning, when his employer got into the counting-house with a stately step and a sour visage, and sat himself down on the opposite side of the desk to watch for cause of offence, he found the usually rampant Dumfries in a temper so perfectly angelic, that no Christian man could have said a cross-grained word to him. In vain he tried to start some subject on which they might have the good fortune to differ; Dumfries was of his patron's opinion in everything. He then ordered him to make an entry, which he knew to be wrong, in the books; but Dumfries, without so much as arguing the matter, although on these points he was particular ticklish, obeyed without a murmur; and when the baillie affected to discover the error, took the whole matter on himself, blaming his own precipitation, and erasing the entry with much apparent contrition. In short the enemy was fairly baffled, and Dumfries maintained his stool in triumph.

A plan for sending him to the West Indies succeeded no better, for as often as the subject of his embarkation for those distant regions was mentioned, Dumfries invariably managed to throw impediments in the way, as the worthy baillie could not well surmount, without exciting suspicions injurious to his character as a christian and a man of probity. At last, desperate with disappointment and impatient of delay, the planter caused Dumfries to be way-laid by a

press-gang, who would no doubt have succeeded in spiriting him away, but for the unexpected integrity of the young clerk, which enabled him to make a most gallant escape from their clutches, and fight his way safely back to his house and to his mistress.

Jennie was sitting alone in the parlor, when her lover stalked into the room hatless and shoeless, like an apparition of the drowned;—his face pale with cold and fatigue, and his sandy locks hanging over his brow like a pound of tallow candles. "In His name, Dumfries, what has become of you?" cried his terrified mistress. But Dumfries, without answering, sat down beside her, all dripping as he was, and putting back his hair with his blue fingers, that he might see and hear distinctly, turned himself on the chair so as to front Jennie, and fixed his watery eyes on her face.

"Jennie," said he at length, "do you remember that your father wanted to turn me out of the business, after a long and faithful service, and that I endured daily the torments of the damned in keeping my tongue between my teeth, when he came on with his blethers wit to try the fortitude of my patience—and all for love of you, Jennie?"

"To be sure I do, Dumfries," said Jennie; "but what has that to do——"

"And do you remember," interrupted Dumfries, "that I was nearly shipped off to the West Indies, as innocent of all thoughts or desires thereto as a bale of Osnaburghs; and that to escape, I was fain to lay eighteen hours on my back without turning, and to swallow cloats of such stuff as it makes my soul sick but to think of—and all for love of you, Jennie."

"To be sure I do, dear Dumfries; yet, you know, the doctor said you were all the better, body and spirit, for the screed of castor-oil you got from him, and of doctrine from the minister,—but for goodness' sake and mine, what has that to do——"

"Then, know, now," cried Dumfries, impatiently, "that my life and liberty have been attacked! single-handed I fought for three hours against sixteen murderers, set on me by your father and your new woer—and when they found they could not kill me so easily, they bound me head and foot, and carried me out into the woods and put me on board a ship bound for Africa, and from which I escaped by little short of a miracle, swimming all the way below the water 'till I gained the shore—and all for love of you, Jennie!"

Almost screaming with surprise and horror, Jennie heard this dreadful narrative, which it would have been impossible for her to believe, but for the irrefragable evidence before her in Dumfries' person, dripping with the very water through which he had swam, and bruised with the very blows he had suffered. Her eyes filled with tears, and regardless of the damage her dress might sustain by the contact, she threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, what shall we do," cried she; "that hateful old villain will murder you before my eyes—I almost wish you had gone to——"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted Dumfries, "I'll tell you what we shall do—you shall run away with me!"

"A likely story, indeed!" said Jennie, raising her head coquettishly from Dumfries' shoulder.

"I know the baillie," continued her lover; "when all is over, and cannot be helped, he will rather be glad, honest man, to have got over the fash he had between me and old Snelldrake—at any rate I cannot stay here to be turned out of doors, transported, poisoned, stabbed and drowned I am off to-night."

"To-night!"

"Ay, to-night," said Dumfries, in his most peremptory tone; and then lowering his voice and taking Jennie by the hand, added softly, and looking fondly in her face, "will you go with me, Jennie?"

Jennie still said,—"A likely story," but in a less decided tone.

"I have a plan," said Dumfries, not seeming to doubt of her consent, "by which we shall have the start a whole night, difficult as it is now-a-days to get sight or speech of you. I will contrive to be locked into the warehouse to-night, where you can easily join me by the door which communicates with the dwelling-house, and which is never locked. You shall, then, for want of a better mode of egress, just make the venture you did when you were a lassie,—descend into the street, from the upper window, by the crane,—only I will take care to fasten a chair to the clicks and tie you well on. As for myself, I can slide down the rope after you, as I have often done."

Unfortunately this plan was overheard by the West Indian, who happened to be prowling about the house, when, in order to disappoint them, he resolved to watch himself, and actually did take his position under the window at an early hour of the night. Not being accustomed to such exertion, he soon grew tired of the job he had undertaken, when, to add to his other perplexities, sleep overcame him so completely that he could hardly stand on his feet. In this

predicament, afraid to rest on the damp ground for fear of rheumatism, and determined not to quit the rope by which the hopes of his love and hate seemed to be depended, he was fain to carry a stave from the shed, and fastening it by the middle to the iron click of the important rope, to rest his weary limbs by sitting on it astride, whilst he embraced the hempen comforter with his arms. It was in this singular and most unaccommodating posture that he was pointed out by Dumfries to his trembling mistress.

We do not presume to follow the thoughts of the worthy gentleman while he sat taking his rest in so unusual a fashion; but it is probable that they may have been disturbed by certain associations connected with the article he hugged so closely in its union with the projecting beam above, otherwise the swinging motion he was obliged to undergo, from the rope having already reached its utmost length, and his short legs being, in consequence, almost entirely raised from the ground, would assuredly have set him fast asleep. As it was, he could not properly be said to be either asleep or awake, his thinking faculties remaining in that cloudy state which is the twilight of the mind sometimes experienced in the heavy doze we endure rather than enjoy after too much sleep, or when disease or care prevents the approach of sound sleep at all.

Great was the consternation of the intended fugitives at seeing so unexpected a difficulty in the way. Dumfries' first thought was to drop a bag of his own cotton on the officious West Indian; but fearing that this might do rather more than stun him, he abandoned the idea, and his next scheme was to slide rapidly down on his shoulders and gag him; but a slight cry, he remembered, would bring up the custom-house patrol from the quay. The hour, in the meantime, was stealing away, and Jennie stood weeping and wringing her hands beside him. At length his determination was taken. Holding strongly by the rope where it was fastened to the windlass, that no diminution of security might be felt below, he caused Jennie to undo the fastening, and remove the end altogether from the roller, thus making the block or large pulley at the end of the projecting beam, the only supporter. Then fastening a thick piece of wood to the liberated end of the rope, on the plan adopted by his enemy below, he fixed himself resolutely astride on this apparently precarious seat, which would have been really dangerous to one less accustomed to such seats, and by dint of persuasion, assisted in no small degree by main strength, seated Jennie on his knees, and commenced their descent.

As one end of the rope descended, the other of consequence rose, but the whole was managed so quietly, and Dumfries continued to hold so firmly by the end to which Snelldrake was appended, allowing it softly and gradually to slide through his hands, that the West Indian was far up in the air, before, in the confused state of his intellect, he became conscious that he had taken his departure from the earth.

When he at length, however, perceived his actual situation, rising into the air, heaven only knew how or wherefore, the horror of the miserable man was indescribable, and the hollow groan which at first issued as if from the pit of his stomach, and then rising gradually, keeping pace with his ascent, into a desperate shout, expressive at the same instant of astonishment, dismay, expostulation, and furious resentment, was so loud and woful, that all idea of the ludicrous, which such an exhibition was otherwise well calculated to inspire, must have been forgotten during its continuance.

Even Dumfries himself was in some manner astounded by the dismal noise; and a "Lord preserve us!" was devoutly mingled with the execration in the name of an opposite power, which his fear of its raising the house prematurely against him elicited. There was no time to lose, however; and he made the rope spin through his fingers so rapidly that in an instant the two parties met mid-way, and the eyes of the upward bound, who still held on like grim death, glared on those of his enemy with a look of rage, so closely mingled with deprecation, that Dumfries, alarmed as he was, could hardly forbear from laughing outright.

After losing hold of the ascending rope, their descent, from the great superiority of weight on their side, was incessantly rapid; but Dumfries broke the shock with his feet, and in a moment they stood in safety on the ground. The first step of the adventurous cavalier was to fasten the end of the rope to the iron railing, so that Snelldrake might remain suspended in the air 'till relieved by his friends, whom his terrible cries would no doubt speedily bring to his assistance; and which would serve also the purpose of engaging their attention 'till the lovers should get clear off; for it was not reasonable to suppose that Snelldrake would enter into the cause of his elevation before he had safely descended. They then left him to his fate, and well it was for them that no further delay occurred, for they were no sooner out of sight, than not only the baillie and

his family, but every soul in the street, who was not deaf or bedridden crowded to the spot.

The first emotions excited in the spectators were horror and commiseration; for it seemed to them that some unfortunate man was really suspended in the usual fashion, videlicet, by the neck, on a gallows as high as that of Haman; but speedily the truth appeared. When in a few minutes a lighted candle was held from the warehouse, exhibiting, with its yellow light struggling amidst the faint moonbeams, the rueful countenance of the West Indian peeping through the handkerchief which covered his hat, and was tied under his chin in the style of an old washerwoman, a shout rose from the crowd that might have awakened the inhabitants at the most distant part of the town. As for the baillie, he felt by far too much ashamed of the figure cut by his son-in-law elect, to enjoy the laugh at his expense; and in fact it seemed to him, as he stood there in so near a relation to the ærial voyager, that a part of the ridicule must attach to himself and family;—an idea which made the worthy magistrate, who dreaded the public gaze even on honorable occasions, sweat with very vexation.

Snelldrake, by the assistance of the standers-by, was now on his descent, but this, perhaps on purpose, was managed so clumsily, that the swinging of the rope transferred the sickness of his heart to his stomach. The baillie could stand no more; he returned into his house, packed every soul to their beds, and locking the door, betook himself in disgust and mortification to his own dormitory.

In two hours after this adventure, Mr. Snelldrake took French leave of Burnt-Island and its inhabitants. The next day the fugitives returned man and wife, and were received by the baillie as kindly as if everything had taken place with his own concurrence.

A Dilemma.—If we pretend to attribute the existence of one thing to the power of another, and to say that this power has been transmitted from one cause to another in infinite succession, we abandon the belief of a primary cause, since nothing can be first in a series which is every way infinite. If, on the other hand, we assume a principle, whence we wholly derive power, it follows that we must trace all efficient causes, whether productive of good or evil, to that first principle; and this is a doctrine, which I conceive to be directly contrary to the notions which we ought to entertain of the Deity.—*Drummond's Academical Questions.*

Original.

THE FIRST AND LAST GRIEF.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"She was not made,
Through years or moons, the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure, 'till they are laid
By age in earth."

There are some persons who seem sent upon earth only to beautify and bless everything that comes within the sphere of their influence;—beings whose hopefulness of spirit and joyousness of temper make an atmosphere of light around them,—whose presence is a sort of moral sunbeam. Such a creature was Amy Ellerslie, and never did cheerfulness and goodness find their dwelling within a lovelier form. With a face as bright as a spring morning, large liquid blue eyes, a profusion of blonde tresses, and the figure of a sylph, it was impossible for the imagination to conceive a more beautiful personification of innocent happiness. Her quick and agile movements, her gleeful voice, nay, the very toss of her pretty head, as she flung back the exuberant curls, evinced the joyousness of her nature. One could not look at her without being unconsciously reminded of all the glad and free things in nature. The flight of the forest bird, the bound of the timid fawn, the leap of the mountain stream, all might have furnished similes for the graceful and merry girl. Yet perhaps the loveliest trait in her character was the maidenly gentleness and tenderness which seemed to pervade her whole nature, softening its brightest effluence of joy, even as the light haze over the face of a summer sky, tempers the splendors of the noonday sun.

Though only a simple village maiden, Amy had grown up in an atmosphere of affection. The youngest and fairest of a large family, she had been the pet and plaything of all; but the very indulgence which might have rendered a less noble nature selfish, produced quite a contrary effect on Amy. There were so many to study her happiness, that she seemed to feel it quite unnecessary to care anything about herself; and, indeed, there was little motive for selfisheess in the heart of one, whose temper could, like the bee, extract sweetness from the most envenomed flowers of life. Her *insouciance* and gayety probably tended to prolong for her the sweet season of childhood and girlishness. Certain it is that at a period when most women have fully learned the sweet instincts of their own nature, Amy still possessed an unawakened heart, and a store of undeveloped affections, whose very existence was unknown to her. Her soul was like a

lake lying on some high mountain-top; the blue heaven might color its pure wave,—the fervid sun might glitter on its surface, and the cold moon silver its placid waters,—the stars might mirror themselves within it, and the wild flowers stoop to kiss their own sweet image on its margin, but its hidden depths had never been stirred by human hand, nor had the shadow of a passion ever darkened its pellucid flow. Though surrounded by admirers, she showed no decided preference for any, but seemed to find something to like in each; as if the voice of kindness and tenderness was but the variation of a well-known melody, which she had listened too so long that it had ceased to excite her special attention. The few that envied her, accused her of latent coquetry, while the many who loved her, knew that she possessed that innate gift of pleasing, which was as natural to her as is the power of song to the bird.

Among the friends of Amy Ellerslie's early youth, were two brothers, the sons of a widow, who resided in the same village. Charles and Wilfred Thornton were as wonderfully alike in personal appearance as they were dissimilar in character, and while, at first sight, it was scarcely possible for even an intimate friend to know which of the two he was addressing, it needed but the utterance of a single word to distinguish the quiet subdued tone of the one, from the clear trumpet-like voice of the other. Wilfred Thornton, grave, thoughtful and studious, looked forward only to a career of intellectual usefulness, while Charles, bold, stalwart and courageous, anticipated a life of stirring deeds, and, if possible, of noble emprize. Both possessed the finest qualities of heart and mind. The nicest sense of honor, the most unsullied purity of feeling, and the masculine virtues of magnanimity and personal courage were gifts possessed in common between them; but the superior mental powers of Wilfred were combined with a degree of tenderness of nature almost amounting to weakness, which showed itself in a vacillating infirmity of purpose; while the bolder and more decided force of character which belonged to Charles, was sometimes rendered too obvious by the exertion of a most untamed and untameable will. Yet despite this difference, perhaps even because of it, the brothers loved each other with the utmost warmth and devotedness.

As they grew up to man's estate, they left their native village, and while in a neighboring city Wilfred pursued the studies of a laborious profession, Charles endeavored to chain his free soul to the chariot-wheels of fortune. But the prison-life of a merchant was ill-suited to one who was only happy when he inhaled the mountain air, or trod the unfettered greensward. He became disgusted with the details of business, and determined to seek a home upon that element which seems ever the most fitting field of enterprise to a daring and restless spirit; nor did it excite any surprise in the minds of those who knew him best, when they learned that Charles Thornton had abandoned the comforts of his home for the excitement and hardships of a sailor's life. But the loss of his brother's presence was most severely felt by Wilfred. Hitherto, in the close-knit intercourse of daily companionship, he had relied so unconsciously upon the firmer character of Charles, that he had never learned his own weakness; but he now found himself suddenly deprived of a prop and support which was absolutely necessary to his success as well as happiness. Dreamy and imaginative, he had given himself up too much to speculative fancies; and it required all the practical good sense of his brother to counterbalance this disposition to abstraction, which, while it elevates a man's character in a moral point of view, perhaps tends, more than any other intellectual indulgence, to limit his usefulness.

Amy Ellerslie had been a mere child when the brothers went out into the world to carve their own way to fortune; but she was in the first bloom of beautiful womanhood, when Wilfred Thornton, disheartened and unhappy, returned to his native village. He had devoted his days to toil and his nights to study, he had labored with all the energy of his nature, but had been met by difficulties and disappointments on all sides, while he found himself outstripped in the race of life by those who, destitute both of his talents and integrity, crept on through by-paths, where he would have disdained to tread. The spectres conjured up by a morbid imagination, terrified his shrinking spirit; he fancied himself a mark for the arrows of misfortune; and after a few ineffectual struggles with the exigencies of life, he sought his boyhood's home as a refuge, or at least a shelter, where he might repose his weary soul. He was too much beloved not to be warmly welcomed by the friends of his youth, and he met with both sympathy and kindness from the very men who felt most disposed to reprove the weakness that led him so soon to quit a field which is to every one a battle-plain, where many a hope must be slain ere a single victory can be achieved.

But more especially did the melancholy student find solace in the society of Amy Ellerslie. Her presence was to his heart as sunshine to the

flower; and he dwelt beneath her smiles until his soul seemed to grow stronger beneath the influence of her consistent and innocent cheerfulness. A passionate admirer of the beautiful in the moral as well as the natural world, Wilfred found his ideal more than realized in the delicate beauty, the transparent truthfulness of character, and the gentle gayety of heart, which formed Amy's great attractions. For him Amy only felt the same kind of preference which was shared by some half a dozen others. She liked his society, and found pleasure in the converse of one whose thoughts were ever among the poetical and lovely things of earth; while the remembrance of his disappointments, and the sight of his habitual sadness, imparted a tenderness to her manner which might easily be mistaken by him, whose wishes were too often allowed to expand into hopes.

Daily did Wilfred feed his passion with the contemplation of her exceeding beauty, and his character which had been enfeebled by morbid fancies, seemed to strengthen beneath the influence of a true and pervading affection, even as a tender exotic which has withered in an artificial atmosphere, may be sometimes restored to life and health by an accidental exposure to the natural changes of the seasons. There was an intentness and concentration in his love that seemed to have changed his vacillating nature, and given him a firmness of purpose to which he was previously a stranger. But he was not of those who believe mere words are necessary to the true interpretation of the heart. Forgetting that Amy had grown up amid all gentle and kindly influences, and that therefore the usual evidences of regard were to her so familiar as to be scarcely noticed;—forgetting that to her it was so natural to be beloved, that though she might perhaps have noticed the absence of affection in a friend, yet its presence was to her like the common blessings of air and light, essential to her happiness, but enjoyed almost unconsciously;—he flattered himself that Amy perceived and smiled upon his hopes.

What might have been the effect of Wilfred's affection, upon the future life of Amy had no counter influence been exercised, can scarcely be determined, for ere she had discovered the nature of his feelings, the return of Charles Thornton, after an absence of nearly seven years, wrought a change in the destiny of the gentle girl. Charles had been successful beyond his hopes, for his innate energy of mind, together with the advantages of a good education, had enabled him to rise rapidly in his new vocation, and he was now the commander of a noble ship. The years which had shaded with a deeper sadness the countenance of the desponding Wilfred, and touched with so much womanly grace the form of the gentle Amy, had not passed over the manly sailor without leaving some trace of their power. The furrow, which time so soon chisels on the brow of the man of decision, was deeply traced upon his forehead, while the keen glance of his eagle-eye, the habitual compression of his finely-moulded lips, and his tall, strong, firmly-knit figure, all were characteristic of his true nature. He had found his proper sphere of action, and amid the fury of the elements, he had trod the deck of his frail ship with the proud step of one who ruled a power mightier than himself. Nothing ennobles a man so much as the consciousness of mental or physical force, and when both are combined,—when the intellect is powerful to conceive, and the arm bold to act,—when man can stand high-hearted and strong-handed in the presence of mortal peril, well may he bear the impress of heroism on his firm brow, and its god-like light in his unquailing eye.

Ever since the time of "the gentle lady wedded to the moor," the power of the wild and wonderful over the heart of woman, has been a subject of reproach to the sex. Yet what can be more natural than that the delicate and frail being, whose mere physical weakness teaches her the need of some strong arm on which to lean, should find her imagination leading captive her affections as she listens to the tale of "perils past," and wonders at the courage which bore the narrator undaunted through the danger which would have crushed a feebler spirit? Amy Ellerslie's life had been one of such quiet enjoyment, that the hardy sailor's lightly-told stories of wonders seen and dangers encountered, came to her with the charm of novelty, and she listened and looked until, if she did not exactly wish "that Heaven had made her such another man," she, at least, learned that there was within her bosom a store of sweeter feelings than had yet been called forth. To the bold sailor, the bright yet delicate beauty of Amy was perfectly bewitching. The playfulness of the merry girl, and the tenderness of the high-souled woman were so beautifully blended in her sweet character, while her form was so full of expanding grace, and her face so radiant in its joyous loveliness, that Charles Thornton was at once entranced and enthralled.

It was soon evident to the acute village-gossips that a match was already kindled between Captain Thornton and gentle Amy Ellerslie. There was an evident change in the light-hearted girl, and

those who missed her merry ringing laugh, knew that some deeper feeling had been stirred within her bosom. They who have ever noticed the difference between the gleeful voice of one who bears an unawakened heart, and the richly modulated tones of that sweet voice when the bosom's chords have echoed to affection's touch, will readily understand how Amy's changed emotions were first disclosed. But long ere others had discovered the secret of her heart, it had been read by one who found its interpretation in his own disappointed hopes. Wilfred Thornton was one of those sensitive spirits who feel the chill imparted by the shadow of approaching sorrow, and he was not long in perceiving whence came the cloud which was to darken his future life. The fine poetic spirit of the melancholy visionary might awaken the admiration of Amy, and his sadness call for her sympathy; but she had a true woman's heart, and could only *look up* to love. The feeble and timid nature of him who shrunk from the blasts of fortune, and sought to hide himself from the conflicts of life, was ill calculated to excite that reverential feeling which is so necessary to perfect woman's affection. There was too much of feminine softness in his character, and all his fine, intellectual gifts could not make amends for a want of decision and manliness which ever commands the respect of the weaker sex. Like some richly wrought casket, the very delicacy of its workmanship, while it enhanced its value, has diminished its usefulnesss, and the fine gold, which might have stood the wear of this work-day world, has been chiselled away, until all strength is gone, and there remains only the beauty which fits it to be the ornament of a boudoir.

What Wilfred actually suffered from this last disappointment, was never known, but when it was rumored that he had determined to join a band of hardy travellers, who were about setting forth to explore the ruins of antiquity in the grey old world, beyond the limits of modern civilization, it was shrewdly conjectured that only some powerful motive could have awakened the spirit of adventure in his bosom. Charles, without the slightest suspicion of the true impulse which had given rise to this strange purpose, on the part of his brother, yet warmly advocated it, as a means of giving vigor and stability to his character. But Amy, whose perceptions had been quickened by her own awakened passions, knew too well what had banished the heart-sick man from his home; although his lips never breathed the tale of love and sorrow in the ear of her whom he now regarded as the bride of his brother. Yet she was of too joyous a temper to understand the full power of a grief which, to a nature like Wilfred's could only end with life. For her, everything wore the rose-tint which first love ever diffuses, and when the sad brow of her hopeless lover no longer gloomed before her, she felt that there was not a single shadow in her path of life. In less than six weeks after the departure of Wilfred Thornton, a merry wedding enlivened the village, and then the glad face of Amy Ellerslie was seen to wear the troubled joy of her who turns from the pure pleasures of maidenhood, to welcome the high duties and earnest devotion of a woman's lot.

But Amy had now to learn how closely life's brightest happiness is bordered by its sorrow. Hitherto she had trodden a flower-enamelled path, but now she had entered the more rugged plain, where grow the fruits of life, only to be plucked with toil and care. She was now to taste the bitter waters, which ever flow so near the sweet fountain of earthly affection, that the lip which bends to quaff the freshness of the one, is sure to imbibe some drops from the distasteful wave of the other. Never had Amy looked so lovely as she now appeared in the quiet gentleness of her new duties and emotions. Perhaps no expression is so elevating to the human countenance, as that beaming of heartfelt happiness, which is rarely seen, because the feeling which inspires it is so rarely experienced in our unstable life. It is the look which our first parents might have worn in their days of innocence, and which sometimes, even in this dark world, radiates from the hearts of those who find a second Paradise in mutual and satisfied affection.

Amy's first grief rose from the necessity of her husband's absence. Captain Thornton could not resign a career so well suited to his adventurous character, even when tempted by the joys of home and tenderness. A few brief months were given to impassioned happiness, and then the hardy sailor turned from his gentle bride to brave again the perils of the great deep. Amy had never before shed such bitter tears as now dimmed her sweet eyes. It was the earliest, and, as she then believed, the most terrible sorrow which could await her. She was surprised, nay, almost terrified, at the violence of her own emotions, for the unbroken quiet of her happy life had hitherto offered no opportunity for discerning the intensity of her own feelings. Her gayety had heretofore seemed a proof of her thoughtlessness, even as the luxuriant growth of the wind-flower, beautiful as are its blossoms, discloses the shallowness of the soil on which the hand of zephyr has flung the seed. But now she was to learn that the

brightest flowers may glow above the deep caverns where are hid the fiercest volcanic fires; and that the cheerfulness, which had been the product of an untilled heart, might be supplanted by those delicate passion-flowers whose fragrance is so delicious to the senses, but whose fruit is so poisonous to the taste.

Immediately after her marriage, Amy had taken up her abode with the aged mother of her husband, and she now devoted herself to the strict performance of every duty which could alone wile away the dreary hours of absence. Mrs. Thornton had arrived at that period of life when "the grasshopper is a burden," and to smooth the pillow of declining age, to bear with the irritability of infirmity, and to shed the light of a loving nature amid the gathering shadows of life's coming night, were now the not unpleasing tasks of the lonely wife. She had passed the genial spring in the sweet dream of happy love, and she knew that not until the summer had blossomed, and given place to autumn's fruits,—not until the hoar frost of winter had melted beneath the soft gales of the "soote season," and the buds were again unfolding on the stripped and naked trees, could she hope to welcome back her sailor to his home. But she had too much elasticity of spirits to yield herself long to grief. After her first wild emotions had been calmed, she resolved to watch over her own weak heart, and check those vain repinings which could only give pain to those who loved her, without alleviating her own. Her cheerfulness and hopefulness returned at her summons, and though yearning in heart for the sight of him who had become as light to her eyes, and life to her heart, she left no duty unfulfilled. She had none of that sickly sensibility which finds cause for self-satisfaction in the indulgence of morbid grief, and makes a merit of suffering. She felt that her love for her husband was best shown by the close observance of all his wishes; and when she checked the tears which flowed at the remembrance of his past tenderness, she knew she was but acting as he would desire.

The fruits of autumn were reaped and garnered, the pleasant fireside had given out its comforts during a tedious winter;—and now the snow had melted from the hilltops, and the buds of spring began to peep out from their dusky coverts. All the hope and trustfulness of Amy's nature now revived. For more than a month before the time when she could possibly expect Captain Thornton's return, she began to make every thing ready for his reception, and once more her bird-like voice was heard carolling cheerful songs, as she went about her household cares. The bloom returned to her cheek, her sunny locks were released from the simple cap which had confined their luxuriance, and once more allowed to flow in rich curls, as *he* best loved to see them. Amy was almost a child again in her gleeful happiness. But as the day of his coming drew nigh, a restless and impatient yearning took possession of her heart. She had been content to wait during many a weary month of absence, but now,—when an hour might bring him to her embrace, she was full of unquiet and troubled expectation. How often did she traverse the road which led to the entrance of the village! how often did she arrange and re-arrange all the minute appointments of her neat household, to be in readiness for her toil-worn mariner! how often did she fancy that the very beatings of her heart would prevent her from catching the first echo of his footsteps.

But day after day passed on, but still Captain Thornton came not. Weeks elapsed without any tidings to relieve this terrible suspense, and then application was made to the owners of the ship, but they could afford no information: and only added their own apprehensions to the fears of those who already dreaded evil news. Yet Amy's hopes seemed to grow stronger, as those of all others died away. Even when months had gone by,—when Captain Thornton's employer wrote to the bereaved wife to inform her that all probability of his return was so entirely lost, that the insurance on the missing ship had been promptly paid,—when the aged mother wept and "refused to be comforted," because her son "was not,"—still Amy held fast her faith in his future return. That hopefulness which had been so prominent a trait in her character from childhood, became, as it seemed, a part of her heart's creed; and it was utterly impossible to bring home to her mind the futility of her expectations.

But in other things, how sadly was she changed! her delicate form lost its symmetry, and her face its radiant beauty; the brigh tresses which had ever been the pride of her youth, were pushed carelessly away from her hollow temples; and her dress, once so exquisitely neat and tasteful, was now neglected and disordered. She sought no longer to beguile the lagging hours with the pretty feminine tasks that once occupied her time. Silent, sad and drooping, she would sit for hours in the porch, or at the casement which commanded a view of the village road. At the sight of any approaching traveller, she would spring eagerly forward, watch him ear-

nestly as he wound down the hill, and then, as she beheld him nearer, would sink back, and weep in bitter disappointment. Perhaps no form of grief could have so utterly worn out her elastic and hopeful spirit. From the heavy pressure of some positive and present sorrow, her innate cheerfulness might at length have rebounded; and in the course of time, she might have found comparative peace. But for a weary wasting grief like this, there was no relief. Her very hopes only prolonged her pangs. Any thing would have been better than this dreadful suspense. Had but one tempest-tossed seaman returned to tell the tale of disaster and death, the imagination of the bereaved wife would not have gone out into such a fearful waste of vagueness in search of him she loved. She would not believe him lost to her for ever, but she pictured him in slavery and in destitution,—suffering all the horrors of want and famine,—the sole denizen of some desert isle,—or the powerless captive of some savage horde,—every thing terrible suggested itself to her affrighted and bewildered fancy,—every thing except that which, to others, seemed most like truth. She could not—she dared not think of him as numbered with the dead. While darkness and mystery rested on his fate, her love went forth into the gloom to seek him, refusing to be turned from its vain search while faith could fling a ray of light upon the trackless wilderness of conjecture. In vain well-meaning friends sought to win her back to the ordinary duties of life.

"I can do nothing 'till I see Charles," she would say; "he will come back; I *know* he will come back. Think you that he would have left me alone upon earth without one kind farewell? I tell you if he were not yet held in the bonds of flesh, he would come to me in spirit, and his voice would answer my anguished prayers. No, he lives,—the waves could not keep him from me, nor the earth hold him in its embrace until he had borne me tidings of his fate if it were not so. He lives, and I shall yet behold him ere I die of this wearing sorrow which consumes my heart."

Such were her replies to those who sought to comfort her, and what could reason oppose to the wild fancies of a vain affection?

Two years had now elapsed since the departure of the hapless Captain Thornton, and a fearful change was wrought in the once beautiful and happy wife. Pale, wasted to a mere shadow, with nerveless hand and trembling frame, her eyes clouded with perpetual weeping, and the shine of her bright locks dimmed by the fatal dew which the hand of disease distilled nightly upon her brow, she bore little resemblance to the gleeful creature of other days. Nor was she less changed in mind than in person, for a wild and almost fierce petulance had taken the place of her former gentleness, while the least opposition to her wayward will rendered her almost frantic. It was evident, even to those who loved her best, that life had nothing now to offer her whose heart had been crushed beneath the weight of its first grief, and while they wept over her early doom, they could not wish to avert it.

It was the evening of a day in spring, when the budding foliage and the soft breezes had awakened anew the vivid reminiscences of her who still hoped against hope. Amy had been unusually restless and unquiet, and the monomania which had so long possessed her, seemed to be darkening over every faculty of her mind. Seated in her accustomed place beside the casement, with her feeble frame supported by pillows, she had been keeping her usual watch for him whom she was never again to behold, until her wearied and excited nerves found a short repose in one of those sudden and brief snatches of slumber which were now her only means of rest. She had slept but a few moments, when a heavy step startled her from her repose. Starting forward, with a bewildered brain, and wild glance, she beheld, standing in the doorway, with the golden light of the setting sun falling round him like a glorious garment,—the image of her long lost husband. A shriek of maniac joy burst from her pale lips. "He is come! He is come!" she cried, and the next instant she was lying senseless in the bosom of *Wilfred* Thornton.

Hardship, privation, and, it may be, a sense of self-reliance, had given to the face of the melancholy student all that it had lacked to perfect its wonderful resemblance to the fine countenance of his brother; and now, the very mother that bore them, might have doubted which of the two stood in life before her.

Alas! it mattered little to the widowed heart which had been so long wasting beneath the pain of "hope deferred." The shock of sudden joy had finished the work which grief begun, and ere the shades of night had closed around the cottage, Amy breathed her last sigh on the bosom which had in vain sought to banish the image of her who had been so worshipped. She died in the joyful faith that she had found her long absent husband, and her latest accents breathed tenderness and love in the ear of him who would have given his life but to restore her to life and happiness.

The sea kept well its secret. No tidings ever came from its depths to reveal the fate of Captain Thornton; and while the form of the gentle Amy moulders beneath the greensward in her native village, the bones of the gallant sailor are bleaching in the coral caves of the Ocean.

Wilfred Thornton had returned from his sojourn in foreign climes, a wiser and a better man, but he was not proof against this sudden shock which awaited him. He turned for ever from the world, and burying himself in seclusion, sought to cherish rather than subdue his grief. He still lives a lonely, melancholy man, whose hair is whitened by care no less than time, and who, during years of utter hopelessness, has indeed found that—

"Sympathy is half our life,
And fancy makes the rest."

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

THE VISIT OF FORTUNE.

BYG. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

Weary with play, a gentle boy
Lay down awhile to rest,
When Fortune came, with gifts of joy,
And bade him choose the best.
"But heed thee! child, choose once and well—
I move by wizard time,
A moment—and I weave my spell
Far in another clime."

Light in that urchin's glances burn'd
And gladness overmuch,
As one by one each toy he turn'd
Beneath his curious touch;
Now *this* contents his changing will,
Now *that* his eyes pursue;
Pleas'd, he retaineth one—until
Another charms his view.

But as the youth, the glittering store,
Surveyed in doubt profound,
The mystic wand which fortune bore
Dial'd the moment 'round;
True to the time, the maid of Fate,
Fled with her gifts of cost,
And left the boy to mourn, too late,
The prize for ever lost.

Oh! ye of manhood's pond'ring dreams,
Whose pulses bound with health,
Waste not your hours o'er changing schemes
Of speculating wealth!
Hold fast, on what—considered well—
Your heart and judgment fix,
And you will never have to tell
Of Fortune's fickle tricks.

Oswego, New-York, May, 1843.

Original.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE BIBLE.

AN EVIDENCE OF ITS AUTHENTICITY AND INSPIRATION!

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries."—*Byron.*

The Bible never has been, and it never can be, too attentively examined, nor too highly commended. The obligations of the world to its sacred influences, and its glorious truths, are beyond the power of any pen or pencil of man or angel to pourtray. It is the "Book of Books;" a specimen of unrivalled literary excellence, and a compendium of the sublimest facts. It beams with a lustre all its own, which, like that of the orb of day in respect to the hosts of stars, that glitter on the brow of the firmament, throws every other volume into impenetrable shade. There is reason to rejoice in every effort, provided it be made with ordinary ability, to urge any of the evidences of its real character upon the attention of man. For the result of their reception is to purify and elevate the race. This consideration it is, that has induced the writer to contribute the arguments, which follow, in defence of the authenticity and inspiration of the "Word of God," nothwithstanding the striking and admonitory lines of the immortal author of "Paradise Lost,"—

"None,
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And that, which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-governed, and wise appetite."

For, in the wild whirlwind of passion; in the reckless conflicts of party; in the eager pursuits of unhallowed ambition; in the all-absorbing devotedness of spirit to the acquisition of wealth; amid the gayety of fashion, and the zest of pleasure; through the complicated bustle of life; the "still small voice" of this great Teacher is too little heard or regarded. But to our theme!

The truth and inspiration, of the Old and New Testaments, are beautifully confirmed by the sublime mysteries in which they abound. This important consideration is not often adduced in evidence, and, at a *prima facie* view, may appear to disprove the very position it was intended to establish. Indeed the more violent enemies of revelation, for centuries gone by, have wielded it, and, in their own opinion, with remarkable dexterity, as an unanswerable argument against the whole system of religious belief. The course of reasoning, which they have employed on this subject, is precisely such as we should expect from the crafty and cold-hearted infidel. They wish to blot out the only star, that kindles the

light of hope in the darkened bosom of man, and to leave in its stead "the blackness of darkness for ever." Hence it is indispensably requisite that this *main* argument of the opponents of revelation,—this front pillar, that supports the tottering fabric, in which they seek to shelter themselves from the hallowed influences of inspired truth, should be fully and fairly tested in order that its extreme frailty may more manifestly appear.

The fact, therefore, which it will be the object of this paper to substantiate, is this—that the mysteries in question, instead of impairing in the least degree its authenticity, constitute irrefutable evidence that the *Bible is the Word of God*, and *not a mere fable of human device*. In order correctly to examine the point at issue, and thus to develope the truth of our position in the clearest light, it will be well to ascertain whether there exist any analogies within the circle of our knowledge, which will afford us aid in arriving at a correct conclusion! Is the "Good Book" the only volume with which a beneficent Providence has favored the family of man? Most certainly not! Even the rude and unlettered rustic, whose science and whose wishes are circumscribed by the narrow limits of his paternal home; who has only learned in the school of stern experience to "drive his team afield," and perform the other menial offices of his lowly lot; even he, content in his happy ignorance, and unconscious of the self-inflicted pangs of misguided philosophy, has read page after page of at least two other volumes, which the objector himself admits to have been derived from God, and which *abound* in "things hard to be understood." Need it be said that reference is had to the volume of *Creation* and of *Providence*. It will be necessary to examine each of these departments of knowledge in detail, if we would draw a perfect analogy between them.

Glance an eye then, for a moment, over the vast book of Nature and Creation! Survey, with the most minute inspection, the countless varieties of inanimate and animate matter with which it teems, from the atom that floats in the sunbeam, to man, the noblest handiwork of his Creator, and the most exalted link in the infinite chain of the Deity's terrestrial works! and now say—are there no mysteries above, nor around, nor beneath us? Can the most profound scholar in natural science, or the most extensive proficient in metaphysics, understand or explain a solitary leaf in this sealed book? The multifarious changes and operations of matter and spirit, have they ever been developed to the acutest intellectual discernment? Who can comprehend the law of gravitation, which governs the fall of an apple; which guides in their orbits those worlds of light, that are scattered with such magnificent profusion through the wilds of immensity, and preserves in such constant and unvarying harmony the 'chiming spheres?' Whose eye, gifted with power of vision so keen, has penetrated the secret recesses of repulsion? Who can describe in what manner the cold earth, and the beaming sun, and the "soft, refreshing rains,' cause the tender herb to spring up and ripen to maturity! The finite faculties of man can never, by any process of training, become sufficiently expanded to grasp the mighty secrets of nature, and unravel them to the mind.

The physical and intellectual constitution of man are embraced within the ample pages of the volume of Nature. It is a sublime truth, which the "Monarch Minstrel" has so happily and elegantly expressed, that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." Who can understand the admirable organization of the human system, with all its surprising and complicated machinery? That individual has never yet lived in the "tide of time," who could fully elucidate its arrangement of parts, and point out the intimate connexion, that subsists between it and the immortal spirit. The astonishing symmetry and perfect proportion of our entire physical system, and the consummate adaptedness of every part—of bone, and muscle, and blood, and sinew,—to answer the purposes of their creation, and to contribute their quota of support in sustaining the magnificent whole, is a theme of delightful contemplation. But to comprehend and to explicate its construction is beyond the utmost ability of any created intelligence. The most severe and protracted researches in this field of investigation are utterly abortive. Its very entrance, like the gate-way to the garden of Eden, is guarded against the inquisitive intrusion of man by the "cherubim and flaming sword."

And the mind,—the immortal mind!—upon this subject "clouds and darkness" emphatically rest. When we approach a theme so intricate and so spiritual, the reflection should force itself upon the mind, which impressed with such awful solemnity the mind of the venerable Patriarch, as he gazed upon the "burning bush," that the place whereon we stand is "holy ground." Not one of the numerous philosophers, who have speculated upon its essence, until "their locks were silvered o'er with age," has been able to *approximate* a knowledge of its mysterious constitution, nor been able to clear of obscurity

its curious and intricate mechanism. Who has expounded the laws of memory and suggestion, of dreaming and somnambulism, or dissipated the impenetrable shades that conceal from the view those disturbing causes, that destroy the equilibrium of the mind, and reduce the image of God to the level of the brute, or unravelled the countless other phenomena of our intellectual being? A mind in its original beauty and order, and a mind in ruins, are equally involved in mystery.

On the pages of the same volume—the volume of Creation—is enstamped in dark and illegible characters vegetable and animal life, and how remarkably apposite this in illustrating the subject in question. The vital spark, that preserves by its astonishing energy all animate matter from decomposition, and cloaks it with unequalled symmetry and beauty; what are its constituents? The wisest naturalist upon whom the sun has ever looked down; he who has engraven his name the deepest and the fairest upon the roll of immortality, is altogether incompetent to return a satisfactory answer to this important interrogatory. Darkness, deep and palpable as enshroud the grave,—the darkness of a seven-fold night surrounds it. Some of the mightiest intellects, whose memories are embalmed in the records of history, or the treasures of song, have tried, but tried in vain, to pass the threshold of that glorious temple, within whose sacred portals are garnered up all knowledge of this mysterious subject. And now we submit the question to every candid reader—is it not perfectly apparent that mysteries as deep and as perplexing as meet us in the "Oracles of God," are thickly strewn over the entire volume of creation? And yet, what abundant occasion to rejoice that, although much more is concealed than unfolded, enough is clearly manifest to enable us to secure the great interests of our present condition!

Providence is a book, on the most of whose pages are inscribed, as with a "pencil of light," dispensations at once mysterious and perplexing. By the term Providence, in this connexion, is meant that Divine superintendence, that appertains to communities and families, to nations and individuals; nay, more! to every occurrence; even those of the slightest importance. The Deity exercises his supervision over the most minute and the most stupendous affairs of creation, and that supervision is constant and perpetual. The most insignificant events then, no less than the most imposing which transpire around us, are overruled in their consequences by a presiding "Divinity that shapes our ends." That in the volume of Providence may be found the most inexplicable mysteries it will require no labored process of ratiocination to establish. It may prove instructive, as it will certainly be entertaining to examine a *few* of the mysteries, which have exceedingly perplexed the best of men.

And the greatest source of wonder, as must appear to every contemplative mind, is the admission of moral evil into our world. This mystery might be contemplated in relation to the apostacy of the Angels. Why was it, we might inquire, that the tallest Seraph that burned before the throne, was permitted to assume the attitude of rebellion; to introduce discord among the shining ranks above, and be hurled with his impious confederates, for high treason, to remediless perdition? This truly would be an interesting theme, but it comes not within the scope of our subject. That *moral evil* has been suffered to enter this world, as it came "fresh and joyous" from the forming hand of its great Architect, and deface its beauty and loveliness, is a fact too evident to admit of question. The sad traces of its ruinous career are visible on every side. And the inquiry occurs spontaneously to every mind, whence came this mighty moral miasma? Nor is it enough to return the oft-repeated answer, that "the Arch-Angel ruined" introduced it,—that it is here solely through his instrumentality. Such a reply will not, cannot suffice. It can never relieve a single anxiety, it will never satisfy a single doubt. For then with propriety the question recurs,—why was he permitted to pluck this "new star" out of the hand of its Creator, and extinguish its light well nigh for ever? The only answer that can possibly be given is admirably expressed in the sublime language of the "Man of Uz:"—"He holdeth back the face of his throne, and spreadeth his cloud upon it."

There is something perplexing, too, in the fact, that moral evil was not only allowed to *enter* this otherwise beautiful world, but also to *continue* in it, and that its votaries have, hitherto, constituted so large a majority of the human race. This enemy of all goodness might easily have been restrained in its death-bearing march. After it had made its earliest incursion, with a single volition, Omnipotence might have arrested its ruinous progress, and swept it for ever from the earth. He might have caused the fair fruits it had nipped, to bloom again; the flowers it had blighted, to diffuse as sweet a fragrance as before; and instead of the blazing Guards that protected

the gates of Paradise, he might have placed, once more, in the garden, angels with smiles of love, and accents of celestial joy. If, then, this smiling garden of the Lord might have been preserved from the mildew and the blight of sin's polluting steps, why has it been visited with such fearful devastation?

The Providence of God is dark and inscrutable, likewise, in elevating the *worst* of mankind to wealth, to honor, and to power, and in leaving the virtuous, the sober, and the upright, to obscurity, and subjection, and want. In every every period of the world's history, the correctness of this position has been verified. The dissolute and abandoned,—those who have plunged the deepest in the turbid waters of iniquity, have been crowned with riches, and prospered in their households, and raised to authority and distinction, while eminently pious and devoted men have been obliged to pass through an almost uninterrupted scene of suffering and trial: this world has been to them indeed "a vale of tears." "I have often," was the remark of a refined and educated heathen, "been at a loss to determine whether God or chance presides over the destinies of men, since the good fall into misfortunes, which overwhelm them, and persons, of an opposite character, enjoy, in their families, a brilliant prosperity, contrary to all expectation."

Why were Nebuchadnezzer and Antiochus and Herod, permitted to desolate the earth, and revel in luxury, and sweep over the countries they ruled like whirlwinds of wrath; while *good* men of the same period were pining under poverty, subjected to reproaches, and exposed to every species of torture which a refined ingenuity, quickened by the deadliest malice could invent? Why lived Nero and Caligula and Domitian, and why was the infant church subjected to their bitter persecutions, and its innocent members compelled to meet death in every appalling form? Whence all the untold severities of the "Papal Hierarchy," which continued through a thousand years of more than Egyptian darkness? Why was the "Apocalyptic beast," in the shape of the Spanish inquisition, raised from the bottomless pit, arrayed in a scarlet vesture, and sent forth to scathe the soil of Europe with the blood of the saints? Why were the bloody Mary, the haughty Elizabeth, and the dissolute Charles, allowed to pursue their disastrous career, and inflict tortures upon good citizens and loyal subjects, the bare recital of which must *chill* us with horror? These things were so. You must commit all history to the flames, before you can controvert such startling facts. Is there no God, who rules the affairs of men? Why then does he permit these awful enormities to transpire? Surely the dealings of Jehovah with his creatures are deep and inexplicable!

The circumstances which attend the commencement and the close of life, in respect to numerous individuals of the human family, are among the arcana of God's providence. How frequently is a large retinue of offspring born to persons of vicious habits and pursuits,—to those, who will exercise over the "young immortals" committed to their care, an influence pernicious to the last degree. Thus, at the very starting-point of their endless existence, they are, without their power to prevent it, involved in circumstances, whose chief, may it not be truly said, whose *only* tendency is to give them a wrong direction, and set them out on the great *thoroughfare* to ruin. This fact is too familiar to need confirmation, and it furnishes one of the darkest pages in the book of Providence.

The same thing is observable at the termination of this mortal scene; at the winding up of the great drama of human life. When the "grim messenger" is sent to execute his commission upon any one of our race, he often passes by the useless, and even those who are perpetrating actual wickedness, and summons away those who are replete with usefulness, or replete with promise to the world. Here, a good husband, the prop and the glory of a dependent family, is rudely assailed by the "King of Terrors," and his wife and little ones are thrown upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world; while he who is sunken in abomination, and leprous with crime, is suffered to survive, a withering curse to his family and his friends. On this hand, a mother, rich in all the qualifications of that important relation, is removed in the midst of her days, and when her invaluable services are most required; while she, who is dissolute and abandoned, and steeped in infamy, is left behind, an object of loathing and contempt. Here falls the lovely youth, in the midst of beauty and promise, and there the hoary-headed blasphemer lives on to utter still his horrid imprecations. Verily the dispensations of the Deity are perplexing. He cuts short the life of usefulness, he prostrates the "pillars of the church," he removes the ornaments of the state. What vacancies He creates! what bereavements He causes! what heart-bleedings and heart-breakings! "How frequently he strikes just

where we think he should not: and nothing in the universe can ward off the blow!" and yet, how strange! how inexplicable! he often spares the wretch that bares his bosom to the stroke, and begs that he may die! The world is full of such mysteries, and they all belong to the book of Providence. Enough can be seen, it is true, to illustrate the benevolence of the Deity; but by far the greater part is involved in impenetrable obscurity. Before we can understand the *whole*, we must wait until "we see as we are seen, and know as we are known." Then shall we perceive to our inexpressible delight, that

"Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

Thus have the volumes of Creation and of Providence been opened, and a few leaves been hastily turned over for examination. And who can fail to discover that great mysteries *abound* through the pages of each of them. If now, when the eye is directed to the word of inspiration, not a shade of uncertainty should be found to obscure its contents, while both of the other books intended for the same object, and derived from the same "Great Original," are shrouded in darkness and doubt, would not the infidel himself maintain, in supercilious contempt, that the same glorious Being would never act so contrary to himself:—that he would never be guilty of so palpable an inconsistency as, when he had given to man *two* transcripts of his will, which were crowded with things of "undecipherable import," to give him another, for the same purpose, from which every thing deep and inexplicable is excluded. Nor could such reasoning, on any correct philosophical principles, be answered.

But, thanks to God! the Bible is precisely analogous with the other volumes, which were written out by the finger of Divinity; for it has the same impress and superscription, and contains therein strong presumptive proof of its authenticity. It matters not how numerous, and how various the passages may be, that are fraught with mystery, provided they are not absurd or contradictory, and provided, also, sufficient truth is unfolded to our view. And such is, indeed, the fact. For as in creation sufficient light beams upon man to enable him to supply all the wants of his *current* existence, so in the volume of Revelation, enough and more than enough is intelligible to instruct him how he may fully prepare himself for future and unending being. The Bible, then, with all its sublime mysteries, and its elevated character, possesses the strongest intrinsic evidence of its authenticity and its inspiration. And unless it can be satisfactorily proved that these mysteries are absurd or contradictory, it will remain, through all time, an undisputed monument of Divine benevolence. Then, in the apposite language of the Poet,

"Here let us breathe; and happily institue
A course of learning, and ingenious studies."

Original.

SMALL CAUSES.*

A TALE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"Philosophers say—Man *can* do what he *will!* Does not each day's experience teach us that man is enforced to that which he wills? His will is but the result of predisposing causes, that fix his destiny. Talent—mental power—may accomplish much;—but chance more than all. And what are those powers, but the gifts of the same fetterless chance?"

The accomplished German writer, whose words I have translated, seems to lose sight of an overruling first cause. But such must be the reasoning of those whose philosophy looks not beyond the sphere of this world. Such is but a cold and sneering philosophy.

I am acquainted,—he continues,—with a history rather interesting, as it illustrates the influence of minor causes. It is that of Count Roderic von W——, who died prime minister, having risen to that dignity from the low condition of a baker's boy. It is hardly proper to say he rose; he was borne upward, against his expectation—against his wish. He himself told us his adventures. They are insignificant enough, and perhaps only commanded our attention by reason of the naïve and pleasant manner in which they were related. But as they bear upon the point I have alluded to, I shall here note down as much as I remember of them. If they serve no other purpose, they may beguile a few moments of leisure, and remain a memorial of the happy hours I have passed in the excellent old man's society.

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Roderic, as I have mentioned, was of humble origin. His father pursued the business of toll-gatherer in a small frontier town, and had limited means, but a good education, and some knowledge of the world. He spoke and wrote several languages with elegance, and was a tolerable draughtsman and musician; but these accomplishments contributed nothing towards the maintenance of his family. Wherefore? Fortune was not favorable to him. In his youth he had joined with several others in a dangerous

* From the German.

enterprise. Those who took part with him had wealth, families, and friends, and suffered nothing on the failure of their undertaking. He had none; was made the scape-goat for the rest, and received his reward in an imprisonment of ten years. After his release, he left his native land, where his name was disgraced; was a wanderer for some years, earning a precarious livelihood by teaching; then he became a clerk, on a very small salary, and finally obtained, by the special favor of a patron, the situation of toll-gatherer, in a frontier town. Here he became the husband of a pretty, though poor, damsel, and the father of Roderic.

He gave the boy an excellent education, for he had really brilliant parts; and the father hoped to make something of him, above his present station. But when he was ready to be sent to the university, the means of the toll-gatherer failed. He fell ill, and died; his wife had gone seven years before him.

Roderic was twenty years old, alone in the world, and without means of support, for all the toll-gatherer had left went to pay his debts. A few compassionate persons, however, supplied him with a small sum, and with this he went to a neighboring town, where lived a widowed sister of his mother. She kept a small shop for the sale of thread, matches, paper, etc. Roderic appealed to her kindness, informing her of his destitute condition; and the good woman embraced her nephew, and promised to take care of him.

She kept her word; receiving him into her house, and supplying the place of a mother to him. But she thought he needed advice as well as kindness. "You have nothing;" said she to him; "dismiss, therefore, all thoughts of the university. That is only for rich people. Your father had too much learning for his condition, and that was assuredly one of the chief causes of of his ill-luck. He was always soaring to the clouds, and thus all on earth went wrong with him. He threw away half-pence, because he wanted thalers; thus he was always poor. His mind was not with his everyday occupations; and he could not be where his mind was. That was his fault—heaven rest his soul! Do you better, Roderic. Throw away books, that only serve to turn your head. I will teach you something useful; you shall learn the trade of a baker. I am intimate with Master Birnenstiel; you shall go to him next week. I will give you half-a-dozen shirts, and a Sunday coat. You shall learn the business with him, and in three years you are your own master. He never wants who works, and one need not be hungry at the bake-trough."

Roderic could not oppose this design, because he knew of nothing better. But he would not give up his Cicero and Xenophon. He carried them with him to his new abode; and when he had no meal-bags to carry, or dough to knead, or errands to run for his mistress, he sat down in his chamber, and learned the odes of Horace.

Master Birnenstiel and his wife were ill-natured people, and often made the house hotter than the bake-oven for poor Roderic. But they had a beautiful daughter, who always spoke sweetly to the young man, and comforted him. Lissette was very indulgent. One of the most grievous of these faults was, that she held her pretty head very high, and would have disdained any advances towards love-making from a baker's boy. Nothing less than a lord or a prince, apparently, would suit her, though she could not help confessing that the baker's lad was handsome enough for one or the other.

This pride of her's was natural enough; for she was really courted by a prince; a crown-prince also, who happened, with his regiment of dragoons, to be quartered in that little town at that time. This youthful commander was an ardent admirer of beauty, and thought proper to vary the fatigues of his military duties by assaulting the heart of the prettiest girl in the hamlet. The prince was well skilled in this species of warfare. Yet Lissette promised to be no easy conquest; for she was a coquette by nature, and it required all the art and tactics of her noble lover to press the siege, with any prospect of success. In this play of "all for love," poor Roderic took an unwilling part. But he had to do as he was bid, and be alternately the bearer of meal-bags and billet-doux. The affair went on as might be expected; the prince laid closer and closer siege: the damsel showed signs of being willing to capitulate. Ah, how could a poor girl withstand a crown-prince?

Had Master Birnenstiel had the least idea of what was going forward, he would doubtless have wished his daughter's rosy cheeks and coral lips at the devil, and actually sent thither, in his rage, the poor billet-carrying lad. But the matter was kept a profound secret from the father, 'till betrayed by accident.

One evening the prince, disguised as a peasant, came to Master Birnenstiel's house. As luck would have it, Lissette stood at the door, looking at—the stars. Though the prince wore no star, she recognized him immediately; how could she help it, when he stood just before her? To

prevent his imprudence from betraying him to others, she invited him in; and as they heard her mother's step above stairs, she led him quietly into the back room, where Roderic, having finished kneading the dough, was sitting by a lamp, reading Homer. Before he looked up, Lissette snatched the volume from his hand, and pushed him out of the room, saying, in a whisper, "watch, if any one comes."

While Roderic obediently stood sentinel without, Prince Xavier within employed all his eloquence to paint the sufferings he had undergone while separated from the fair object of his love. Lissette had read romances, and heard him with evident emotion. She tremblingly alluded to the rank of her adorer. He swore, with tears in his eyes, that did fate permit, he could joyfully live and die with her alone. "In Heaven," said he, "there is no such thing as rank; nothing but love." It may be wondered at how the prince came by this knowledge, as he certainly knew very little of Heaven.

But Lissette listened with believing ears: for a prince, she thought, ought to know every thing. They vowed eternal affection. "And if we should ever be betrayed," she faltered, "Then we will perish together," cried the prince. "The river is at hand; I would clasp you in my arms—would impress on your lips a last kiss"—here he gave her the first—putting his arm round her waist, while she leaned on his shoulder, unresistingly, as if resigned to be his in life or death.

They seated themselves on what, in the dim light seemed to the prince, a sofa. Alas! it was the bake-trough, full of the newly kneaded dough! In struggling to extricate himself, the prince's dress was beplastered even to the shoulders; and when at last the lovers got out, the fatal trough, disturbed from its centre of gravity, tumbled to the ground with a prodigious uproar.

When Roderic, alarmed, rushed into the apartment, he stood aghast at the sight of the two dough-besmeared figures. Lissette's hands were covered, and also her cheeks, which, in her shame, she had hid in her hands. The prince stood bewildered. Master Birnenstiel, hearing the noise, rushed down stairs to see what was the matter. Roderic, who alone preserved his presence of mind, hastened into the entry, seized his master by the arm, and crying, "It is an earthquake!" hurried him out of the house. Master Birnenstiel obeyed the first impulse of self preservation, crying to Roderic, "Save my wife—my daughter!" and stood panic-struck, persuaded that the ground rocked under his feet. With all his rudeness, he was a God-fearing man, and had long ago prophesied that the town would be punished for its wickedness by some terrible calamity.

Roderic rushed back into the house, and warned the prince to fly. "But come you with me," cried the prince; "you must help me to clear myself, and to get to my lodging unobserved. If I were seen in this plight, I should be the laughing-stock of the whole regiment."

While Master Birnenstiel awaited the judgment that was to overwhelm the city, and his daughter changed her soiled dress, Roderic helped the prince home, who, when he had breath, thanked him for his friendly aid very warmly, and praised the wit that had invented the earthquake. "How shall I reward you?" asked he.

"Ah!" murmured Roderic, "if your Highness would only have the goodness to deliver me from my cruel master! I fear him now more than ever, for he will make me pay dearly for the earthquake, and discovery is inevitable. I should not wonder if he turned me out of doors. Ah—and I have lost my Homer, too."

"Your Homer!" repeated Xavier; and wondered that any young man could pursue such dry studies, under the same roof with so beautiful a damsel. This led to more questions; and Roderic told his whole story to the grateful prince, who had a generous heart, and resolved to place so studious a youth in a more genial sphere.

"Do not distress yourself on account of your master, Roderic," said he, "nor on account of Lissette; she will help herself out of the scrape. I will fulfil your wishes, and send you to the university. Here is money; go and get yourself better clothes. Go then to your aunt, take leave of her, and inform the baker that you quit his service. Be silent as to what has passed; come to me to-morrow at day-break, and tell no one who it is that assists you."

The grateful and delighted Roderic obeyed; informed his aunt of his good fortune, and directed her the next day to send word to the baker that having overturned the bake-trough, he feared returning to his service.

The business was speedily arranged; the good aunt fitted out her nephew admirably, counselled him to study well, and he might yet be a preacher, and dismissed him with tearful blessings. He had quite won the good woman's heart; so high, indeed did he stand in her esteem, that she not only never said a word more against his books, but regularly sent him afterwards, as a

birth-day present, two guilders enclosed in a letter, wherewith to buy himself new books.

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Roderic followed the counsels of his good relative, so far as to study very diligently; but he chose the profession of law, in preference to the church. The prince supplied him with money, regularly, for three years, at the end of which time he went on his travels, sending a last remittance, before he set out, to his protegé, who he promised should hear from him on his return.

Roderic devoted himself intensely to his studies, and when he had finished them, resolved immediately to set about some way of earning his own living. He wrote to his aunt to consult her upon his future movements. Instead of an answer from her, he received a letter in a strange hand, informing him that the good woman was on her death-bed, and desired to see him. He must make haste if he would see her again alive.

Roderic lost no time in packing up his clothes and papers; and set off without staying to bid adieu to his fellow students. One of them, Baron Henwen, by name, accompanied him a stage on his journey. This baron was a young man of talent, and accomplished as well as educated; generous and high spirited, but by no means inclined to dissipation, though liberally supplied with money by his father.

"Remember, Roderic," said Henwen, at their parting, "we have sworn to be friends as long as we live, and never to desert each other."

"I remember it, Henwen."

"Then, Roderic, if you should ever need my assistance, or that of my family, apply to us without hesitation. I will assist you; I will share with you all I have."

They embraced each other with tears, and parted, renewing their vows of friendship. Many such vows are exchanged between young men, but they are seldom remembered. Roderic, however, valued highly the regard of his friend, and anchored on it his hopes of happiness. The thoughts of him, and the sorrowful thoughts of his dying relative, so occupied his mind, that he forgot to eat or drink; he continued all night upon the road, and at noon, next day, stopped at a small inn, only two stations distant from the home of his benefactress.

He ordered dinner, being overcome with hunger and fatigue. While he was waiting for it, Master Birnenstiel entered the apartment. Roderic instantly greeted the baker, who hardly recognized his former apprentice. He informed him of his aunt's death; condoled with him in the best manner he knew; reminded him that man perishes like grass, and that his sainted relative had left him her sole heir. She had had been buried the day before.

This news overcame poor Roderic; he could not speak in answer to the baker, but walked unsteadily out of the room, to recover composure in the open air. He had loved his aunt; for she was all in the world to him; now she was gone, he was alone.

When the host and post-boy summoned him to dinner, he found Master Birnenstiel had departed. This he was glad of, for he wished to be alone. His long fasting had exhausted him, and he felt it necessary to force himself to eat.

The soup was brought in and tasted by him; but when the leg of mutton, with its savory sauce, was set before him, it brought to his mind so forcibly the last meal he had partaken with his lost relative, that his tears burst forth afresh. He wept as he carved the mutton, and ate while the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Good mother! she is sainted now!" he murmured, "and I wander alone on the earth; but she will not forget me, if the happy in Heaven are permitted to revisit those they loved here. Look down yet on the orphan, oh, kind spirit!" and while he spoke, he cut off another slice of the mutton which reminded him so much of her. Grief could not blunt the cravings of hunger! Then laying down his knife and fork, he leaned back, and lifted his eyes upward in an apostrophe to his departed relative. His eyes encountered a figure standing in the half opened door, which, at the first glance, he might have taken for the spirit he was invoking. The second informed him it was a beautiful girl of some fifteen years of age, who stood transfixed with astonishment at the sight of a young man devouring his dinner, and weeping at the same time. As she met his look, she darted away with a light, musical laugh.

"Ah, my lord counsellor!" cried she to a large man, who came slowly up the steps—"I beg you will go into the eating-room. There sits the handsomest young man I ever saw, crying his eyes out, while he is eating as fast as possible. I never, in my life, saw any one so hungry and so sorry at once. Go in, I pray you, and console him."

And she pushed the large man into the eating-room, where he went with apparent reluctance, and with repeated remonstrances of—"Be quiet, Countess!"

The young Countess seemed anxious for a nearer view of "the handsomest young man she

ever saw," for she followed the large man into the room, notwithstanding that his daughter, her friend, called after her repeatedly.

Roderic rose as the strangers entered, and would have withdrawn, but the Countess begged he would not suffer them to disturb him; and her voice was so sweet, and her face so lovely, that the young man lost the wish to go. The counsellor entered into a conversation with him, which began with the weather, and ended with Roderic's ingenuous history of his life—for the sight of his red eyes naturally prompted inquiry as to the cause of his distress.

"You must enter into some active occupation to divert your mind," said the counsellor, "and having just come from the university, you cannot yet have fixed upon any. I offer you a home in my house, and a secretaryship under me. We must learn to know each other, and afterwards, I may, perhaps, do well for you."

Roderic was startled by the proposal, and hesitated; but a glance at the young Countess, who stood looking at him with eyes expressive of sympathy and good will, took away from him all power to decline so excellent an offer. He accepted it the more readily, as the counsellor, before returning to the capital, was going to his country seat, not many miles distant from the town where Roderic's late relative had lived.

When the matter was decided, Countess Wilhelmina ran up stairs to tell her friend Gertrude all that had passed.

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Mademoiselle Gertrude was twenty years of age, a young lady of much beauty and sensibility, well versed in romance reading; the adventure just suited her taste; and the young man still more so. But she did not give utterance to all her admiration. Roderic accompanied them to her father's country seat, and entered on his duties as secretary. Before he had been domesticated a fortnight with them, he became a universal favorite. He forgot his sorrow, and forgot to claim his inheritance. He rode, danced, sang, and played the harp and piano with the young ladies; drew for them, and was so much at their service, that they never ceased praising the discernment and kindness of the counsellor, in attaching such a genius to himself. Herr von Landern himself thought he had secured a prize; for he soon perceived that his protegé had quicker perceptions, and more extensive knowledge than he had given him credit for. He entrusted him with important commissions, and often profited by his advice; nay, he even commissioned him to draw up a report on the condition of schools in the country, which was a part of the counsellor's holiday duty. The report was so quickly drawn, up and gave such satisfaction, that Herr von Landern was delighted. "Your fortune is made," cried he; "you are intended for something better than a mere copyist; continue with me a year longer, then I will recommend you to a situation in the Duke's service."

There was general regret when Roderic was forced to leave them for a few days, to go and receive the property bequeated to him by his aunt. Gertrude showed much feeling on the occasion, and wrote a sentimental sonnet, which, however, was never destined to be read by the young man. He never imagined that she cared for him, any more than the beautiful young Countess dreamed of the love with which she had inspired the secretary.

As soon as Roderic arrived in the town, his aunt's will was opened. She had left all the stock in her shop to a poor woman, a friend of her's; but her nephew received the sum of twenty-five thousand florins, the savings of her whole life.

Roderic inwardly blessed the memory of his relative, who had thus bestowed independence upon him, collected his property, set every thing in order, and before leaving the town, went to pay a visit to Master Birnenstiel, whose daughter he still remembered with regard. But Lissette had married a thrifty linen-weaver, a year after his departure for the university.

[*To be continued.*]

Original.

OH, WHEN WILT THOU BE MINE?

BY HENRY P. GRATTAN.

Thou art mirrored in the star-light,
Thou art mirrored in the sea,
Thou art mirrored in each tiny bud,
Thy form's the earth to me.
I know no music save the sound,
Of thy soft angel voice—
No bliss but when its melody
Doth bid my heart rejoice.

I see thee in my dreaming,
In radiant beauty bright,
And thy lovely smile seems beaming
Thro' the cold and silent night;
My lips can form no utterance
For any name but thine—
Thou life of life, and world of worlds,
Oh, when wilt thou be mine?

Original.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

BY SEBA SMITH.

I SEND you the following trifle, Mr. Editor, more, perhaps, from the reminiscence it calls up, than on account of the poetry itself. Many years ago, in passing through Providence, R. I., I stopped over night at a genteel private boarding-house. The keeper of the house, who seemed to have an interesting family around him, I inferred from what I saw and heard, had seen what might be regarded as better days, or, in other words, had met with pecuniary reverses of fortune. In the course of the evening, I partially heard him making some remarks to his family, which seemed to be a sort of lamentation over his hard fate, when a young daughter, with an interesting face, and a sad but sweet expression of countenance, looked up most consolingly into her father's face, and asked him this question. "Are riches every thing, pa?"

The sentiment, and the air, and the manner, all struck me forcibly and agreeably, and I could not but dwell upon the expression when I had retired to my room.

In the morning I handed the daughter a copy of the following lines, which I had scribbled off before retiring to rest. She slightly colored, and modestly courtesied, but if I remember right, neither of us spoke; nor have I seen her or heard of her from that day to this. But how do I know, Mr. Editor, but she may be one of the numerous subscribers to the Ladies' Companion? Or, if not a subscriber, how do I know but chance may throw the present number in her way, so that these lines, which she received in a scrawling hand more than twenty years ago, may now present themselves to her view in the fair type of your beautiful pages?

Should chance so direct, she will learn what she did not know then, the name of the writer; and she will learn, too, that the heart which so many long years ago was moved to sympathy by her simple and touching question, simple in expression, and touching in manner, is still warm with the impulses of life—is still "beating its funeral march to the grave?"

> "I saw her but a moment,
> Yet methinks I see her now,"
> With that gentle look of sadness
> Upon her lovely brow.

And whatever may have been her fortune in life, whether she has had joy or sorrow, or prosperity or adversity, or the highest happiness, or the deepest affliction that earthly considerations could bestow, let me tell her, this heart now, in its larger experience, can fully sympathize with her in the whole, for it has felt them all.

I send you the lines, caption and all, just as they were given to her.

Miss Esther, during the conversation last evening, I heard this question, "are riches every thing, pa?" I was pleased with the question, and with the manner in which it was asked. Will you excuse me if I offer you the following thoughts to which that question led me?

> Are riches all that mortals need,
> While pilgrims here below?
> Or when, I ask, has Heaven decreed,
> That wealth should be the choicest meed,
> That Heaven could bestow?
>
> I've seen a miser hug his gold,
> And count, and count, and count it o'er;
> But when I saw him friendless, old,
> A prey to hunger, toil, and cold,
> With all his wealth I thought him poor.
>
> I've seen a wealthy epicure,
> In deepest luxury swim;
> I've seen him in return endure
> Disease and pain; and he, I'm sure,
> With all his joys may rest secure;
> I ne'er can envy him.
>
> There is a wealth I would possess,
> A wealth from which I ne'er would part;
> There is a wealth I'll always bless,
> In hours of pleasure or distress—
> That wealth is treasured in the heart.

Original.

THE POETIC IMPULSE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

AWAY vain yearnings for a wild ideal!
Why tempt ye me, like visions from above?
Why throng round one who dwells amid things real,
Who quaffs the cup of earthly hope and love?

Away! away! and leave me still to follow
The varied path God gives me to pursue;
The joys of fancy are but false and hollow;
They shall not win me to forget the true.

Away!—nor tempt me with your bright revealings
Of poesy's sweet fairy land of dreams;
Better for me to nurse the gentle feelings
Which light my home with calm contentment's beams.

Away! away! ye make my footsteps falter,
When o'er my quiet way your fair forms come:
To her who serves at the Penates' altar,
The Delphic oracles must still be dumb.

Original.

SOCIETY.

BY MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

I saw, a few evenings since, a lovely young friend dressed for her first "grown up ball," and looking fresh and delicate as an opening rose. A rich white satin was the substratum of her dress, and over that, arranged with consummate skill, was a drapery of 'Tarlton,' or 'illusion,' or some substance, (if substance they may be called,) as transparent and fragile as they. There was no trimming, excepting the fine mecklin lace about the neck and sleeves, and here and there a flower, that seemed to have been drawn and attached to its place by the magnetic grace of the wearer. Natural flowers appeared interwoven by the same charm, with the rich braids of her hair. She wore but a single ornament, a bracelet of hair attached by an opal clasp—an opal of such rare size and beauty, that it could not escape attention. I said but a single ornament, for I dare not designate by a word, that implies man's art, the exquisite bouquet she carried, the flowers still fresh and odorous from the breath of their Creator.

After the carriage rolled away with this lovely vision, we sober, elderly people at home—("the dear middle aged")—fell into discussions of dress and society, and mesmerism, which, by degrees, subsiding into silence, I being seated amidst the soft, soothing comforts of a "sleepy hollow" of a chair, fell into something between a dream and a revery, which was naturally tinged with the hue of the preceding conversation. I seemed, to myself, endowed with a preternatural mental power analogous to that claimed by the mesmeric sleepers.

My spirit was present with my young friend in a brilliant drawing-room, and there her dress appeared to me but as the index of her mental and moral qualifications for society, or rather—(for it is difficult to explain this strange hallucination)—it was no longer composed of muslin lace, etc., but of mystical garments, which these substances indicate to the material eye. The satin was a foundation of firmness and stability, the muslin investment was an atmosphere of frankness, simplicity and purity—the mecklin lace, the fine accomplishments that give charm and variety to artificial life, and the natural flowers were the virtues that diffuse sweetness and happiness, no longer roses, geraniums, peliotropes, etc., but charity, benevolence, courtesy, trust, modesty, etc. But the potent charm was the bracelet. What had seemed to my waking eye but a braid of a departed friend's hair, became his memory, endowed with the power of a guardian spirit. The rich opal clasp that at every turn, reflected many colored light, became the mind of my young friend, a pure intelligence, receiving and continually giving out beams of intellectual beauty, originality, knowledge, reflection, imagination, had been to mortal seeming those exquisitely colored rays.

This new power I had acquired of discerning the immaterial through the material, extended to the company. Wit, humor, genius, science, modesty, true love, and cheerful benevolence, were there, but in what proportions to weakness, inanity, ignorance, folly, vanity, frivolity, self-complacency, I forbear to tell.

Some individuals were composed of mere mortality—the pure coxcomb was a mere shell of a man, like a plaster of paris cast, complete, externally, to the imperial, moustache, and eye-glass, but within, mere vacuity.

Dresses, fresh from the hands of Victorine, robes of satin, velvet, gauze, embroidered muslin and what not, which their owners gazed on with infinite self-satisfaction, were, to my eye, a dingy, weather-worn substance, woven of extravagance, vanity and pride, according to the dominant quality of the wearer.

There was something so shocking to my womanly feelings in this involuntary betrayal of the soul's secrets, that I suddenly awoke, and communicating my dream to a friend who was sitting by me, she said, "Your dreaming fancies are compounded of your waking notions. I admire wit, wisdom and goodness, perhaps as much as you do, but it seems to me that oracles of wisdom, and preachers of righteousness, would be out of place and out of season in a drawing-room. Just imagine Socrates or Corinna, at one of Mr. ——s' dinner-parties!"

"Socrates and Corinna," I replied, "are *booked* people, rather too classic to fit in to any modern frame-work. But the social value of genius and the graces, is not depreciated. When I dined with Mr. ——, I thought our friends L—— and C——, the one by his sparkling humor, and the other by her playfulness and benignity, cast the luxuries on the table into the shade. We might have dispensed with half the costly wines, and perhaps all the costly dishes, and received and retained quite as agreeable an impression of the entertainment. If we meet a very agreeable person at dinner, we remember it to the end of our lives, but who cares whether he drank, *last* week, '*Hermitage*' or Croton water—certainly not you nor I."

"You," replied my friend, "are talking from very narrow and personal experience. The two persons you have mentioned, are rare birds; you might dine out all winter and not meet their fellows. L—— is a person that every body likes—he has fine manners as well as fine talents—and C——s' beauty gives currency to all her other charms; besides, they both belong to the fashionable world, and there was nothing out of the way in having them. But if you were giving dinner-parties, you would, like the rest of the world, invite those who invite you, those to whom you are indebted, people in your own circle, you know."

"This is the argument *ad-hominem*, my friend. Because I trundle on in the worn rut, you must not conclude that no improvement can be effected. I am aware that no individual can break up the old mould and recast society. We must therefore make the most we can of existing institutions—we must sail with the current, instead of opposing it. We are not called on to invent vehicles for ballooning, but we can profitably use our wits in improving rail-road cars and steamers. We could both imagine more refined, more attractive forms of social life than the dinner-feast and the evening party, but these are the received forms, and it seems to me not impossible to infuse a better spirit into them."

"This sounds very well, but unhappily body and spirit go together, and society must be made up of such men and women as we have."

"You mean," I replied, "such men and women as we happen to have in a certain set. You will not pretend that among the three hundred thousand inhabitants of New-York, there is not social materials of the very best, to furnish forth a feast."

"No doubt there is, and suppose you had a divining-rod with which you might go forth and select from the mass, the witty and the wise—a pretty museum they would make when you got them together—animals of different elements—people of discordant tastes, habits, and modes of life, as incapable of the interchange of thought and feeling, as if they were strangers, speaking different languages. I confess, my dear friend, I prefer our old-fashioned realities to your dreams. My party may be dull, but yours would be intolerable."

"You condemn me unheard—you have not yet seen my programme. All that I ask is, that the social qualifications of the guests be made a distinct object in inviting a party—that we should seek clever and accomplished men and women, though they may not be of our particular set—that the quality of the guests at a dinner-party should be of more importance than the luxury of the viands—that the *attic* salt should be the indispensible condiment.

We both know families that starve their social natures, because they cannot, in the vulgar sense of the word, 'entertain,'—they cannot decorate their rooms with costly (useless?) furniture, nor cover their tables with luxuries. "Better is the shadow of a friend on your wall, than a statue of Phidias, or a painting of Raphael," certainly far better than champaigne, oysters, ices, or even *paté de foix gras*.

"You despair of improvement, my friend, and one great reform is already made, imposed, in part, by the stern necessity of the times, and in part by the good sense of those who are its leaders, and whose high position gives to them the "glorious privilege of being independent" in their modes of hospitality. During the passing season, Mrs. —— and Mrs. ——, and half a dozen others have received their friends on a certain evening of each week. There is no conventional tyranny as to dress or hours; you may go early or late, and dress in *demi* or *plain toilette*, as suits your taste and convenience.

"You have sometimes the best music the town affords, but no other luxury—a glass of lemonade, a cup of tea or chocolate, and a bit of cake, is the only tribute paid to the carnal nature so long pampered, and poisoned by excesses at late hours.

"Now, my friend, do not think me Quixotic if I recur to the idea shadowed forth in my dream. Let our young people transfer some of the thought and time they bestow on their dress, to a mental and moral preparation for society—let them teach their cavaliers that no Paris training in dress and conventionalism can be an offset against dullness and ignorance—let them remember there are objects of benevolence in the drawing-room—that there the sweet charities of smiles and kind words may be bestowed on the stranger, the timid, and the neglected. If they are among the rich in social gifts, they may thus befriend the poor—and if themselves the poor, let them receive slights with patience, and neglect with cheerfulness. There is no barren field in God's world, but good every where to be sown and reaped."

To do an ill action is base; to do a good one, which involves you in no danger, is nothing more than common; but it is the property of a truly good man, to do great and good things, though he risk every thing by it.—*Marius*.

Original.

CAPTAIN MILLAR.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her, that she did pity them."—*Othello.*

One summer afternoon, in the year 183—, an American ship of the first class was descried among the islands of Boston harbor, steadily approaching the city, under favor of a light breeze. The eye of an experienced mariner would doubtless have seen, at a glance, that the vessel was returning from a long voyage. To the view, however, of the various fishing parties in the bay, and of the few spectators who occasionally regarded her through a spy-glass from a distance, she not only appeared in fine order, but had an air of freshness and good trim that declared her under capital management. For several days, indeed, the crew had busied themselves to good purpose in garnishing their craft, to insure her handsome appearance on reaching port; and now the poor fellows had just finished putting themselves in land array, and, ever and anon, turned their sea-worn faces, with great cheerfulness, to the green shores which seemed to welcome their arrival. It is, in truth, one of the most pleasant things in the world to greet once more the stable earth, after a long abode upon "ocean's grey and melancholy waste." And desolate as that bay appears in winter, on an afternoon in June, beneath a cloudless sky, and to the gaze of men who had rocked on the waves for nearly five months, it seemed like an opening paradise. The mate, while he overlooked the preparations for a speedy landing, could not refrain from a low whistle of complacency, as he anticipated the delights of "going ashore." He walked the deck with unwonted buoyancy, and there was none of the accustomed sternness in his eye as he watched the sailors at their work. Indeed, he showed a marvellous alacrity and goodwill in lending Jack a hand when there was no necessity for so doing, which elicited a significant smile from more than one old salt, such a contrast was his behavior to the surly discipline *off soundings*. The excellent spirits of the mate were somewhat dashed, when, in one of his superfluous turns, he chanced to spy the Captain leaning over the bulwarks with the saddest expression of countenance he had ever known him to assume.

"A beautiful harbor this, sir," at length he observed, with a view to rouse his commander from his gloomy revery.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"Our pilot seems to understand his business, sir."

"Well enough."

"Is that Sullivan's island, sir?"

"Yes."

These terse rejoinders did but pique the mate's curiosity, which greatly increased, when, on returning from the cabin after making his toilet, he beheld the Captain in the same position, gazing as dejectedly upon the lovely scene around him, as if the islands had been so many icebergs, and still wearing his sea-jacket and tarpaulin. At length he ventured to intrude upon this protracted silence, with an inquiry relative to the ship's papers, and having fairly engaged his attention, determined to "pluck out the heart of his mystery" by a bold interrogatory. "Excuse me, Captain, but it strikes me as a little strange, that while I, who was never in Boston in my life, feel so glad at the sight of the State-House, you should look with such indifferent eyes upon your home."

"Sir," replied the Captain, mournfully, "I have no home."

The mate retired, but his inquisitiveness was changed to respectful sympathy, at discovering that so able a seaman and true-hearted a man, as he knew his chief to be, could survey the pleasant features of his native landscape, after years of absence and successful adventure, without a single association of joy. He recalled the devoted care which he had bestowed upon one of the crew, who fell ill during the voyage, and died at last in his arms, with his parting sigh, blessing his name. He thought of the brave self-devotion which led him to toil all night for a countryman in the East Indies, in rescuing property from the flames. A thousand instances of similar generosity rushed upon his mind, and he asked himself how a man thus overflowing with noble sympathies, and, strict disciplinarian as he was, idolized by his crew, and with warm friends in every port, should be so forlorn at home.

The ship was soon safely moored, and the Captain having very leisurely made the requisite arrangements, stepped upon the wharf with as little apparent interest, as if he had left a ferry boat, and strolled along the busy streets, without a single glance of curiosity. He smiled meaningly, however, once or twice, when he was passed by some bustling pedestrian with a careless nod of recognition, plainly indicating how little he had been missed. At length, he was comfortably seated in his lonely room at the Tremont House, watching the "familiar faces" as they passed. "After all," he mused, "desolate as I am, it is

better to have been a wanderer and an outcast than to have suffered my free soul to be cramped and clouded like many of these sons of Mammon. There goes P———, with the same stiff walk and iron visage, a man who has been scraping up lucre in this town, ever since I was a boy. He can conceive of no spot in the universe so attractive as State street, and thinks it the height of glory to be President of a Bank. And here comes H———, poor devil, how cadaverous he looks! he joined the Temperance Society and the Grahamites to save the expense of wine and meat. How a voyage would expand *his* ideas! Ah, on the opposite side is plodding Deacon S———, who fancies he can unite the miser and Saint, in one character, and believes, that to cheat in trade every day in the week, and go to church on Sunday, comprises the whole duty of man." The Captain's soliloquy was suddenly arrested by the appearance of another personage, who seemed to excite in his bosom, feelings too deep for words. He became much agitated, and the object of his attention, happening to cast his eyes towards the window, manifested both alarm and surprise, and evidently quickened his pace, with a view of evading notice; but the eager gestures of the Captain, finally induced him to enter the house. "Now," said the former, ushering the stranger into his apartment, "explain this treachery. What a pack of cowards you all are! I overcame all objections before my departure, and placed in your hands ample testimonials in support of my character. You professed yourself satisfied. My slanderers withdrew. I started on my voyage with the happy conviction, that on my return, Adeline would be mine. This hope cheered my toil; her letters came regularly, breathing the deepest affection, when, just as I was preparing to embark for home, arrived that cold-blooded renunciation, which, I never will believe was written by *her*, and your brief epistle, as her guardian, ordering me never to see her more. Now, sir, I *will* see her. She shall confirm with her own lips, this cruel resolution."

"No, Captain," replied his companion, with some confusion, "it must not be. Adeline has thought better of her rash engagement. You were never designed for each other. She requested me to ask you, as a man of honor, not to intrude upon her retirement. Her sister has married a clergyman since you were here, and they all live together. Unless you enter the house by force, you cannot see Adeline. I have done my duty, sir,—good evening."

Captain Millar had the misfortune, when quite a youth, to fall under the care of an unprincipled step-mother, to escape whose tyranny he turned sailor. Rapidly advancing in his profession, he had been for several years in command of East India ships, and was one of the most successful masters in the trade. The only being with whom he claimed affinity, at the outset of his career, was a sister younger than himself, whose affection alone served to attach him to the spot of earth where he was born. On returning from his previous voyage, he found this beloved girl quite ill, and exhibiting symptoms of consumption. He at once determined to remain on shore a year, and devote himself to her welfare. Among other remedies suggested by the physicians, was horseback riding; and every day of the long and dreary winter, he accompanied his sister to an equestrian school, where, sheltered from the elements, she could engage in this noble exercise. For this purpose they selected an hour in the day when the circus was least frequented. It so happened, however, that they invariably met a young and beautiful lady who came thither from a similar cause, and whose sympathy for the sufferer was immediately awakened. Day after day, the two ladies rode together, knowing nothing of each other except by name, while the captain stood by, carefully watching his charge, and in his heart rejoiced that his sister's rides were made cheerful by so sweet a companion. One day, by mistake, the former was mounted on an unmanageable horse; a noise in the street frightened him, and he rushed headlong through the arena. The attendant sprung forward and caught the bridle, but the fiery animal dashed by him, and a moment only seemed to intervene between his lovely burden and destruction, when her brother threw himself before the horse, released his sister's foot from the stirrup, and bade her spring. In a moment, she was in his arms. It was the work of an instant, but so gallant an action had the effect to turn the attention of the only other lady present, upon the hero of the moment. To gain, even for once, the devoted regards of a woman, is half the battle. Adeline B———, was not only distinguished for beauty; her mind was highly gifted, and her modest graces were only equalled by her quiet independence of character. She had been sought, by what are called eligible young men, without a particle of success. They were attracted chiefly by her wealth, and she had the discernment to perceive, and the self-respect to despise their motives. A few weeks after the adventure above described, the fair invalid in taking leave of Adeline, after their ride, expressed her regret that for the present they should meet no more, as her health

was sufficiently restored to enable her brother to proceed on a long meditated voyage to Calcutta.

"When does he sail?" asked Adeline, in a tone which betrayed an interest deeper than mere curiosity.

"To-morrow, Madame," answered the Captain, approaching her with deference, "perhaps you have friends there; if so, how happy should I be to attend to any commands."

"No, I thank you, sir; it only occurred to me, —that is—it seemed not treating *your* friends quite right to leave them so abruptly."

"My dear Madame, with the exception of my sister, I have not a friend here."

"Oh, yes, one more," she replied archly, and holding out her hand.

It is easy to anticipate the result. Like Othello, "upon this hint," the Captain spoke. His voyage was indefinitely postponed. It was discovered that his sister's health, after all, required continued rides, and moreover, that as the weather became warmer, the open air was far preferable; and a happier party never explored the beautiful environs of Boston, than Captain Millar, his betrothed and his sister, during the early days of that happy summer.

When it was proclaimed, that the fastidious, and accomplished, and *rich* Adeline B———, was about to marry a sea-captain, whom nobody knew, great was the indignation in the city of the Pilgrims. In certain fashionable circles it was voted "unbecoming a moral and religious people," to suffer the thing to proceed; and in others, declared "a burning shame" and "a perfect sacrifice." The next question was how to prevent it. Adeline had too much spirit to allow interference, and too much honest pride to be made the dupe of local prejudice. At length, a knot of malevolent gossips hit upon the scheme of opposing the match, on the ground, of what they assumed to be the Captain's notoriously bad character. They exaggerated every weakness, and denied every fine trait of his disposition; they raked up, with the vilest assiduity, every peccadillo they could, with the least show of reason, lay to his charge; and finally, they suborned a vulgar woman to bring against him an action for breach of promise. When the storm burst upon the lovers, the injustice of the slanderers, made Adeline cling more devotedly to one who suffered thus for her sake, while the honest Captain took his enemies by surprise, by the promptitude of his measures. He proved the falsity of many of the accusations, others he frankly confessed; he produced the most triumphant evidences of his probity and faithfulness from the merchants, who had employed him. Those who charged him with mercenary motives, he challenged to repeat the insinuation to his face; and the lawyer who was about to institute proceedings on the basis of a lie, was effectually frightened by the threat of a severe flogging. In a month, the disappointed overseers of Adeline's happiness, retreated into surly acquiescence, and the Captain having witnessed his sister's marriage and departure for the South, embarked on his last voyage. It was prolonged much beyond his impatient wishes, and his enemies basely renewed their machinations, intercepted his letters, and persuading Adeline she was forgotten, until they wrung from her, when prostrated with a fever, the recantation of her plighted troth. Fortunately, however, they had not been able to induce her to form another engagement, which was the prime motive of their treachery. An acquaintance of Captain Millar's lived near the residence of Adeline, and from the shrubbery at the end of his garden, the dwelling of her clerical brother-in-law was clearly visible. There her betrothed posted himself on the day after his arrival, which happened to be Sunday. Just as the second bell began to ring, the door opened and the minister emerged with his wife on one arm, and Adeline on the other. The Captain followed them, at a distance, until they came to a narrow side-walk, when his beloved withdrawing her arm, fell to the rear. He stole to her side, checked her cry of surprise, and seldom has a walk to church, been the occasion of a more satisfactory interview than ensued. When the minister looked from the pulpit into his pew, he was not a little astonished to see a stranger on such pleasant terms of intimacy with his pretty sister-in-law; nor was his surprise much diminished, when, on the following evening, he found himself officiating at her wedding.

Original.

FIRST LOVE.

BY T. R. HOFLAND.

Oh, give to me, the lowliest forest flower
Which mine own hand, fresh from its virgin stem
Hath plucked; before the brightest fairest gem
That ever graced the garden or the bower,
If it hath bloomed upon *another's* breast;
So with the heart of woman;——I could see
No charm in e'en an angel's witchery
If by another she had been caressed.
Oh! give to me some simple village maid,
The pure endearments of whose artless love,
I first may waken, and alone may prove,
Who ne'er hath been or hath herself betrayed,
Give me with her remote from cities rude,
To live and die in sylvan solitude.

Original.

PLANTING TREES.

The culture of flowers, has, from the earliest times, been considered a feminine employment. When the first man was placed in the "garden to dress and to keep it," his more fragile companion wrought with him among the plants and blossoms, bright with dews of Eden. According to the text of Milton, she busied herself, also, in the training of trees, aiding her lord,

> "Whenever any row
> Of fruit-trees, over woody, reach'd too far
> Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check."

The planting of trees, both for fruit and shade, has, in various parts of our country, been successfully pursued by females. On large estates, or in new settlements, when stronger hands have been monopolized by rougher toils, she has taken under her own superintendance a branch which was to bear directly on domestic comfort, as well as to heighten the beauty of the domain. In the vernal season, which is usually considered most congenial to this purpose, it is pleasant to see the lady of the establishment coming forth amid the new, springing grass, or turning awhile from the freshly broken mould of her flower-bed, to attend to the nobler, and more enduring productions of Nature. With the aid of a boy, and a few simple implements of husbandry, she will be fully equal to the science of transplanting. Some practical directions are subjoined for those who may be willing to operate in this useful department.

Each tree should be taken up with great care, that its roots may be broken as little as possible. Mark accurately the spot where you desire the tree to stand, and have the cavity dug of sufficient depth and breadth, to allow the delicate fibres to be gently expanded, without touching the sides of the hard earth, and to have the uppermost, about four inches below the common surface. Have the soil which is taken from the pit, laid by the side of it, and every clod broken, and crumbled as finely as possible. Then place the tree in its new home, and hold it firmly erect, while the earth is, at first, filled in lightly, and each root laid in a natural position. When the cavity is evenly filled, begin and tread first on the outer circle, and thus round and round, until the stem or trunk is reached—not violently, but so as to make the soil gently and firmly embrace the stranger in its hospitality. Pour water on the roots, and finish with a slight mound, which shall leave a little cavity around the tree, to retain moisture, unless the locality is of itself too humid.

When the soil is unfriendly, and must be removed, for instance, where it is a stiff, clay basin, more care is requisite. If it is a shade-tree, and destined to obtain a considerable size, remove the soil to the depth of three feet, and the width of four, each way. Procure a sufficient quantity of dark colored loam, or earth, drawn from the bottom of a river or pond, cast out all the stones, and break small the adhesive masses, fill in at the bottom sufficiently to raise the tree to its proper level, then while it is held in a right position, do not hesitate to step into the pit, and lay with your fingers each root and fibre at ease in their new bed, while the fine earth is sifted in among them. When they are covered, pour on half a bucket of water, and if you have rich, decomposed, vegetable or chip manure, add a layer of it, and fill up to the surface, and tread down as in the former directions; then pour on the remainder of the bucket of water, and finish in a mound with a cavity. Water at sun-set for some time, should the season prove dry, and add a little ashes to the water. Soapsuds is nutritious to most trees; and it is well at commencing the transplantation, to rub their bodies and principal boughs with a coarse cloth dipped in soft soap.

Trees that are transplanted in autumn, need to be trimmed rather closely, and if they will be subjected to the action of high winds, should have stones laid around them to keep their roots more firmly, and layers of straw to repel injuries from frost.

Surely, none will consider this labor too great, to secure the growth of a healthful and beautiful tree, which may cast its grateful shade over a future generation. Every revolving year its improvement will be watched with interest and delight. Sir Walter Scott has spoken often and fervently of the "pleasures of planting." These pleasures may be correctly and conveniently shared by the sex, which has so long busied itself with training the frail plant, and nursing the tender blossom. The greater part of the fine trees at Barley-Wood, were planted by the hand of the venerable Mrs. Hannah More, and a cabinet table which attracted the attention of many visitants, was inlaid with small diamond shaped pieces of wood, from the different trees of her own planting and nurturing. Would it not be pleasant, to be remembered by a lofty grove, which should be a covert from the noon-tide beams, to the friend and the stranger, give shelter to the sweet choristers of the air, and lifting heavenward an arch of living verdure, grow more and more beautiful, while we lay mouldering in the tomb?

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Original.

CANTERBURY BELL.*

Dreaming ever—ever dreaming,
Through the dance of summer hours,
Which are by thy dark eyes counted
On a dial of the flowers?
Would that they touched others lightly
As they touch their rosy stems,
For thee, Lady, sweetly, brightly
Wearing dewy diadems.

Dreaming ever! Fairy vision
Wrapped in many a hue elysian—
Dancing on like olden stories,
Shaded sometimes—then upspringing,
With a thousand rainbow-glories,
'Round and o'er it calmly winging.
Dreamest thou of Beauty tender,
Flourishing in martial splendor?
When the dear one heard the rattle
Of the sternly steel-clad battle,
Knowing that her image sparkled
Where the war's wild river darkled,
Lit her warrior's spirit, glowing
Still, while thousands round him perished,
Firmly, forth defiance throwing,
As a mountain-rock star-cherished!

Dreamest thou of Lovers' twining
Heart-wreaths over altars shining,
While the passion-words are sweeping
Through thy soul like fragrant fire
Which, of old, came redly leaping
From the Persic minstrel's lyre?
Not of these, sweet Lady, dreaming!
Other thoughts, far nobler, teeming,
In thy mind so full of grace,
Throw a sunshine o'er the face.

Not the student pondering lonely,—
Not the sages teach us only;—
Voices cry from stillness—motion—
From the Earth, and from the ocean—
From the star-light soft descending—
From the blue sky o'er us bending,
Ever nearing—never ending;
Even the flowers have many a word
By the multitude unheard.

These have taught thee, Star of Beauty!
Many a lesson, many a duty!
Lovely teachers never weary—
Never, with a cold world, dreary:
Still their lessons, like a tune,
Breathed soft beneath the softest moon,
Sink silently into our hearts,
Sink silently as dew on flowers,
Which, with their changing petals make,
A dial for the summer flowers.

W.

* See second plate.

Original.

MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

"I would not live alway."

Oh! why do we cling with such fondness to earth!
Its smiles are delusive, and short-lived its mirth;
The objects we dote on,—the lovely and true,
On Time's rapid current are gliding from view:
With the fleetness of day,
They are fading away,
And nothing, no! nothing their progress can stay.

Why cling we to earth! its attachments though sweet,
Are fragile as bubbles when rude billows meet;
Its beauty is transient as sunset's rich light,
That dazzles a moment then fades from the sight:
All its pleasures assume
The impression of gloom,
Arrayed in a wanton and treacherous bloom.

When the warm tide of life by old age is chilled,
And the pulses of passion erst restless are stilled;
When the roses of beauty are nipped by the frost,
And the fervor of youthful affection is lost:
Oh! why then should we dread
To lie down with the dead,
When the joys, which we covet, are withered and fled!

From the bosom of winter glad Spring will arise,
Enamelled with flowrets of delicate dyes;
The fountains will gush from their fetters away,
And the woodland resound to the nightingale's lay:
But death only has power,
When our charms are all o'er;
An immortal and glorious youth to restore. W. G. H.

Original.

ELENOR LONG.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

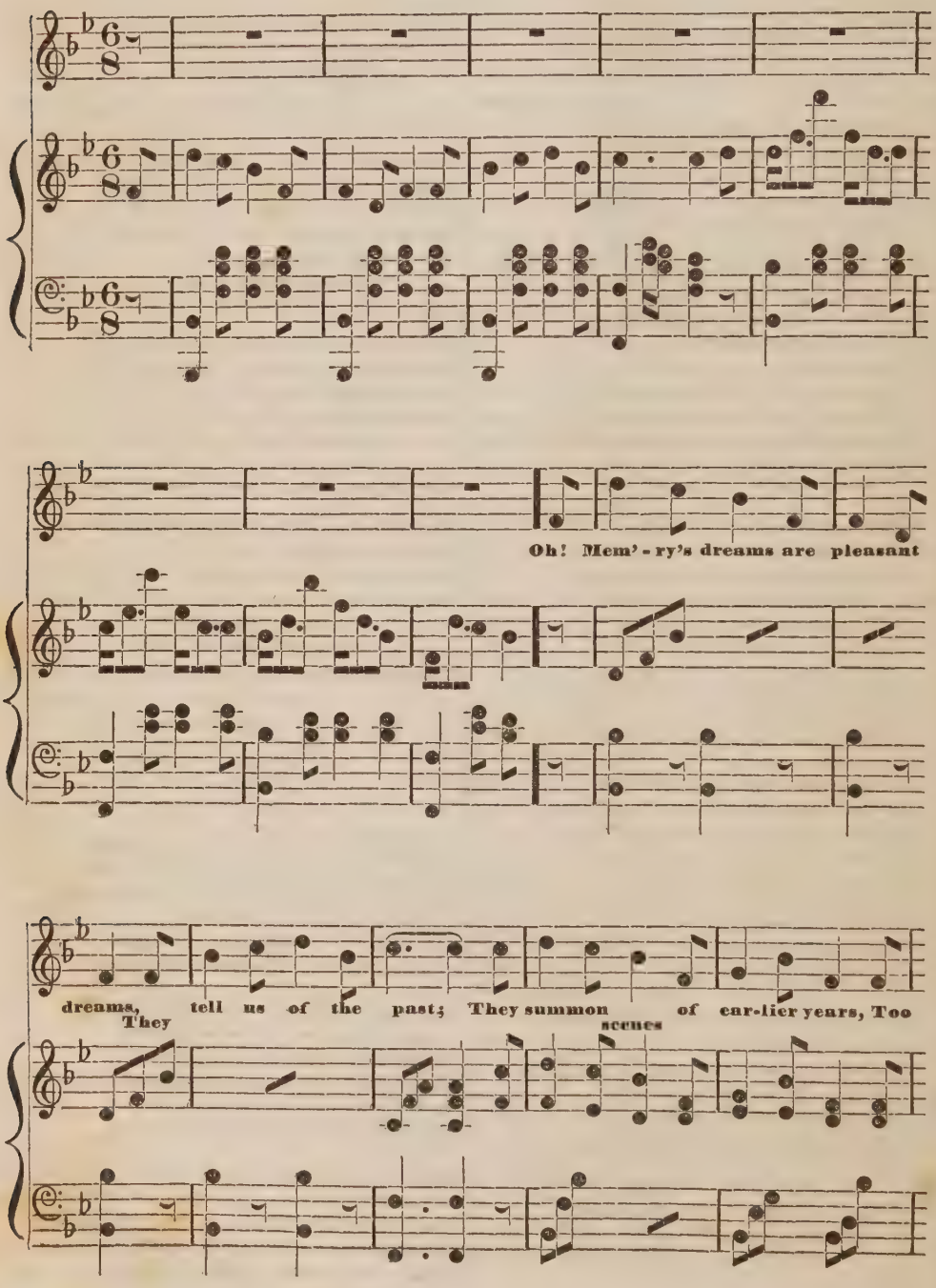
Her eyes are the eagle's—bewild'ringly bright;
Her long streaming tresses—the shadows of night;
Her cheeks have a lustre that shine through a skin
As pure as the innocent spirit within;
Her lips are as lute-chords whence melodies throng,
Like songs from the spirit-land—Elenor Long!

The days of the tourney are over, and dust
Concealeth the helmet half-eaten with rust;
The falchion is broken, the barderol furled,
And knighthood hath passed, like a dream, from the world;
But the troubadour liveth to hail her in song,
As peerless and perfect—fair Elenor Long!

I know she is passionless, haughty and cold;
But the proudest are ever first won by the bold,
And the heart that is coldest burns fiercest when fired,
Like that of the poet by passion inspired;
And so I will seek her in right, or in wrong,
To win her and wear her—dear Elenor Long!

THE COT BENEATH THE HILL.

WORDS BY JAMES F. OTIS, ESQ.—MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY W. J. WETMORE.



pure - ly bright to last! Oh! mem'-ry brings me back my home, Its mos - sy bank, its
rills, . . Its whisp'ring woods, And pic-tures me, The Cot beneath the hill,
The Cot be-neath the hill!

2 She minds me of the blissful hours,
In boyhood there I spent,—
And sings me songs I used to love,
With happy voices blent,
She tells me tales I used to hear,
And well remember still;
How quick her magic wand can rear
That Cot beneath the hill!

3 I see its roof of yellow thatch,
I see its eddying smoke,
I hear the carol of the lark,
That upward blithely woke;
The bleating sheep, the lowing kine,
The swallow, twittering shrill,
And song-like footsteps tripping round
The Cot beneath the hill.

4 And pleasant memories greet me now,
Of forms and faces dear,
Which, even through the misty past,
Full fresh and fond appear!
Oh! Retrospection's wond'rous power,
This heart with bliss can fill,
Whene'er it paints, in lines of light,
The Cot beneath the hill.

Original.

"SEEK NOT TO LIFT THE MORROW'S VEIL."

Oh, God! why should the breast desire
Thy hidden mansion to unclose?
A limit to the mind's desire,
Is where the dead inurned repose.
For dumb futurity reveals
A hideous spectre wan and pale,
And this the frozen conscience feels
"Which seeks to lift the morrow's veil."

The mourner at the sepulchre—
The infant dallying 'mid the flowers—
Expectant maidenhood in smiles—
Recording the unfettered hours;
The breast which glows with fire divine—
The truth that terror cannot quail—
Vainly with faith and hope combine,
"To lift the morrow's sombre veil."

Go bid the leaping mountain rill,
To stay its flight, and still its roar!
Go ask Vesuvius' fount to chill
Her burning lava into ore;
The thunder e'en to hush its tone,
The whirlwind to give up its wail,
When they shall each obedience own,
Then man may "lift the morrow's veil."

The present hours are ever rife,
With nature's high interpretings,
To one untainted with the strife,
The world around our pathway flings.
The mental gaze, however strong,
Can never pierce that shadowy vale
Through which celestial pilgrims throng,
Screened by "the morrow's dusky veil."

To-morrow! oh, how oft that word,
By radiant lips is gaily spoken,
When hope comes like the envoy bird,
Which brought the patriarch's olive token.
When lovely lids with tears are wet,
While dreaming o'er her maiden sorrow,
Time here may his insignia set,
And there will never come a *morrow*.

H. H. CLEMENTS.

Original.

FARE THEE WELL.

Farewell! whate'er my lot may be,
While tossed on life's tempestuous sea;
'Till every nerve in death shall thrill,
I'll love thee, love thee, love thee still!

Should storms of sorrow o'er my path
Unfold their raven-wings of wrath,
Or pleasure strew my path with flowers;
I'll change not with life's changing hours.

Farewell! may peace thy steps attend,
'Till life's brief pilgrimage shall end;
Then may we meet on that bright shore,
Where farewell tears are shed no more!

EDITORS' TABLE.

With the present issue we greet our numerous readers with the second number of the new volume of the "Ladies' Companion and Literary Expositor." While the recent great improvements, which we have made in the mechanical, artistical and literary character of our magazine, have elicited the most elaborate encomiums of our readers and the press, we are determined to spare neither labor nor expense to continue the "Ladies' Companion" on an eminence not only unattained, but unapproachable. The style, and beauty, and classical elegance it already combines, are unequalled by any of its competitors. With a brilliant array, of the most distinguished writers of prose and verse in the country, employed to contribute to our columns, the articles which adorn the pages of the "Companion," from month to month, shall be of the highest order of correct taste and literary excellence. To mingle, in proper proportions, the instructive with the entertaining, will be our aim, and this object we shall be abundantly able to accomplish. As a desire for the *pictorial* prevails extensively among our readers, the costliest and richest plates from the burins of the most celebrated engravers, will embellish the future issues of our work, in addition to the quarterly plates of fashion. In its present elegant form, with the richest flowers of intellect, blooming through its pages the "Companion" presents superior claims upon the favor of the reading public.

Mrs. Southey and Mrs. Sigourney.—The absurd story which has been going the rounds of the daily papers, respecting a certain correspondence between Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Southey, would be scarcely worth noticing in this place, were it not for the fact, that while almost every journal has propagated the scandal, comparatively few have taken the trouble to notice its refutation. Those who enjoy the pleasure of Mrs. Sigourney's acquaintance, need no new assurance to convince them that she is as eminently gifted in the virtues which adorn private life, as in the talents which enable her to minister to the intellectual tastes of the reading public. But to those who only know her as an author, it may be necessary to state, that a few days after the appearance of the "imported slander" among us, the Hartford Courant contained a single statement of facts, which at once disproved it, without the aid of argument.

E. C. E.

North River Steam-boats.—The steamers, constituting the regular line, that now ply upon the waters of the Hudson, are unrivalled in the beauty and symmetry of their model, the splendor of their accommodations, and the practical skill and science and gentlemanly deportment of their officers, by any similar boats in the union. A wonderful degree of improvement has been expended upon all our steam-propelled vessels, but in none of them does it appear to so manifest advantage as in those upon the North River. But experience is the most satisfactory judge in these matters; therefore, let him who wishes to realize their superior fleetness, and their admirable provisions for comfort, just try them *once*, and he will try them *again and again*. The Empire, the Troy, the Rochester, the South America, the North America, and the Swallow, are now in daily use, and the Cataract, and the Great Western, (both new boats,) will be added to the line in the course of the summer.

National Academy of Designs.—It is impossible, in the short space we can appropriate to a notice of those matchless productions of the pencil, which have been brought together under the auspices of the academy, to allude to them singly, or to do them justice as a whole. It must suffice to say that they constitute a varied collection of elegant and instructive paintings, among which are forcible illustrations of impressive and affecting historical incidents. Any one, who would be glad to see some of the most celebrated characters and circumstances of the past, as well as the present, pictured in all their reality to the eye, would do well to visit the National Academy of Designs.

SPRING.—Winter has at length retired, after an impotent struggle to usurp the empire of his rightful successor, and Spring, the lovely Spring, is here, with her brow wreathed with wild flowers, and her face beaming with soft and sunny smiles. If there be a time when all nature bounds in exstacy, and the heart of man leaps responsive to its gushing joyousness, it is at the opening of the vernal season.

The groves, that were leafless and bare, as though death had robbed them of their greenness and verdure, and left them to eternal wildness and sterility, are now clothed in the richest garniture, and vocal with the delicious music of the sweet songsters, whose throats are swelling always with the melody of praise. It is delightful to wander now amid the solitude of the country, remote from the hum and the bustle of city life, and lift up holy hands and devout aspirations to Him who has wisely ordained the beautiful variety that crowns the succession of the seasons. From the thoughtless child, to the grey-haired veteran, all classes of society are eager to rush from the confined air of the parlor, to look out upon the bright blue sky, and inhale the pure air that nature breathes every where around. Youth has been compared with spring, and how happily. They possess the same brightness and beauty, the same wild music and merry laugh, and are alike subject to the rapid transition from smiles to tears. It is in childhood, too, as it is in spring, that those seeds are sown, which bring forth a harvest of distinction and virtue, or vegetate in a rank growth of infamy and woe.

Welcome! thrice welcome, gentle Spring!
A golden bloom
Thy light and radiant footsteps fling
O'er winter's tomb.

The birds of every note divinely sing
Their tuneful lay;
As poised on soft and dappled wing,
They soar away.

The sparkling drops of pearly dew
Have kissed each flower;
That opes its petals to the view,
In grove or bower.

All nature glows with purest love
By day and night;
May man direct a prayer above,
For life and light!

It will be well occasionally to seek the cool breezes of woodland and dell. It will enliven our spirits, refresh our bodies, and enkindle those glowing sentiments in our bosoms, which will remain while life shall endure, as bright oases in the wastes of memory.

NEW MUSIC.—James L. Hewitt, 239 Broadway, and Firth and Hall, Franklin Square, have issued two of Russell's celebrated songs—The Newfoundland Dog, and the Dream of the Reveller, also, the Suitors, a Ballad, as sung by Miss Lewis. Music by Horn, words by George P. Morris.

ORATORY.—Our own free, and glorious land, is full of Genius, and how ineffable is the satisfaction to perceive citizens, whose every faculty has hitherto been enslaved in the engrossing cares of commerce, unlock their mind's chamber, and manifest a spirit aspiring to more refined and exalted pursuits, as well as appreciating the struggling efforts of those, who aim at ameliorating the miseries of the unfortunate.

The subjoined gladiatorial burst of forensic eloquence, emanated from our esteemed contributor, William Wallace, Esq., in a temperance oration, recently delivered in this city. For imaginative declamation, our Orators, are said to eclipse those of Europe, and well does this effort verify the assertion, especially, if the effect it produced, be a criterion of its merit.

"Fearful as I am of wearying, after so long a display of beauty, eloquence and intellect, as this night has produced, I cannot take my seat without attempting to impress on my young countrymen especially, a grand and important truth, which may be deducted from this sublime spectacle. That truth is this—VIRTUE, and not INTELLECT, is the Immortalizer. Do not suppose that I mean to underrate the mental capabilities of the great men whom we this night extol. Powerful as they may be, however, it is not to intellectual majesty that we have rendered our homage. No, no, we have thrown our votive wreaths before the shrine of MORAL grandeur.

And is it just? A Curtius, to preserve Rome, threw himself into a yawning gulf, and Curtius is the star of that empire. A Lafayette, leaving the luxuries of a court, and the shining ranks of a nobility, flew across an ocean to aid man struggling for his rights; and who would exchange his fame for the memory of a Napoleon? A Howard weighed human woe in the scales of his benevolence, and relieved human wretchedness. Who would barter his reputation for the insignia of a Wellington? A Warren poured out, in his life-blood, the first libation on the altar of American freedom, and the spot which holds his frame is holier far

Than all the pyramids which we
Have ever yet to mortal built—
Who aimed to gild a memory
Which stood on self or laurelled guilt!

Man may admire genius, but he almost adores the benefactor, the philanthropist; for in him he beholds the MORAL starting out pure, beautiful, and immortal, rising above Time, and sealed by eternity. (cheers) Then depend not on intellect alone. By it, it is true, you may pluck the deepest secret from the bosom of the earth, or unveil the most awful mystery of the universe. The very elements may cower at your feet; the very stars may whisper in your ears of their ingoings and outgoings,

While they roll
In silent pomp, around the central soul.

Ay, you may chain creation to your car, still, still you will find that if MIND is a giant, VIRTUE is an angel.

When the song of Milton may have died into a faint whisper in the ear of the future: when the voice of Mireabeau may wander echoless around the tombs of the old, and the cradles of new generations; when the sublime theory of Newton may have been subjected to the fickleness of humanity, and fade before some other starry scheme—the glory of Howard, Mathew and Washington, shall beam the unfading light of all nations, and the worshipped Cynosure of all time. (Rounds of applause.) Yes! yes! When the wreath of the bard shall wither; when the production of the sculptor shall have mouldered into dust; when the voice of the orator shall have died on the lips of antiquity; when the fame of the warrior shall be no longer recorded by the hymning minstrel; when the theory of the philosopher shall bear upon its ruins the splendid columns of some other planetary vision—that which hallows the cottage, and sheds a splendor around the palace shall never decay! It is written in blazing capitals on the pillars of Heaven, and reflected down to earth; it is celebrated by the angels of God around the great white throne!"

HOBOKEN: *Harper & Brothers.*—Such is the title of a charming novel, the production of Theodore Fay. It has been out of our power to examine it but cursorily, and yet we have read it enough to discover that the plot is well conceived, and skilfully and effectively drawn out. Like the previous writings of the author, it abounds in fine thoughts finely expressed; and what may be regarded as its most attractive and redeeming feature is the vein of excellent moral sentiment that pervades it. The strictures upon duelling, may be thought by some to be too elaborate, but their healthy tone, and the fascinating garb in which they are arrayed, may render them productive of a vast amount of benefit.

JOHN TYLER: *Harper & Brothers: His history, character, and position.*—This is a small pamphlet of forty pages, prepared by a political partizan in defence of the character and administration of the President of the United States. It is written with vigor and a good degree of taste, and endeavors to maintain the honesty and consistency of Mr. Tyler during his whole public career, as well as his superior ability as a scholar and a writer. A portrait of the President is prefixed.

ALISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE.—The eighth and ninth numbers of this valuable work have been laid upon our table; and the exceedingly cheap rate, at which this excellent history can be purchased, in its present form, should cause it to be placed in the hands of every reader. When completed, it will make a valuable addition to accessible historical literature. It is very neatly published by the Harpers.

A JOURNAL OF THE DISASTERS IN AFFGHANISTAN IN 1841,-42: *By Lady Sale: Harper & Brothers.*—An exceedingly interesting work, which will richly repay a perusal.

CONQUEST AND SELF-CONQUEST; OR WHICH MAKES THE HERO!—A well written, instructive, moral tale—which is published in a small volume by Harper & Brothers.

BANKRUPT STORIES: *Edited by Harry Franco.*—No. 1, is the first of the Haunted Merchant—a spirited and interesting sketch, in which we think that we detect the graphic pen of the author of the well known Polygon Papers. Published by John Allen, 139 Nassau street.

ALETHEIA; OR LETTERS ON THE TRUTH OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINES.—Seldom have we seen a work, that combines more real excellencies than this beautiful volume. It is from the pen of C. C. Pise, D. D., a distinguished Catholic clergyman of this city, and the style and argument throughout, evince the ability of the author as a finished scholar and polemical disputant. An admirable likeness, introduces you to the writer at the opening of the book. The object of these letters is to sustain the prominent doctrines of the church, to which the author is attached, by discussing, in an ornate and agreeable style, the more striking distinctions, that obtain between the Catholics and Protestants. No one can arise from their perusal, without being delighted with their chasteness and elegance, if not convinced of the correctness of the sentiments they inculcate. The mechanical execution is remarkably good, and displays to great advantage, the taste of E. Dunigan, the publisher.

SHAKSPEARE.—Every attempt to explain and illustrate the writings of the immortal "Bard of Avon," will be well received. Unequalled as they always have been and always will be in the department of literature they occupy, and necessary as they are to the perfection of the accomplished scholar in a severe and discriminating taste, we are glad that the Harpers have assumed the task of issuing them in numbers, accompanied with important notes, and illustrated by splendid engravings. This new edition will be completed in eight numbers.

WILD SCENES IN THE FOREST AND PRAIRIE: *By C. F. Hoffman.*—This charming volume was originally published in London, some years since, and we welcome most cordially its present appearance among us. In his racy sketches of character, graphic limnings of nature, and the delicate and truthful touches with which he depicts scenes of pathos, Mr. Hoffman has rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled. He possesses also the merit, (too rare among our native writers) of being perfectly American in his feelings and impressions, while his style is marked with scholarship and elegance. We predict for this book, the most decided success, especially, since the price at which it has been published, places it within the reach of every one. Our copy, however, has not come to hand.

TALES BY MISS LESLIE.—*Lea & Blanchard*, have issued Miss Leslie's stories of Mrs. Washington Potts, and Mr. Smith. Her writings are too well known and appreciated by the public to require from us any commendation.

SEAWARD'S SHIPWRECK: *By Mrs. Porter.*—This thrilling narrative has just been issued from the press of the Harpers. In its present abridged form it exhibits all the interesting and instructive features of the original publication, while nothing appears that is at all unessential. No one can read it without pleasure and profit.

SONNETS, AND OTHER POEMS: *By Wm. Lloyd Garrison; Oliver Johnson.*—We cannot speak much for the poetical merit of this little volume, but the spirit which animates it, however wrongly directed, cannot but command respect. Most of the poems have immediate relation to slavery, with which subject, the author has made his name pretty well known.

MILMAN'S HISTORY OF THE JEWS.—A re-print of Harpers' Family Library, in a cheap form. The work is well known and fully appreciated. Price of each number twenty-five cents.

THEATRICALS.—PARK.—The capital feature of this old establishment was the production of Grandfather Whitehead, the principal character in which was ably and faithfully pourtrayed by Placide, and went off with unusual *eclat*. A new farce was also introduced the past month, entitled, "Binks, the Bagman," which was altogether unsuccessful. Henry P. Grattan made his debut on the American stage, in the character of Hamlet, which was executed to the life, maugre the inaudibleness of his voice in the two first scenes. This defect was completely remedied, however, before he concluded. Mr. G. is an accomplished scholar, and a charming writer, and was formerly the witty and efficient editor of the "Punch," and the "Squib," which are published in London. Hackett, the inimitable Hackett, strode the stage, too, in his usual round of characters, and drew very respectable houses.

BOWERY.—Throughout the month, which has just expired, an extraordinary degree of success has crowned the indefatigable exertions of the manager of this popular establishment. He has labored well, and well has he been rewarded. The most brilliant and effective piece, that has enlivened the dense audiences, that have nightly thronged this place of amusement, is Morton's admirable production, entitled *Henri Quatre*. The play itself is magnificent, and the style of splendor, in which it has been gotten up, is altogether unprecedented. The music, which was arranged by Bishop, was exceedingly fine, and executed with much taste, and it added greatly to the general effect. The scenery was beautiful and striking, and enhances the previous reputation of the young artist, Heister. The gentlemen, who officiated in the different parts, were perfect representations of the characters they were called to act. Hamblin won golden opinions for his impressive delineation of Henri. With all his powers as an actor, he never appeared to better advantage. The real *Henri*, living, breathing, moving was before a breathless and enchanted multitude. Gates, as Jocrisse, the soul of merriment, and J. R. Scott as the rough and keen old soldier Moustache, were perfectly at home in their respective spheres, as were the others, who participated in this charming play. *Mrs. Shaw*, the most talented actress upon the stage, has, also, been performing a brilliant engagement. "Love's Sacrifice," with each representation, becomes more popular. Theatricals, at the Bowery, at least, have received a new impulse to propel them onward. Through the appalling difficulties by which he has been environed, and which would have crushed a man of "stuff less stern," Mr. Hamblin has forced his way, and a full measure of reward is about to be meted out to him for his surprising and indomitable perseverance.

CHATHAM.—Forrest and Miss Clifton have concluded an engagement at this theatre, which proved a complete failure in its results. Forrest appeared in the Patrician's Daughter, which drew but thin audiences, as was the case when this piece was first presented on its boards.

OLYMPIC.—The actors and actresses have been taking their benefits, which were all well attended. This excellent theatre has enjoyed a propitious season, and its worthy manager has been amply compensated for his unwearied labors to please.

SUMMER FASHIONS—*Walking Dress.*—Robe of damask, trimmed with satin—skirt very full, and encircled with a wreath; satin or silk mantelet, bordered with a deep fringe; bonnets of various materials, with close fronts, and decorated with flowers. Hair in ringlets.

Evening Dress.—Plain purple, or lilac satin robe, trimmed with flounces in front; bodice waist plain, and skirts very full; body of the dress made low. The hair is braided behind, and gathered in clusters of ringlets on each side of the face, surmounted with a coronal of myrtle, and adorned with flowers.

Bridal Dress.—Tunic of white satin, skirt full, and tucked up on each side with a rosette of flowers, low on the shoulders, with three plaits extending down the breast, sleeves terminating at the elbows; the front of the tunic decorated with a wreath of laurel. Hair in ringlets with a coronal of laurel.

Carriage Dress.—Tunic of plain mazzarine blue silk, waist low, embroidered with figured lace. Hair in ringlets. Chapeau of black velvet, adorned with flowers.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE GYPSIES.

HYACINTH.

Engraved for the Ladies' Companion

THE PACE.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JULY, 1843.

ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE GIPSIES.

THE subject of the beautiful picture that constitutes our first engraving, is happily selected from one of the best papers in the "Spectator." The plate is exquisitely executed; and those natural attitudes and expressions, which the eye can better see than the pen describe, are admirably pourtrayed.

It was a soft and charming afternoon in the month of July, more than a century ago, that Sir Roger De Coverley and his jovial friend, who dipped his pen in wit as well as intellect, for the pages of the "Spectator," were seen riding leisurely along through a cool and shady retreat, in the suburbs of the city, in quest of exercise and recreation. They were both fatigued with labor, and wearied of the heat and the dust of the metropolis, and how natural that they should seek the delicious breezes of the country! In the midst of their jaunt, and while their spirits, unladen of lassitude, were buoyant with delight, they perceived, in immediate proximity to them, a troop of gipsies proceeding onward to the same dense thoroughfares from which they had temporarily escaped. The character of these lawless wanderers,

"Roaming in quest of spoil;"

and the incessant depredations of which they were guilty, had almost constrained Sir Roger to invoke the aid of those severe enactments that provided for the punishment of vagrancy. A train of circumstances induced him, however, to suspend the execution of his wishes. But, although thwarted in this particular, he could not forbear to indulge his companion with a vivid description of the injuries which these proscribed beings are constantly perpetrating, in the abstraction of property, or the contamination of servants.

"If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge," is the precise language of our redoubtable informant, "they are sure to have it; if a hog loses its way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey. They set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done, as it should be, while they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid, who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon those that apply for them."

After this graphic description of their character and their propensities, it was proposed that the gipsies be solicited to unfold the fortunes of the two; for it should be borne in mind that these singular objects are famous for unravelling the mystic thread of future events. The suggestion was readily acceded to, and their hands were forthwith subjected to the inquisitive inspection of the eldest of the group. "The old Cassandra of the crew" is replete with the mystery of her vocation. How archly she surveys the physiognomy of Sir Roger, who has alighted from his horse, and given her his tell-tale hand to crumple and distort into every conceivable shape, that she may accurately scan it in all the phases it may be made to assume. Notice her half roguish, half philosophic eye, as she laughingly remarks,—"You have a widow in your line of life." We can almost fancy her words to be audible, and could *guess* them, we imagine, were they not written out legibly before us. And how exactly does the answer correspond with the man;—"Go, go; you are an idle baggage!" The sentiment he utters beams from every lineament of his visage. He looks it as well as speaks it. There is something so apt, so truthful, so life-like in it, that we cannot but be astonished while we admire.

That leering unit of the tribe, who is practising every art of female coquetry, to withdraw the attention of the strangers from the sun-burnt and wrinkled shrew to herself, is in perfect keeping with the quaint description of Sir Roger. "You see, now and then, some handsome young jades among them; the sluts have white teeth and black eyes." Nor less true to nature is that bright-eyed member of this squalid sisterhood, as she reclines in a sort of luxurious indolence upon the grass, fondling her twins in an affectionate embrace, while she hurls at random her askant glances and her silly jokes.

The scene, so admirably depicted in a secluded green lane, is a fitting resort of such miserable vagabonds. Here they can concoct their schemes of mischief with "none to molest or make them afraid." There is a freshness in the spot, that enhances the charm and the correctness of the picture.

W. G. H.

Original.

CARLOTA, THE NUN OF SAN ELISEO.*

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'QUADROON,' ETC.

PART II.

Days passed away, and Don Estavan began to convalesce rapidly. When he came to himself and found where he was, he felt very grateful, but he could not see any one to thank except an old nun in a hood and cloak, whose face was never visible. At length he sat up, and the glow of health returned to his cheek, and he remembered all that had passed. But he thought it strange he had seen none of the beautiful maidens whom he had beheld the day he was wounded in their defence. Doña Dorotea, however, kept her flock very closely penned up, determining while two men were in the convent to preserve stricter discipline than ever.

But Doña Dorotea was not so vigilant that others were not more so. Carlota was a favorite of the old nun, Teresa, Don Estavan's nurse, and as she was lazy and loved her ease, Carlota, by coaxing and bribes, persuaded her to let her take her place beside Don Estavan's cot. So, under the old dueña's hood, nun Carlota, who had fallen deeply in love with the young cavalier, watched night after night by his bed-side. The invalid was at first delirious, and talked about a fair maiden he was then going to the city to woo and wed. Carlota heard him with pain, and grief; and jealousy towards the unknown filled her heart. She felt she should be miserable if he wooed another, and feeling that her heart was bound up in him, she resolved to supplant her rival. She, therefore, in one of his lucid intervals purposely dropped her hood, and exhibited to his surprised gaze, a face of such beauty, as he had never dreamed, and beaming upon him with passion and love. But his fever returning, he mingled the fair face and voice of love and tender solicitude with the visions of his brain. But she got from him under her usual guise of nun Teresa, all his history, and so knew that he had not seen his intended bride. She therefore, formed in her mind a plan of action, characteristic of her bold and impetuous nature. As the day approached for the recovered Don Estavan to depart, she ceased to be with him; for he no longer needed the nun Teresa's services. The day at length arrived, when father Benito pronounced him fit for the saddle. Don Estavan then sent out for horses and to engage another servant to supply the place of the one that had been slain, and all preparations for his departure, were completed the ensuing morning.

The two servants lodged in the arched gateway, with their pack-saddles for beds. About midnight a veiled nun stole down to their resting place and laying her hand on the shoulder of the lad who had that day been engaged, bade him make no noise, but follow her. He did so, being both surprised and alarmed at the command. She led him to a retired part of the court, to the door of the refectory, and entered it. On a stone table, against one side of the wall, was spread a supper fit for a king's muleteer. She bade him sit down and eat and drink, for he had far to ride on the morrow. The lad gratified at the sight of the feast, and being in good appetite, readily obeyed. The nun watched him until she saw him fall from his bench in deep sleep. After satisfying herself of the soundness of it, she removed his cap, ponto, boots, spurs, whip, and cucha of lynx hide, and rolling them together laid them aside, while she drew the body into a dark recess, and drew a chest over against it.

"Lay thou there, sir muleteer, till thy twenty-four hours sleep is over! now, Carlota," she added to herself, "see how well thou canst play this glutton's part!"

She then took up the clothes of the lad, whom by some opiate mingled in his food, she had artfully drugged to sleep, and hastily crossing the court to where he had been sleeping, she opened his package, and completely dressed herself in his costume. Her hair, except a few short curls, she confined beneath one of father Benito's close silk caps; and blackening her eye-brows, and soiling her cheek, she looked with her boots, spurs, ponto, red cap, whip and cucha as if born to the condition and sex she had assumed.

"Now is my destiny linked for good or evil with that of Don Estavan," she said as she lay down upon the pack-saddle to sleep; "if he can love me not, I will at least be near him. I would fain see this maiden! She who shares the heart of him I love, is my heart's foe! I will see her! I will watch his meeting with her! I will see if she be as beautiful as he represents! And if it be she wins his heart, from that hour her fate is fixed! I will bear no rival, *no!*"

Thus reflecting within herself, this impulsive, impassioned girl, yielded herself to the sleep which the silence of the hour wooed to her senses.

With the first dawn of light, Don Estavan awoke and roused his servants. The horses and

* Concluded from page 65.

mules were soon accoutred, and father Benito throwing open the gates gave his blessing to the travellers as they rode away, while it was still dark, from the hospitable roof. Doña Dorotea saw them depart from the latticed window of her cell, and thanked the Virgin that the cavalier was at last well gone, and had taken none of her nuns with him.

Don Estavan and his attendants, by the time the sun rose, had got full seven miles on their journey, and being of a sociable spirit, he now turned himself round to hold converse with his servants. Carlota was nearest to him, and when he had looked steadily at her a moment, as if studying her features, he said abruptly—

"Surely, thou hast not the same face o' the lad I engaged last evening. Art thou he?"

"No, señor," she answered promptly, "I am his brother. He was taken sick last night, and I have come in his place."

"What is thy name?"

"Carlos."

"Well, good Carlos, you were very kind not to let me go without one of you," answered Don Estavan; and so Carlota held the place of his servant unsuspected for the rest of the journey. At the close of the third day, after leaving the convent of San Eliseo, Don Estavan, attended by his two followers, arrived in the city that held the fair daughter of Don Beltran.

He slowly entered the town by the river road, and on inquiring of the first person whom he met, was directed to the mansion he sought. On his way to it his sight was gratified by the strange and novel things that he saw for the first time. The huge cathedral with its towers; the calabosa with its grated windows; the rows of stately *casas* with balconies, from which leaned beautiful women with flowers in their hair, and flashing bright eyes, and smiling lips of coral red; and each one he saw, who was more lovely than the last, he verily believed must be his "cousin Carlota." At length, he came in sight of a mansion still more stately than any he had yet beheld. Its front was adorned with carved work, and its windows were latticed with gilded trellices. Armorine bearings were above the imposing gate-way, indicating the dignity and family of the occupant.

"Is this noble mansion, fair sir," he inquired of one standing near, "that of Don Beltran Garcia?"

"Thou hast rightly guessed the owner, sir stranger; it is the rich Don Beltran's house, the alcalde of the city, and the wealthiest man in the province."

"You have my thanks, signor," answered Don Estavan; and riding up to the gate, he struck it thrice aloud with the hilt of his sword. It was opened by a porter who demanded his business.

"Deliver this packet to Don Beltran, if he be at home," answered the young man; "and tell him the bearer sitteth on horse-back in the street, before his gate."

The porter went to seek his master, while Don Estavan employed his time in looking at the windows of the mansion, if perchance he might get a glimpse of the fair daughter of Don Beltran. Carlota, whose soul dwelt on every word from his lips, and whose intensely jealous love seemed to read his thoughts, understood his feelings, and her heart throbbed wildly beneath the coarse *chupa* of the muleteer. In a few moments the porter re-appeared, closely followed by a tall noble looking Spanish gentleman, whom Don Estavan knew could be no other than his father's friend; and hastily alighting from his horse, he waited to receive him.

"Welcome, noble Don Estavan," said the gentleman, who was none other indeed than Don Beltran, taking the young man in his arms, and warmly embracing him. "Thrice welcome thee and thine with thee! Thou hast been full long on the way, for I see Don Fabian's letter beneath date full six weeks back! But come in, my son, my house and all I have is at thy service!"

Pleased at this warm welcome, from the father of his intended bride, Don Estavan augured happily for the issue of his suit with her. He entered the house with him, while the servants of Don Beltran assiduously looked after the comfort of the mules and his attendants. Carlota now prepared to pursue her plan for keeping near Don Estavan, and as soon as she retired to the little room assigned her, she unfolded a package, and drew from it a handsome suit of clothes which she had taken from the pack of the young muleteer. These she put on, and arranging them with taste, and making herself neat, she left the room and boldly crossed the patio to seek for Don Estavan. He had entered with Don Beltran a suite of rooms on the second floor, and hither she ascended after him, to carry out whatever purpose she had in view.

Don Estavan, in the meanwhile, was ushered by Don Beltran into a splendid apartment, and was left there alone while he went to bring in the Doña Carlota. He was sometime gone, for a maiden about to be presented for the first time to her future lord, would very naturally take a little more time than usual at her toilet. A door at length opened, and blushing and starting, he looked to behold the lady, when he saw a smart

young señorto approaching him, in whom as he came nearer, he recognized the features of his late muleteer. Before he could express his surprise at the improvement in his appearance, or reprove him for following him to the drawing-room, the disguised Carlota approached him, and said in a confident free way—

"You are now in the city, good master Don Estavan, and having finished your journey, you need no longer a muleteer. But if you would carry yourself here like other cavaliers, you must have a page or confidential servant to attend on your person. Regarding your credit in this city, I have therefore concluded to act as your page while you are here. To be sure these clothes are not very rich, but you can buy me better to-morrow, so that my appearance shall reflect credit upon my master."

Don Estavan, though knowing little of the world, knew it became a gentleman to have a body attendant, and being of an easy temper, he very readily consented to receive this service from his late muleteer; and promising to give him a brave suit on the morrow, bade him take his place behind his chair. Thus far Carlota's wishes were gratified—she now awaited the entrance of the maiden with full as deep interest as he himself. Don Beltran at length appeared leading in Doña Carlota, and when Don Estavan beheld her, he felt half the truth had not been told of her beauty. He rose to receive her, and her father placing her hand in his, bade him salute her cheek! The maiden blushed as she received the diffident kiss; but Don Beltran, who, as well as Carlota Engracia, watched her closely, saw that she was not displeased, and that the young cavalier had made a favorable impression upon her. Don Estavan's heart went out of his bosom with that kiss, and like a bird that has long sought its nest, settled into her own. He thought woman could never be so lovely as she was, and before he had been five minutes in her presence, he was employing his thoughts in thinking when he should marry her. She, on her part, was by no means indifferent to her proposed husband, but did not fall in love with him as promptly as he did with her. Maidens of gentle hearts require wooing even when their affections are hovering ready to alight! Carlota, the disguised page, on beholding her for the first time, felt the power of her wondrous beauty, and while she gazed on her with mingled admiration and dislike, she seemed to think the face was familiar to her; but it was the remembrance of her own in a mirror! Don Estavan, too, started and gazed when she first entered; and after a moment's thought, he recollected that it was in his sickness such a face had appeared to him; and he wondered in himself that in the phantasies of delirium, he should have given him a foresight so extraordinary and pleasing.

Days passed on, and Don Estavan wooed and won the heart and love of the beautiful daughter of Don Beltran. His disguised page, Carlos, however, was not idle. She had at length discovered with surprise, the striking resemblance Carlota bore to herself, and knowing that Don Estavan was enamoured of her, and that she returned his passion with a devotion deep as his own, she formed a plan, which none but love prompted by jealousy could have conceived and executed, a plan to steal his love from Carlota and appropriate it to herself!

One evening she retired early to the room which had been allotted her as Don Estavan's page. It was half an hour before the time, when he was in the habit of going to Carlota's balcony, where he used to walk and sit with her night after night discoursing of love. From a small box she took a fine transparent powder, and sprinkling it over some fresh grapes, put the bunch beneath her mantle, went out and came to the door of Carlota's room. She was about to knock, when Don Beltran came out.

"Ho, sir page! hath your master sent a message to his betrothed?" asked Don Beltran, looking keenly into the nun's eyes, the expression of which seemed to disturb him as if it had something to do with painful memories of the past. But her heavy, artificial brows, and carefully marked up visage, were associated by him with no recollections.

"Si Señor Alcalde, and I am to deliver it in person."

"Lovers will have their own way," he said, laughing; "go in, and thou wilt find her seated alone by the window, looking melancholy that she hath not seen Estavan for an hour. I will have them married."

Carlota entered, and stood alone in the presence of her sister.

"Señonta," she said to Carlota Gertrudis, "I have a message for thee."

"Speak it quickly, good youth. 'Tis from Estavan," she said with animation.

"My master hath sent this bunch of grapes, desiring you to partake of them in token of the love you bear him;" and thus speaking, she presented them to the unsuspecting maiden.

Doña Carlota, gratified at this mark of attention, for they were the first grapes of the season, ate several of them, saying she would lay by the

rest for him. Carlota still waited, and seeing he did not go, she was about to dismiss him, when her eyes closed heavily, and she would have fallen to the floor but for Carlota Engracia's support.

"She sleeps! Thanks to the Dueña Teresa for teaching me this art. It hath twice served me. Now will I try the test if, as I believe we are, so wondrously alike! for the more I look upon her, the more vividly do I see her as I see myself in a glass, when this mark of paint is removed!"

Finding her in a deep sleep, she removed her to an ottoman in a recess, and throwing a curtain over both it and her, left her, and hastened to lock the door. Then opening the wardrobe, she began to change her muleteer's dress for one of the maidens; and having removed the paint and marks from her face, and dressed her hair as Carlota Gertrudis did her's, in half an hour she stood before the mirror that young lady's very personification.

"It is perfect! Am I her, or am I myself! What a wondrous resemblance. Surely this is magic! But the result is all I wanted to learn, and I am satisfied. Don Estavan shall be *mine!*"

The likeness between the two sisters, now that Carlota Engracia was arrayed in one of the other's dresses, was as perfect as in infancy! No eye could distinguish between them! not even a lover's

She had been but a few moments indulging her triumph, when she heard the step of Don Estavan, and hastened forth to meet him! He smiled on her, and folded her to his heart and kissed her forehead. Oh, the joy and bliss of that moment to her! For the first time, she had been pressed to the heart she adored; she had felt his first kiss upon her brow! Her bosom throbbed with a wild tumult of feeling, and for an instant she thought she should have sunk to the ground.

"Nay, sweet Carlota, what hath disturbed you?" he asked, kissing her cheek.

"Nothing, no, nothing, my love, my *own* love! I am better, now! I like to have you support me thus; do not remove your arm!"

"Let us walk in the patio, among the flower-paths, and by the fountain! The moon is out bright as the eyes of those we love, and smiles upon us, to woo us to her beams."

Never was a heart, wicked though it was, happier than Carlota Engracia's at that moment! Entwined in each other's arms, they roamed through gardens, and lingered by the fountain in the court, and discoursed of love. Don Estavan was never happier, for he thought Carlota loved him with more idolatry than she had ever shown for him. Before Don Estavan separated from her at the door of the room, he presented her with a ring, saying,

"This, dearest Carlota, is the last gift I shall make thee, 'till I place on thy finger the bridal ring. Wilt thou, this day, next week, become my bride? Thrice thou hast put the day off, dearest, but my heart hath grown impatient for its mate."

"I will put it off no longer," said the false betrothed, with happiness gushing forth in every word of her reply. "Thou shalt be mine this night next week."

Embracing, they parted, Estavan, as he sought his room, wondering, though well pleased at the change from the usual sweet gentleness of Carlota's manner, to such warmth of love, such idolatry and intense passion!"

At midnight, Carlota Gertrudis awoke, seated at the window where she had been when she fell asleep, and she knew not that five hours had passed. When next she met Estavan, there were many little blunders and perplexities befel them in the conversation, through his allusions to the events of the preceding evening.

For three alternate nights, Carlota, the page, found means to put Carlota Gertrudis asleep in her boudoir, and take her place by the side of Don Estavan; at other times, acting her part as a page. Never was a man more perplexed by a lady love, than poor Don Estavan, by the contrarieties of character he lately discovered in his Carlota. She had denied that she said she would marry him on such a day, but finally consented to do so, and many other things which Carlota Engracia had said, Carlota Gertrudis unsaid; and so the poor lover was in great perplexity, and gave his intended bride great credit for variability of temper, except in one point, which was her love for him.

In the meanwhile the preparations were going on for the wedding, under the superintendence of the happy Don Beltran. The morning arrived, and Carlos, the page, congratulated his master upon his approaching nuptials, hoping nothing would interrupt them. Don Estavan hoped so too; and just at that moment, while he was speaking, there was a great outcry heard among the maids that some thief had stolen all Doña Carlota's bridal ornaments, and also her bridal dress, which had been completed and placed in her room the night before. After the most diligent search every where, except among Don Estavan's own baggage, which Carlos, his

page, had the charge of, it was determined to put off the bridal 'till the next week, by which time the bride's ornaments and marriage robes could be replaced, the same as they were before; for they were of a particular pattern and style chosen by the lover himself, who would have Carlota married in no other.

The bridal day again arrived, and this time the costly robe, the wreath of pearls, and blazing jewels for the brow and bosom, all of which were exactly of the same pattern of those which had been so mysteriously stolen, being safely guarded, were found safe when the bride came to be adorned. The hour of the nuptials arrived, and the magnificent halls of Don Beltran's mansion were dazzlingly illuminated, and thronged with the noble, the gallant and the fair. Never had such a gay and brilliant bridal assemblage met in all the province. The dignified vicar-general, in his ample clerical robes, and the badges of his high ecclesiastical rank, was present to perform the ceremony in the private chapel of the mansion. The moment is near, and all eyes are turned towards the door! It is thrown open, and Don Beltran advances, glittering with gold crimson and jewels, leading by the hand his blushing daughter, attended by her brides-maids. Don Estavan, modest, yet noble in his bearing, richly attired, and looking perfectly happy, followed, attended by two young cavaliers, his groomsmen. They led the way to the chapel, followed in procession by all the guests. When all were arranged for the ceremony before the altar, the vicar-general bade the bridegroom advance and take the bride from her father, and kneel with her and her brides-maids around the altar.

Don Estavan crossed to the opposite side of the chancel, with a proud and happy step, and lifting his eyes to receive her, to his bewildering astonishment, he beheld two brides, one standing on either side of Don Beltran. He started, and glanced from one to the other with amazed wonder. He rubbed his eyes, and looked again, and yet there they stood, two brides! one on either hand of Don Beltran! Which was the real Carlota? Whence came the other? His surprise was now shared by all around him, for all had discovered that two brides, precisely alike in feature, form, height and dress, as if one was the mirror of the other, stood to receive the bridegroom. Don Beltran was the last to discover what filled all the rest of the company with amazement, and staring wildly from one to the other, he knew not which was his daughter, and fear and trembling seized upon him.

"Avoid thee, which of ye are evil!" he cried, stepping back and leaving the two brides standing side by side, and by their wondrous similitude, in this position, filling all minds with awe and fearful admiration. Don Estavan fell on his knees and extended his imploring looks and hands, first to one and then to the other.

"Which, oh, which of you is the idol of my heart! which of you is my betrothed! which of you is my beloved Carlota? *Thou* art, and yet *thou* art too! What evil delusion is this?"

The alarmed Carlota Gertrudis, terrified at this appearance of her second self, threw herself upon his bosom, while Carlota Engracia, cast herself at his feet.

"*I* am thy true love, thy Carlota, noble Estavan; she who has assumed my similitude for thy deception, is a child of Sathanas. I alone am thy bride!"

"Dearest Estavan," shrieked the weeping Carlota Gertrudis; "I am thy Carlota! cast me not off for an evil spirit, who would deceive thee!"

"This is marvellous, indeed!" said Don Beltran. "Dost thou know which is my daughter, Don Estavan?"

"No, Signor," announced the distressed young man. "Look, Don Beltran, and judge between them, for methinks a father should know his own child."

"Nay, one is, and one is not my daughter. This, I think, is my Carlota!" and he hesitatingly laid his hand on Carlota Engracia.

"Nay, my father—wilt thou be led by this evil spirit," shrieked his daughter, rising from her knees and clinging to him; "*I—I*, am thy child!"

"It is false, father—it is false, Don Estavan," answered Carlota Engracia; "Oh, my beloved Estavan, wilt thou refuse to own me!" and she wept upon his hand.

Don Estavan was distressed, and knew not what to do! He was alarmed too, at the idea of the presence of the Evil One, in the form of his bride. The Vicar-general, at this moment came up and said,

"Don Beltran and you, my son, be calm! If one of them be an Evil Spirit, Heaven is stronger than hell. I will not exorcise, lest I curse the innocent with the guilty. But I will test them with consecrated water."

"Amen," responded Don Beltran and Don Estavan, and all present; and the vicar-general consecrated a laver of water, and said,

"Both of you here before me, in bridal array, claim to be the daughter of Don Beltran and the betrothed bride of Don Estavan. Now, which of you is the false one, Heaven will judge by this

trial. Dip your fingers both of you, in this consecrated water, and make upon your foreheads the sign of the cross, while you repeat after me an Ave Maria."

This mode met with the approval of all present; and every eye watched with intense interest, the result of this sacred test.

Both brides advanced, Corlota Gertrudis, shrinking sensitively and timidly from contact with the other, who was confident and self-preserved; the hesitating manner of the former, was attributed by all to guilt; the confident bearing of the latter to conscious innocence. So the sympathies of those present, went with the false bride; but Don Estavan, doubted and inclined to the true.

To the surprise of all, they both dipped their their hands readily into the sacred vessel, and made the sign of the cross on their foreheads. The spectators looked to see one of them fall dead or disappear in a cloud of brimstone. But there was no change apparent, and the vicar-general with surprise, now repeated the Ave. Both repeated it after him in an even clear tone of voice, and after it was ended, there was a profound, expecting silence, while every eye was fixed upon the two brides, looking for something to happen to the false one. But both stood before the vicar-general unchanged, unharmed!

"This is indeed wonderful," exclaimed the holy man, crossing himself.

"What shall be done? One of them I know is my daughter!"

"And one is my bride!" repeated Don Estavan, with tears of grief in his eyes.

"Hast thou no other way of test, my son?" asked the shocked vicar-general.

"I have," cried Don Estavan eagerly; and then turning towards them, he said, "She, of you, who can tell me, what I said to her the eve of St. Andrew's, beneath the lotus-tree in the patio, is my true bride."

"Thou didst say, noble Don Estavan," said Carlota Gertrudis, looking delighted, and smiling with hope, "that when I was thy bride, thou wouldst present me to the court of Spain, as one of the brightest jewels of Columbus' new world!"

"I did, whispering it softly in thine. *Thou* art my bride!" and Don Estavan was about to press her to his heart, with the congratulatory exclamations of all present, when Carlota Engracia, whose passion for him grew more intense, as the danger of losing him increased, cast herself between them, and cried,

"Hold! my own loved Estavan! Do not be deceived so fatally by my evil angel! I alone am thy true bride, and I will prove it to thee, and to the conviction of all present." Don Estavan stood bewildered and amazed at what he had heard, awaited her proof.

"Didst thou not give a ring to thy true bride, ten nights ago at the door of the balcony."

"I did," answered Don Estavan confidently; "tell me what I said then, and show me the ring in thy possession, and I will acknowledge thee to be my bride!"

"Thou didst say to me, placing it on my finger, 'This, dearest Carlota, is the last gift I shall make thee till I place on thy finger, the bridal ring!"

"Didst thou say these words, my son?" asked the vicar-general.

"I did, my lord vicar."

"Let her show the ring."

"It's the same," cried the astonished and perplexed lover, as Carlota took it from her finger and presented it to him. "*Thou* shouldst be my bride, yet I doubt, where all is so strange! But, methinks I can tell the true one, father," he added, turning to the vicar-general. "Now I recollect me, I do believe I have been alternately wooing both, the false one often substituting herself for the true! If my conjecture be right, it will account to me for much contradiction and perverseness of manner, fickleness of disposition and contrariety of words, from one day to another! I do believe I have the true key to my perplexities of the past two weeks, and that the false bride of the Evil One, began her part before this day. If such be the truth, I think I can tell the true from the false, for referring all that unpleasantly affected me in my Carlota, to the impostor, I can apply my experience here. One evening I found her gentle, quiet, and modest, another, passionate, excited and too bold for a maiden, with a quick pulse and heightened cheek, while her free sentiments contradicted the purer thoughts I had heard (as I thought) from her, the evening previous. I noticed then a difference in the sensation which the hand conveyed to mine, at one time thrilling me with sweet emotion, at another inspiring me with any thing but pure love. I will let the test abide *the trial of the hand!*"

Thus speaking, Don Estavan, before the eyes of all present, advanced and took the hand of Carlota Engracia, who, it was observed, looked confused and half shrunk back, as if she would avoid the trial. Nevertheless, she let him take her hand, while his eyes tenderly sought the expression of her own. He held it a moment, and then said,

"Yes, this is the hand on which I placed the ring; but my heart tells me its pulsations have

throbbed to a warmer and fonder grasp than this. I will take the other's hand, and may Heaven guide me aright in my decision."

Don Estavan held for an instant, the soft trembling love-throbbing hand of Carlota Gertrudis, while his eyes seeking her's as they were wont, read in them the gentle devoted look of love that had first won his heart, There was a moment of intense expectation, and then Don Estavan drew her blushing, happy and almost sinking to the earth with joy and gratitude, in a close embrace to his true and manly heart. "My bride! my only beloved, and only true Carlota!" he cried. Carlota Engracia gave a shriek of despair, while the chapel rung with declamations of triumph, and all crowded around to embrace the recovered bride.

The general joy over the attention of all, was drawn to look for the other, but in the confusion, and joy of congratulations she had mysteriously disappeared. The vicar-general now returned thanks to Heaven, and at once united, lest there should be farther interruption, the happy Don Estavan, and the fair Carlota.

As Don Estavan placed the bridal ring on his bride's finger, he said to her,

"I will now bind and *mark* thee, sweet, lest thou shouldst be again lost. Forgive me, that I hesitated; but we have this day both been the sport of an Evil Spirit, whom I trust, will no more trouble us!"

The bridal party broke up! The hour of midnight tolled from the old cathedral tower, and the fair, blushing bride was led by her bridesmaids, from the halls of festivity, to the nuptial chamber, and embraced by all, was by and by, left there alone, trembling with love and happiness. Scarcely had the departing bridesmaids closed the door upon the bride, when a second bride like her, "adorned for her husband," in spotless robe du chambre, stood behind the nuptial couch.

"Rise, thou hated bride," she said in a fierce tone; "thou hast conquered at the altar, I will conquer in the bridal chamber!"

The alarmed bride's blood ran cold in her veins, and she would have shrieked, but the excess of her fear prevented her.

"It must be done," said Carlota Engracia, hoarsely, and bending over her, as she lay almost lifeless, and with a long glittering needle of steel, which she held in her hand, she penetrated her brain, through the corner of the eye. A fearful shudder passed over the frame of the hapless bride, and her pure spirit had fled for ever!

No blood followed the almost invisible steel, and it was but the work of an instant for the wicked and beautiful murderess to remove her form to a secret place in the chamber. She had hardly done so, when she heard the proud and happy step of the bridegroom, and had only time to reach the side of the couch, where she stood when he entered.

"Thou hast lingered, my noble husband," she said fondly, as he folded her in his arms. But he instantly shrunk from her as she would have repeated her embrace, and dropped the hand he held.

"*Thou!* art thou my bride? Thou hast the wildly throbbing hand of the false one! Let me see the bridal ring!"

"No, thou hast it not! Thou art *not* my bride! Avaunt thee, Sathanas! where is my own, my own, my gentle bride, my dear Carlota?" he cried aloud. "Ho, ho! Don Beltran! friends all! we are deceived again!"

His cries brought Don Beltran and all the guests who had not yet left, to the bridal chamber, when they beheld the bridegroom standing in an attitude of despair, grief and indignation before the bride, as they beheld her to be, who was confronting him with a dark and revengeful aspect, and with a look and air of defiance.

"What means these outcries, and this strange scene, Don Estavan?" asked Don Beltran and those with him.

"Behold, the sorceress again! She has spirited away my bride, and I found her in possession of the nuptial bed, instead of my bride!"

"Slay her! Away with her!" was the general cry of mingled fear and rage.

"Then I will strike the first blow in avenge of my poor Carlota," said Don Estavan, drawing his father-in-law's sword from its sheath.

"Slay her, my son, and let this great evil be avenged by her blood!" cried Don Beltran.

"Hold! Don Beltran, and you Don Estavan, I would speak. Hadst thou not once a daughter so like thy daughter, Carlota, that none could tell them apart?"

"I had," answered the surprised Don Beltran. "But it lives no longer."

"The slave you gave it to, to destroy, preserved its life. The slave lives and is now in your household. The child was protected by a priest, and brought up in the convent of the Sacred Heart. I am that daughter, who for the love of Don Estavan, disguised myself as his servant, and followed him hither. To win his love, on discovering the likeness that existed between us, I assumed her dress, and drugging her, was with Don Estavan while she slept unconscious. The extraordinary resemblance between us, led me to suspect,

knowing my own parentage was unknown, that we were related; and finding in the family an old servant who had been with you twenty years, I got his confidence, questioned him in my character of page, about your past history, and finally, I succeeded in gaining from him such information as to convince me I was thy child. What I have done to win Don Estavan from my sister, was prompted by my deep passion for him. That passion has not, as you will soon see, let even death be weighed in the balance of her love, become a barrier to the gratification of my purpose. As for you, Don Beltran, all the evil that will fall on you this day, is the first fruit of your own crimes, and the curse of Heaven rest upon you for ever! Don Estavan," she added with wild flashing eyes, "thou art my love and my hate! Thou hast despised me, and I now scorn thy love! Ha, ha, ha!" she laughed as if her strong passions and disappointment had unseated her reason; "ha, ha, ha! what a brave bridal thou hast had! But thou shalt lie in a nuptial couch thou little dreamest of!"

And with these words, she made a thrust at his heart, as it appeared to those who saw her, with her naked hand, when Don Estavan, leaping backward with a cry of pain, fell dead behind his bridal bed!

"If thou wouldst find thy daughter, Don Beltran, look within yonder arras." Don Beltran already overcome with wonder, grief and a guilty conscience, hastened to the arras, and there beheld the dead bride. He cast himself upon the body, and bathed it in tears, while the maniac, Carlota Engracia, laughed wildly in mockery of his grief.

From that day Don Beltran became a wretched man, and his reason gradually sunk. His love for the dead Carlota, was transferred to the living, whom he strangely and incoherently mingled together in his broken mind; and when at length it became necessary to confine her, he placed himself day and night before her window, watching her with mingled fear and affection. Gradually the deserted mansion fell into ruins, till it has got to be in the state in which we beheld it; while poor Don Beltran with his ceaseless watching, and the insane Carlota Engracia, with her wild ravings of bridegrooms and bridals, though twenty years have passed away, are its only occupants.

Thus endeth the long and strange narrative of M. Alfred Soulié, the truth of which, as is the case, with all unusual narrations, will be accepted or rejected, according to the pleasure of the courteous reader's credulity. As for ourselves, we believe it to be as true as most stories of the class to which it belongs.

Original.

SMALL CAUSES.*

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

When the harvest gathering was over, the family of Herr von Landern returned to the capital, and Roderic with them. Here a new and busier life commenced. He no longer dwelt under the same roof with the Countess; he saw her only once or twice a week, when he was invited among other guests. But his separation from her did not lessen his passion, which indeed took deep root in his soul. He had no hope, when he thought of her high station, and his own humble origin; yet he continued to cherish affection for her. Nay, he even dared to love on, when she seemed removed absolutely beyond his reach—by his learning that she was a natural daughter of the reigning Duke.

Wilhelmina took not so much notice of his sighs and absent looks as did Gertrude; for that pretty, romantic young lady, attributed them all to a passion for herself. Madame von Landern, perceived her daughter's decided inclination for the young man, and supposing it of course returned, set herself to work to better his fortunes. One high in office at court, she thought, would be a suitable match for her daughter. Without mentioning her suspicions, she urged her lord to recommend him as secretary to the embassy. Herr von Landern followed her suggestions, and the duke appointed him to the place.

This appointment involved the necessity of a long separation, and Gertrude was inconsolable. The morning that Roderic came to pay his last visit to her father, she heard him in the hall on the way to the counsellor's room, and rushed from her own apartment to meet him. In the impulse of her affection, she forgot she was just from the hands of her friseur, and that the silk mantle she had thrown over her shoulders was covered with powder. She saw Roderic in his black diplomatic dress, his sword at his side; rushed to him, and before he could escape her, threw herself into his arms. The poor secretary strove to save his dress from the powdered mantle, but all in vain; Gertrude clung to him, ignorant of his cruel embarrassment. In broken accents, he entreated her to be composed; she weeping—cried that though both were doomed to present unhappiness, there was a hopeful future—

"Nay—my dear Mademoiselle—" protested Roderic, "you make me unhappy—"

* Continued from page 91.

"No—Roderic, you cannot be more unhappy than I am at this separation."

What could the poor young man say? He was bewildered; and Gertrude herself, when she drew back and saw his bepowdered figure, was bewildered also. At this moment, the counsellor came out of his apartment. His daughter turned and fled to her chamber, leaving the youth to tell his own story. Roderic would have given the world to decamp too; but he could not, so advancing to his patron, he paid him his respects, and solicited a continuance of his kindness. He hesitated much in speaking, and the counsellor, who had seen Gertrude in her retreat, was at no loss to guess the cause of his embarrassment.

"But—sir—what the mischief is the matter with your dress?" said he.

"I came—by accident—too close to a powder-god—" faltered Roderic.

Herr von Landern shook his head, "Go—" said he—"and brush off the rays; I fear me, you have been paying too close court to a certain earthly divinity.

All was now betrayed that concerned the love-sick Mademoiselle. Her mother comforted her, by telling her the new secretary would manage to return before six months were over; and Roderic entered with zeal upon his duties, which he performed so well as to obtain the favor of the Duke. To this favor the constant praises of his patron, contributed not a little. The adventure of the powder-mantle, caused them to set him down as a son-in-law; and it was therefore the interest of the family to promote his.

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But though it was determined that Roderic was to marry Gertrude, he himself thought only of the young Countess. He corresponded, however, with Mademoiselle von Landern, to whose family, he felt himself bound by ties of gratitude and affection. And when she wrote to him in sentimental style, perhaps in verse, it became him to reply in a warmer manner, than if he was writing an official letter. But he never wrote poetry—unless he was thinking of Wilhelmina; then, indeed, the whole universe was poetry to him!

Gertrude could not help thinking, she had but a cold lover, when two years passed without his seeing her, and when not a word of love or marriage appeared in his letters. She began to fancy it was about time for her to be Madame. Among her admirers, she numbered Herr von Hohenschopf, a young and handsome gentleman of honorable birth and connections, who had some office about the court, and was desperately in love with her. She bethought herself that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and while she continued to exchange letters with Roderic, commenced exchanging looks with the suitor near at hand. The looks travelled more swiftly than the letters, and at length Gertrude began to wish the secretary to the embassy would give her some opportunity of breaking with him. He, on his part, passively looked upon himself as the future husband of Mademoiselle von Landern. Wilhelmina was beyond his reach; but, alas! only so much the more beloved!

Suddenly the embassy, on some state business or other, returned to its now capital, where Roderic was received by the Duke with warm expressions of esteem. The young man was much agitated on his return to the city where lived his much loved Countess. This agitation threw him into a fever, which was increased by his dread of meeting Gertrude, with whom it was now necessary, he should come to a decisive explanation. His illness was now so severe, that he thought it necessary to summon a physician. The doctor, an idiot in the affairs of the heart, ordered a variety of medicines, but could not succeed in curing a diseased mind.

At length, the fatal step must be taken; Roderic resolved to go to his patron, the counsellor. "Give me something to strengthen me," said he to the doctor. The doctor felt his pulse, shook his head, and thought to himself that a draught of quite another sort was necessary. He accordingly sent him one, which the young secretary swallowed in desperation, and then went to the interview.

They were all delighted to see him again at the counsellor's. He had much to relate; and he appeared so interesting, that the fair Gertrude changed her mind, and concluded she would accept him, after all. It occurred to the parents that the lovers ought to be left alone, and they accordingly withdrew.

Gertrude began talking on some indifferent subject; Roderic responded in the same strain. Then the conversation took a more sentimental turn; and at this point, alas! a deadly sickness at his stomach convinced our hero of the deception practised on him by his physician.

Poor Roderic tried to hide his indisposition, but in spite of himself, he became grave and answered only in short sentences. Gertrude thought she saw the struggle between his love and his bashfulness, and wished to encourage him. But when she saw his apparent embarrassment increase—when she saw his brow contract, he biting his lips the while, she looked surprised and as grave as he.

"Roderic," said she at length, "after so long an absence, the friendship we have pledged to each other, demands that we should speak openly. Now—do not deny it—you are not candid with me. Let us not deceive each other."

He only stared at her—and with difficulty replied—"Why should you think—dear Mademoiselle—that—that—"

"Ah, it is even so!" cried Gertrude. "But why should you not speak openly with your friend?"

"Have I not spoken openly?" faltered he, and began to walk up and down the room, for he felt sicker than ever. He wished he had some pretence for going away.

"No—Roderic—you are not candid. But I know it—and you need only confess I am right. You love another!"

"Another?" gasped Roderic, terrified—for he thought she meant the Countess Wilhelmina.

"Ha!" exclaimed the young lady; "you turn pale; your face betrays you! Go, sir—I will have no share in a divided heart! Go—and be happy!"

Poor Roderic's feelings were much more concerned at the present moment, with the drug he had swallowed, than with his love. His sickness had increased so intolerably, that when his mistress said "Go," for the third time, and waved her hand—he waited no longer, but snatched up his hat, and with a hasty bow, rushed out of the room.

The next day, the betrothal of Mademoiselle von Landern, to her lover, Herr von Hohenschopf, was announced to all their acquaintances in the city. The secretary was not at all displeased to feel himself again at liberty. He went several times to the counsellor, and was refused admittance; but Gertrude's marriage gave him an opportunity of speaking with his honored patron; and his honest confession of the truth restored harmony between them. The counsellor laughed, and assured him he esteemed him as highly as ever.

When the bride, Madame von Hohenschopf, was informed of it, she lifted up her hands and eyes, and declared that the horrid doctor ought to be sent out of the country with his drugs.

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Roderic not only retained the favor of his former patron, but rose in the esteem of the Duke, who bestowed on him an office yet more lucrative and honorable, than the one he held. But his greatest happiness was a renewal of his intimacy with Countess Wilhelmina. When he first met her on his return, her dazzling beauty ripened during the years of his absence, and improved by a thousand feminine graces, struck him with such deep admiration, that he dared not claim her as a friend. He could only worship her at a reverencing distance. But a better acquaintance showed her to have still a heart full of kindness, though she was so changed from the lively caressing girl. The reserve of her manners, our hero thought was owing to her constant familiarity with Madame von P., the lady of the master of the Duke's household, with whom she resided, and who was a proud dame, and a rigid observer of etiquette. But Wilhelmina's society, lent a charm even to this cold lady; to whom Roderic made himself so agreeable as to obtain the honor of her friendship and good word. She invited him often to her house in the evening; nay, more, he soon became a guest welcome at all hours; and the young Countess was always delighted to see him. All beautiful as she was, and nearly related to the Duke, she was, as may well be supposed, surrounded by suitors and admirers, from whom, however, she was always glad to escape, and enjoy a quiet hour with her old friend Roderic, whom she liked the better for entertaining her with conversation more rational than compliments.

Roderic was happy in the society of his adored Countess, who treated him every day with more confidence and kindness; while yet he had never ventured to declare the passion he cherished for her.

One day Roderic was with Madame von P— and the Countess, at the country seat of the former, where a number of brilliant guests were assembled. After dinner, he had the honor of walking with Wilhelmina in a wood, not far from the house. They came unexpectedly upon a family of beggars, cooking their noon-day meal, and stopped to observe them. Two little boys were playing about an elderly man, whom they called father; a little girl of four years old was helping her mother dry some clothes that had been washed. When they sat down to eat, it was pleasant to see how much affection seemed to subsist between the different members of this poor family; how sweetly the little ones received the morsel from their parents, without confusion or clamor.

The Countess sate down, to enjoy the sight yet longer. "How poor they are!" said she to Roderic—"and yet they are happy!" And her beautiful eyes were moist as she raised them to her companion.

"They are happy;" answered Roderic—"You

know, dear Countess, at least you have read in books, that happiness depends not upon outward condition, but on a contented mind."

"Ah;" murmured the Countess,—"I should be contented—even were I as poor as these people, had I parents, brothers or sisters—but I am lonely—I was an orphan from infancy."

"I was also!" said Roderic, as his thoughts went back to his parents. And he told the Countess what he remembered of them, and of his good aunt.

Wilhelmina knew nothing of her mother, and her father, as she feelingly complained, "could not be all a father to her." While they were thus lamenting the desolateness of their condition, Roderic suddenly seized the hand of his lovely companion, and cried—

"Oh, if I were only your brother!"

The Countess replied smiling—"Certainly, if you were, I should love you very much."

"Choose me for one!" cried he, so earnestly, that Wilhelmina could not help answering—

"Well, Roderic, if you will be a true, open-hearted, faithful brother to me, you shall find me an affectionate sister. I have already confided in you, by speaking to you of my family."

"Dear Wilhelmina! Sister!" murmured Roderic, and clasping her in his arms, he imprinted a fraternal kiss on her cheek, which she, though trembling a little, did not resist. Then the two went arm in arm down to the family of beggars; gave money to the children, and talked to the parents. Both looked unusually happy when they returned to the house. Madame von P—— gave a ball that evening; one should have seen the new brother and sister dance, to be convinced of their affection for each other!

—

I cannot describe how happy Roderic was now—nor with what alacrity he fulfilled his daily duties. The regard of Countess Wilhelmina, also advanced him in the favor of the Duke, her father. She spoke of him so frequently, and in such high and unqualified terms of praise, that the Duke, who idolized his daughter, and by reason of age and infirmity, needed agreeable society, not only gave our hero public tokens of his esteem, but frequently sent for him to his chamber, consulted him on state affairs, and employed him now and then in private commissions. The courtiers were astonished to see their sovereign, who had never had a favorite, so much under the influence of the rising star; they shook their heads, but were not lacking in homage to one who possessed so much power.

Being upon such confidential terms with the young Countess, our hero disclosed to her every thing connected with his reputed engagement to Mademoiselle von Landern, the previous occupation of his heart, and his joy on finding himself at liberty. Wilhelmina, on her part, informed him that many of her visits to her former friend, had been paid for the purpose of learning something of him. Thus it may be seen that the adopted brother and sister were, in some degree, candid with each other.

But the course of their quiet happiness was about to be disturbed. The young Countess, one day, had stepped into the coach, to pay a visit to the Duke, accompanied by Roderic. Just as the coachman was starting off, she missed her net bag, and called to stop. Not finding it in the coach, Roderic sprang out to return for it; Wilhelmina called to him as he went up the steps,—"It lies on Madame von P——'s toilet table."

Roderic ran up the stairs to Madame von P——'s drawing room; the door was fastened. Another door which he tried, was also locked; at last he found one open; entered, and walked through several rooms, a litttle frightened lest he should be discovered intruding on such sacred premises. There were several toilet tables, but no bag could he see. At length, turning the key in another door, he entered a small cabinet. There lay papers and letters strewed about, and among them the net bag. He seized it, and hastened back; the coach drove off.

On the way, the Countess drew out her pocket handkerchief; two or three letters fell out of the bag.

"You seem to have your private correspondence here!" cried Roderic, as he picked up the letters. The Countess assured him she knew not how the letters came there.

"Shall I put your sisterly confidence to the test?" asked he, playfully, holding one of the letters in his hand.

"Read it—I beg," answered Wilhelmina in the same tone.

Roderic, at this permission, glanced his eye over the letter, and became suddenly grave. He read on—and his contenance darkened, while he exclaimed, "Dearest Countess, how came you by these letters?"

"For Heaven's sake, Roderic, what is the matter?" cried she, alarmed by his tone, and the vehemence of his manner.

"How came you by these?" he repeated, in a voice that betrayed great agitation. The Countess glanced at the letters, then at the handkerchief, then at the bag.

"Mercy on me!" cried she, "it is not my bag! It is Madame von P——'s. That comes, dear brother, of being in too great a hurry. You must ask pardon of the good lady for your indiscretion. I warrant me she will read you a lecture for it."

The carriage drew up before the entrance to the ducal palace. They alighted; Wilhelmina smiling at the awkward mistake, Roderic, pale and gloomy. As they entered the Duke's presence, he went up to his highness, and entreated an immediate private audience. The Duke assented, and Roderic followed him to his private cabinet, leaving the Countess not a little surprized at their strange, and seemingly discourteous behavior.

She remained some time waiting, and then her father sent word he could not see her that day. Roderic did not make his appearance. Two ministers in waiting were summoned, and did not return. Something important was evidently in agitation.

The Countess returned home; she had not been there long, before Madame von P—— was sent for to the palace. Then came officers, and sealed up that lady's apartments. Wilhelmina next heard that she had been arrested. The whole house was in confusion; the Countess ill with agitation and fright.

It was after eleven, when a knock was heard at the door, and Roderic was announced to the Countess.

He came in a travelling dress. Wilhelmina turned pale as a ghost, at sight of him, and trembled in every limb. "What has happened?" faltered she.

Roderic begged to speak with her alone, and she dismissed her women.

"Dearest Wilhelmina," said he, "I must leave you—but do not forget me. The Duke sends me to Naples, to save Prince Xavier, and if possible, to bring him home. A terrible conspiracy has come to light. Our sovereign's health, you know, is on the decline; should the crown-prince fall a victim, nothing can save this land on the death of the Duke, from a foreign invasion, for its government will be claimed by the King of ——. The crown-prince is not popular among many of our nobles; they dread his return and reforms; the conspiracy is a formidable one; it has been some time in existence. Dearest Countess—my mistake in carrying off Madame von P.'s bag, instead of yours—has brought all to light."

The Countess was shocked at all she heard, and grieved at the necessity of parting with Roderic, who was obliged that night to commence his journey. I say nothing of the tears she shed at their separation, nor of the earnestness with which she besought him to be careful of his own safety.

—

The prince was at Naples, in the midst of a whirl of dissipation. His letters from home had continually informed him of the good health of his father, and his willingness that his son should remain longer abroad to study foreign manners and governments. In truth, the prince's studies were chiefly confined to balls and operas; but with all his gayety, he had an excellent heart. He was surrounded by flatterers and deceivers; for even his attendants were more devoted to the prime minister than to their master, and joined in persuading him to cut off the period of his return.

I am not going to enter into any history of state intrigues. Suffice it to say that Roderic's arrival, half dead with fatigue, at Naples, startled the prince from his pleasures. He brought him a letter from his father, written in the duke's own hand, disclosing to him the conspiracy by which the prince's character had been misrepresented to his father, and Xavier, himself, kept in ignorance of his father's real condition of health. He saw, at once, through the arts that had been used to prevent his return.

Xavier's resolution was quickly taken. He ordered his suspected attendants to be arrested, and their papers examined. Roderic assisted him with zeal. When he had discovered the guilty, and released the innocent, he set forward on his homeward journey. Now the prince had leisure to thank his preserver, to whom, as he confessed, he owed throne and life.

"Your Highness," replied Roderic, "if you knew me, would see I have only been endeavoring to discharge a debt. It is to you that I owe every thing—beginning with my education."

"How?" asked Xavier, surprized.

"Your Highness remembers a certain earthquake in ——?"

"Ha! and you—are you the lad—"

"The very same: I am the baker's boy, author of the earthquake."

"And the pretty girl—I forget her name?"

"She is the wife of a respectable linen-weaver."

"Good. But how the mischief came you to court—in my father's confidence? Why have you not written to me? Tell me every thing."

Roderic told him all, beginning at the earthquake, to the net bag; but omitted the chapter

of the beggar's family. A prince, he thought, need not know every thing.

Our travellers had just crossed the frontier of their own country, when news reached them of the death of the old Duke. He had died of a stroke of apoplexy after supper.

The young Duke Xavier was greatly shocked at the intelligence. He folded his friend Roderic in his arms, and entreated that he would never forsake him, but remain at his side, and aid in supporting the throne he had saved.

—

The new Duke appointed a new cabinet, and introduced many reforms. He named Roderic, now elevated to the rank of count, his prime minister. Roderic applied himself with energy to his high duties; but in the midst of his engagements, could not but grieve that he saw so little of Countess Wilhelmina, who took greatly to heart the loss of her father. She now resided chiefly in the country, not being often invited to the court. The prime minister visited her frequently, but not often enough for his inclinations.

"Dear Count," said the Duke to him one day—"one cannot serve two sovereigns. You are often absent."

The minister colored.

"You go to visit the Countess Wilhelmina. But she knows how precious your time is; why comes she so seldom to the capital?"

The minister coughed slightly.

"I must end this romance, according to custom, with wedding. You love the Countess?"

The minister faltered—"She has long honored me with her friendship. I love her—as a brother—a sister."

"And if I commanded you to marry her, would you be indignant?"

"Ah!" replied Roderic, "I should be the happiest of men. But the Countess—"

"Good—I owe her something; I do not like her avoiding my court. Perhaps because I see little company, she thinks me more churlish than I am. We will speak again of this matter."

The next day, when the minister waited on the Duke, the latter opened a closet door behind the tapestry, and ordered Roderic to station himself within the closet. "The Countess is coming," said he. "I will sound her on the subject we broached yesterday, and you may hear something agreeable to you."

The minister had no time to protest against this royal measure. The tapestry was drawn, and the Countess entered the apartment. After the usual courtesies, the Duke began to complain to her sportively, of the negligence of his prime minister, and his frequent absences; and entreated that she would use her influence to correct his faults. The Countess entered into the joke without embarrassment.

"Among my late father's papers," said the Duke, "I found a letter to myself, which concerns you. He enjoins it upon me, not only to take care of you as a brother should do, but also to exercise the prerogative of a parent, and provide a husband for you."

Wilhelmina cast down her beautiful eyes, but did not answer.

"Invested with this authority, permit me to ask,—is your heart disposed?"

Still no reply.

Roderic involuntarily pressed close to the tapestry. His heart throbbed violently.

The Duke continued to question his fair sister, and asked permission, if her heart was free, to bestow her hand on an excellent, noble person, devotedly attached to her.

"I would name to you, for instance," said he, "my friend, Count Roderic."

The Countess blushed crimson, but could not answer.

"How!" cried the Duke, in apparent surprize. "He is then disagreeable to you? You have an aversion to him?"

"No," replied the Countess; I have a high esteem for him."

"A sisterly esteem!" cried the Duke, with an arch laugh. "Now suppose him kneeling at your feet, imploring the gift of your hand; suppose me interceding for him—"

Roderic bent forward intently, for he felt that his fate hung on the Countess' reply. Now as ill luck would have it, an overcoat of the Duke's hung in the closet, close to the door. The pockets were filled with snuff, of which the sovereign was very fond; and a most penetrating odor of snuff pervaded the closet, greatly to the annoyance of the attentive prime minister. As he leaned forward in his earnestness to hear the words that were to seal his happiness or misery, he inhaled a cloud of the malicious particles, which had the inevitable effect of a sneeze. All efforts to suppress it, only made the catastrophe more violent; and so tremendous was it, that the minister's head, in the act, protruded through the slit in the tapestry, to the great surprize and alarm of the Countess, and the infinite amusement of the Duke.

Poor Roderic was ready to expire with shame and vexation; but his friend hastened to release

him, and laughed while he said—"You will never do for an intriguant!"

"Nay," answered Roderic, recovering his spirits, "your Highness' coat, filled with snuff, spoiled all. But I will speak openly now;" and he knelt at the fair Countess' feet; she raised him with a smile, and did not say him nay.

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The morning after the wedding of Roderic and Wilhelmina, a stranger was announced, who demanded to see the prime minister. The Count, having no inclination to receive such early visitors, sent word he could not be seen. The servant returned with a card, on which was written, in a well known hand—"Henwen."

"Henwen!" repeated Roderic—"my friend—my companion at the university! Show him in immediately!" And then he told his lovely wife what claims his fellow student had on his remembrance and affection.

Baron Henwen entered. How sad a change! Roderic hardly recognized him. His face was pale, his figure emaciated, his dress bespoke the extreme of poverty.

"How comes this?" cried the Count, after he had welcomed his friend.

"Your excellency," said the Baron with a bow, "will pardon my importunity in urging to see you. I am a fugitive. I ask for protection. You may be called upon to give me up to my pursuers."

"For Heaven' sake, what have you done?"

"Mistaken, in my capacity of cook, two ounces of snuff for coffee."

"You—Henwen!—how came you to be cook?"

"Because I was so unfortunate as to tread upon an old lady's train?"

"A lady's train?"

"Yes—I was reduced to seek for a clerkship."

"You a clerk?"

"Yes—for I had laid aside my nobility."

"How was that?"

"On account of a canary-bird of my aunt's."

"Impossible!"

"Strict truth; on that account I lost my property, and came to want. It is so. I have been unfortunate, but always upright. Misfortune has followed me even to your excellency's door, whence your people would have driven me because of my mean clothes,"

"You astonish me, Henwen."

"Very possibly; but you know, fortune and misfortune hang on small things. Trifles are mightier than knowledge, virtue, or talents."

Roderic thought at this moment of the bake-trough, which had been the first means of his elevation; of the leg of mutton which had first introduced him to the acquaintance of his charming Countess; of the powder mantle, which had advanced his fortunes; of the drug, which had saved him from a forced marriage; of the net bag, which had raised him to be prime minister; and replied—"True, my dear friend. Remain with me; I will undertake your cause, and see that you are vindicated."

And Henwen was vindicated; for his friend espoused his cause with equal sincerity and zeal.

[A SEQUEL TO FOLLOW.]

Original.

THE SOLITARY GRAVE.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

"When spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fairies feet have ever trod."—*Collins.*

"WHOM the gods love, die young," is a sweet but mournful aphorism; and sadly does its truth force itself upon the mind, when memory turns back its page of garnered thoughts, to read there the names of the gifted, the beautiful, the good, the young, who have paled away from our earth,—lovely but delicate flowers, culled from our cold world, to deck the bowers of a brighter and holier sphere.

In the village of Port Royal, on that romantic river which the muse of our gifted Sigourney has immortalized,

"Where Rappahannock gently rolls o'er green Virginia's breast."

the white steeple of a beautiful little Episcopal church

"Points with taper spire the road to Heaven."

There is a quiet loveliness resting upon this little village, and a refined hospitality prevailing in its community, which often associate their recollection with the pleasant memories of the stranger, who may have made a brief sojourn within its borders.

Within the lawn surrounding the church, is a *solitary grave;* and that little mound shrouds the last resting-place of a beautiful stranger. Her story was told me by a gentle girl, and was so sadly sweet a tale of sorrowful beauty, that I could not refrain from throwing the particulars together, with the hope they might be perused with the same mournful pleasure, with which they were received from the sympathizing being who made me acquainted with the facts.

In the spring of the year 1838, the little community of Port Royal received an addition to their pleasant circle, in the person of Miss Sarah Fisk, of Southbridge, Mass. She left her home in the twenty-second year of her age, to take charge of one of the departments in the seminary of the Misses W., (now of Richmond, Va,) of Port Royal. Her interesting manners, her sweet and amiable disposition, her graceful and dignified air, her highly cultivated mind, soon won upon the inhabitants; and the name of Sarah Fisk soon became a household thought of beauty, with her young friends and associates in the village.

"None knew her but to love her, none named her but to praise."

Cheerful, and even lively, as she often seemed, at times her countenance would be shadowed over by one strange and melancholy thought—it was that of early death; and although she feared not the terrors of the grim destroyer, the sad reflection that she must go down to the grave, when the music of life's poetry was sweeping the heart-strings to joyous melody, and the sunlight of young hope was lighting every bud of anticipation, bursting beneath its beams almost into the opening flower,—imparted a tinge of melancholy to her smile, that made it sadly beautiful to look upon. Before she left her parental roof, in the midst of anticipations of pleasure in our southern land, "a sad low voice," to use her own prophetic expression, whispered in her ear, "DEATH THIS YEAR."

It was under this presentiment that she penned the following, found among her MSS. after her decease.

"At earliest dawn, when sleep had fled,
And Sol his onward course doth tread;
A soft low voice sounds in my ear,
It says, "thou'lt die ere dies this year."

The Spring with buds and flowers has come,
And sweet birds chirp around my home;
Yet with these sights and sounds so dear,
Comes the sad voice, "thou'lt die this year."

A smile is on my lip—my brow
Is free from care and sorrow now;
Light words escape—yet ever near,
I hear a voice, "thou'lt die this year."

When sleep has thrown its magic power,
And lull'd each sense,—e'en at that hour,
In dreams, a strange, sweet voice I hear,
It whispers—"die thou wilt this year."

Health still blooms fresh upon my cheek,
My voice is neither faint nor weak;
My step is firm, my eye is clear,
Still, still it says, "thou'lt die this year."

If this mysterious voice be true,
And I to earth must bid adieu,
Oh! Saviour, be Thou ever near,
Then welcome! welcome death this year!"

These foregoing lines she wrote in the spring of 1838. Mark the fulfilment!

Notwithstanding her mother, alarmed at the presentiment, endeavored to dissuade her from her contemplated change of home temporarily, duty prevailed, and she came to Virginia, and entered upon her engagements with such assiduity, that the principals and pupils in the seminary became devoted to her.

Often, however, when walking at the close of day, with the beautiful prospect before her,—and no village in Virginia can furnish a lovelier view, than that the eye takes in from Port Royal. She would say to her young friends, "I shall die this year." This haunting thought, however, instead of rendering her cold to surrounding beauties, led her to wish for a spot near the Rappahannock, where she might sleep undisturbed by the rude hum that ever breaks upon the city cemetery. How she felt in reference to the occasion, may be gathered from the following, written a short time, previous to her death—

"Oh! make my grave where the violet is springing,
Where the rose, and the lilly their fragrance are flinging,
Where music, sweet music throughout earth is ringing,
There make my grave.

And make it too, where the willow is bending,
Its silvery leaves o'er the streamlet winding,
Where with its murmurs the breezes are blending,
There make my grave.

And think of me then, yet not though as sleeping,
Beneath the damp sod, where the earth-worm is creeping;
Where darkness, and silence their vigils are keeping,
Around my grave.

But in that blest land where the heart's heavy sighing
Is heard no more—nor groans of the dying;
Where gladness, and joy, are for ever abiding,
Rejoice, I'm there."

A touching incident of her filial devotion, was given me by the young lady, from whom I gathered the above particulars. The first fruits of her labors as a teacher, she enclosed to her parent! How beautiful the thought! A young and delicate girl toiling day after day,—sometimes perhaps, having to contend with wayward pupils, and yet unmurmuringly bearing the annoyance—for what? that she might make some pecuniary return to those parents, who, with their limited resources had given her her education! *The year rolled on*—the period was arriving, when Sarah was to return to visit her parents, or the pale whisperer of the sad premonition was to fulfil his augury!

Within a few days of the time she had arranged for her visit, a weeping group stood beside the death-couch of Sarah Fisk. The revelation of the "*soft low voice*" was fulfilled!

Like the dying swan, her last sweet notes are remembered as her loveliest. Death to the

young teacher had lost its terrors; and the immortal smile of triumph that lighted her pale cheek, and spread its unearthly beauty over her marble brow, told that the destroyer

"Dared not steal the signet ring of Heaven."

Her request has been complied with! The morning I trod beside her grave, and heard her story told, the leafy branches of the neighboring trees, seemed alive with the music of birds. The winds were laden with the perfume of flowers, and the lulling sound of the waves of the Rappahannock, as they broke in subdued murmurs upon the shore just below us, told that the slumberer could not have selected a lovelier spot for her last resting place. At her head, the kind hand of the village pastor has planted a weeping willow, and at her feet, the wild rose bush makes fragrant the winds that whisper around her quiet grave.

There, lonely, but not forgotten, sleep the remains of the interesting stranger, and often there,

"The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses,
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day;
Will think of *her* fate, till neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away."

There, still let the wild bird warble, and the cool grass wave to the breeze—and there, in its solemn sweetness, Sabbath after Sabbath, let the music of "the church-going bell" invite the pious to the feast of the sanctuary!

Slumber on, young sleeper of THE SOLITARY GRAVE! "By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned," thy gentle spirit passed away! Lovely and lamented one; gifted and beautiful pilgrim to a better land. Soft hands closed thy dying eyes in the land of strangers. Subdued and tearful watchers of thine own sweet sex stood beside the fresh made grave that shrouded from sight, but obscured not from memory, the beautiful form of Sarah Fisk.

THE prejudiced are apt to converse but with one sort of men, to read but one sort of books, to come in hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and as they conclude, day blesses them: but the rest of the vast expansum they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They confine themselves to some little creek, not venturing out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature has stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what is to be found within their own little spot.—*Barrow.*

Original.

THE HYACINTH.*

I.

WREATHE not that sunny brow,
With those mysterious flowers,
To mock the bright and blissful glow,
Of childhood's guileless hours.

II.

Within their "twilight breast,"
Unfathomed secrets dwell;
Oh! never weave around the blest,
Their deep and mystic spell!

III.

The stain of human blood,
Dyed them a purple hue;
When life's unchilled and crimson flood,
The assassin's poignard drew.

IV.

They bow their fragrant head,
Down to the blooming earth;
As if the memory of the dead,
Had cursed their fatal birth.

V.

There's not a ray can beam
From their uncovered cells,
But, like the spectre of a dream,
Their bloody history tells.

VI.

Then let the winds that sweep
Athwart the gay parterre,
Convey them to the angry deep,
To sink for ever there!

VII.

And bind that golden hair,
With flowers of sweet perfume;
'Tis fit a brow so young and fair,
Reflect a *purer* bloom.

VIII.

The bees their music bring,
To charm the lovely rose;—
The music living in each wing,
That delicately glows;—

IX.

Then twine *its* blushing leaves
Above that smiling face;
Their soft and soothing charms admire
So exquisite a place.

X.

And when, like that sweet flower,
Thy beauty shall depart,
Sweet child! may God in that dark hour
Support thy sinking heart!

XI.

Then turn thine eye from earth,
Like the bright hues of even',
Its pleasures perish at their birth;
"There's nothing true but Heaven."

W. G. H.

* See plate of the Hyacinth.

Original.

THE SPECTRAL HAND.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"You are no believer in vulgar ghosts; nor am I, but I do believe most firmly that we are ever surrounded by ministering spirits, invisible to human eyes, but not unfelt by human hearts."

The speaker was a pale, thin old man, with a face singularly attenuated, and of ashy paleness, while his small, jet-black eyes, rolled spasmodically beneath his shaggy brows, as if moved by some galvanic power. Those eyes were certainly a most remarkable feature. They seemed, at times, to blaze out, and again to become dim, like the fitful lamp of the firefly; and the grey haze which occasionally crept over them, was like the glassiness which death imparts. No one knew any thing about him. He had accidentally become our travelling companion, and, as we gathered round the fire, in the solitary parlor which the wayside inn afforded, he joined himself to our little group, so silently as scarcely to be observed. Our host had endeavored to entertain us, during supper, by the details of a horrid murder, lately perpetrated in the neighborhood, and had garnished the tale with some incidents of a supernatural character. This led to a discussion among us, respecting ghostly revelations, and, while some of our party related half humorous, half horrifying stories of supernatural visitations, others vehemently declaimed against the indulgence of any such pernicious creeds. It was the violent tirade of one, who looked upon superstition as ranking among the seven deadly sins, which called forth from the strange old man the remark already quoted. Our pious friend immediately replied by a most elaborate argument, to which the stranger listened with evident indifference and impatience.

"Your reasoning is most conclusive," said he, with a faint smile, "and I doubt not that I should entirely agree with you, if *facts*, which have come within my own knowledge, were not more convincing than all the fine spun theories in the world."

"Have you ever seen a ghost?" was the natural question.

"No," was his reply, "but I have both seen and heard enough to convince me of the existence of ministering spirits."

A little persuasion soon induced the old man to give us the results of his experience, and as we drew our chairs more closely around the fire, he thus began:

"I believe that we are all sent into the world to perform some definite mission. The moment an infant breathes the vital air, his ministry of good or evil is begun, and according as he performs his allotted duties, or fails in their fulfilment, will be his future measure of reward. I speak not now of *deeds* only—there are things known only to man and his Maker, which yet form an essential part of that ministry, though the world knows nothing of them. But there may be those who have gone on humbly seeking to fulfil their mission of duty, until Death has stilled the beating heart, and palsied the ready hand. There may be those whose ministry is needed after the spirit has escaped from the decaying body; and whose *invisible* agency completes the unfinished course of duty. Such, I believe, are they who are sometimes allowed to revisit the 'glimpses of the moon.'

"Look into the scroll where memory has for years been inscribing her speaking pictures of the past, and tell me if you find not there the record of some mysterious impulse, which seemed almost like folly when you yielded to its power, but which now appears to you like a special interposition of Providence. Can you not recall some well-devised scheme of worldly advancement, from which, by some strange instinct, you recoiled at the very moment when success seemed sure, and which, if then pursued, in despite of this secret warning, you now see would have led to certain ruin? Do you not remember evil thoughts which would have ripened into wicked deeds, had it not been for some silent but powerful agency, which you could neither comprehend nor resist. Are there not acts of kindness and virtue which have been performed by you almost unwillingly, and as if under the power of some fascinating spell? He who can remember things like these,—and who among us cannot?—has felt the invisible ministry of angels. Sometimes, though rarely, this ministry is permitted to become visible; but it is only when the silent influences, which fall upon the spirit, like dew within the flower, are not sufficient for its renovation. The tale I am about to relate, is directly in point:

Sir Walter Lisburne, of Drayton, had wedded rather late in life, but nothing could exceed the domestic felicity which he enjoyed with his young and beautiful wife. The Lady Lucy was as good and gentle as she was lovely. Her very presence seemed to diffuse an atmosphere of happiness around, and her sweet face shed a light as genial to the soul as is spring sunshine to the earth. Her picture, which still adorns the old gallery at Draycot, represents her in the

first bloom of maidenhood, and it needs little knowledge of physiognomy to decide that such a creature could bear none other than a noble and gentle heart. The portrait of Sir Walter, which hangs beside her's, is equally characteristic. Eminently handsome, with the form and bearing of a hero of the olden time, yet his features bear witness to the vacillation of mind, the infirmity of purpose, and the weak credulity of temper which were so conspicuous in the actual man. Possessing the most affectionate feelings, and relying most implicitly on those whom he loved, his want of decision placed him entirely under the influence of others. It was only while his heart was fixed on the good and the pure, that he could depend on his own correctness of thought and action. Lady Lucy revered her husband, as all good wives should, and her humility prevented her from discovering his entire subjection to her guidance. It was only by suggestive hints that she ever attempted to direct his judgment, and when once the idea was placed before him, Sir Walter well knew how to develope it in such a manner as to establish for himself something of a claim to originality. His large fortune enabled him to gratify all her elegant tastes, as well as all her schemes of benevolence; and while he went heart and hand with her in her plans, no one would have suspected that his facile temper made him simply the reflex of the object nearest to him.

But such happiness as was enjoyed by this noble pair, never can endure. Earth would claim too many Heavenward thoughts, if the household fire ever burned thus brightly, and when disunion comes not to dim its light, Death stands ready soon to quench the flame. Just when her prospects were brightest, the Lady Lucy was called to leave all that she most dearly loved. A sharp and sudden illness fell upon her; the powers of her strong mind were broken, and after a few days of intense suffering, she sunk into a torpor, which gradually deepened into death. Not one lucid moment had been afforded her, to utter a fond farewell to her beloved husband, or to impress one parting prayer on the tender heart of her only child. While reason remained true, her duties had been well performed, but she died with the *mother's mission* yet *unfulfilled*.

The grief of Sir Walter was like that of all weak-minded and passionate-hearted men. He wept, and raved, and forbade all preparations for the funeral, and talked of self-murder, and, in short, acted like a mad man. It was necessary to place him under positive restraint, in order to prevent some fatal act of rashness, until time should have alleviated his wild sorrow. He shut himself within an apartment hung with black, and from which every ray of light was excluded. From this chamber he never emerged, except at midnight, when he paid a nightly visit to the tomb of his beloved wife. His servants, his friends, even his son,—the image of his sainted Lucy—all were denied access to him. He had taken a solemn vow that while the hatchment which told of Death's victory still remained affixed to Drayton, he would not appear beneath the blessed sunshine. And he kept his word, as all such people keep rash vows; he forgot not the *letter*, though he dispensed with its fulfilment in *spirit*.

In his son, who had then scarcely attained his twelfth year, were singularly blended the characteristics of both parents. He possessed the gentle temper of his mother, and the facile indecision of his father,—the relying tenderness, which, when properly directed, is so efficient a means in the formation of youthful character, together with a lightness and buoyancy of disposition which rendered it extremely difficult to make any permanent impression upon his feelings. He was one who would require 'line upon line, and precept upon precept.' His true and really noble character, lay hidden like the statue concealed in the shapeless mass of marble. It is only by the repeated strokes of the chisel and the toilsome study of the artist, that it is at length evolved in its perfect beauty. Yet Sir Walter, yielding himself up to selfish and morbid grief for the dead, forgot his duties to the living; and the boy was left to the tender mercies of the servants and retainers, who found their own interest in pampering the incipient passions of the young heir. The result of such society, at a period of life when the mind is most impressible, may be easily foreseen.

Adjoining upon Drayton, and, indeed, divided from it only by a brooklet, which a child might overleap, lay the rich domain then in possession of the Lady Elizabeth F——. This woman was singularly gifted both in mind and person, and had the gentler virtues and graces been also bestowed on her, she would have been one of the loveliest of her sex. She was exceedingly beautiful, with a face almost Moorish in its dark, rich coloring, and features of the most perfect symmetry. Her form was superb, and the idea of queenly magnificence involuntarily associated itself with her noble beauty and stately presence. She had been wedded, in youth, to a man, at

least, thrice her age, and who was as destitute of all loveable qualities as of personal attractions. Infirm in mind and in body, his querulousness had been the torment of all around him; but especially was his mean and tyrannical spirit exercised towards his wife. Her beauty was hidden in the strictest seclusion by his selfish jealousy,—her fine mental powers were wasted in vain attempts to soothe or divert the peevish invalid,—her love of magnificence was entirely thwarted by his sordid parsimony,—and, in short, every thing which could lighten the weight of so wearisome an existence, was strictly forbidden her. Even her flower-garden, the last shelter of her hunted spirit, had been ploughed up, and sown with turnip-seed, because the wretched old man fancied that it occupied some portion of her interest and her time. And yet he loved his wife,—he had sacrificed schemes of ambition to blind passion, when he made her the partner of his name and rank,—but his love was like the vile affection with which a miser gloats over his golden store. He was proud to feel that she was his own,—that all this wealth of beauty and brilliancy was buried from the world for his sole gratification. He found pleasure in adorning her with priceless gems, and decking her with all the splendors of Oriental taste, for his eye alone. While his parsimony scarcely allowed him to keep his noble mansion in habitable order, and while his jealousy forbade the intrusion of a single guest within his walls, he yet exacted from his lady the daily compliment of a full-dress dinner, and a superb evening toilette for only himself to gaze upon.

The proud and lofty woman was but as a puppet in the hands of her master. He ruled her as if by some magic spell, and scandal whispered that the talisman might be found in the record of the lady's early life. It was said that Lord F—— had found his bride in a station which she wished not to remember; and that the secret of his absolute power over her, lay hid within a locked and sealed coffer, which ever stood within his chamber, and which was said to contain the tawdry and tinselled trappings of a female rope-dancer. Whether the tale were true, or only the surmise of envy and malice, certain it is, that nothing but the strong bond of self interest could have subjected Lady Elizabeth's lofty spirit to such an intolerable weight of bondage. She had sold herself for wealth and station. She felt herself enslaved beyond all present redemption, but she anticipated the moment when Death should enfranchise her; and year after year passed away, while she waited in silent and patient hopefulness for the freedom which only the King of Terrors could bestow.

But Lady F—— had purposes, deep and determined, which were only to be acccomplished by the most adroit self-concealment. Her husband's estates were large and unentailed, and she had long since resolved that wealth, with all its powers and its pleasures, should reward her years of servitude. To accomplish this, required the most consummate art, for Lord F—— was suspicious of every one, just in proportion as he ceased to deserve respect. It was necessary for her to feign the most devoted affection for a person whom disease had rendered positively disgusting,—to pretend the utmost deference to the dictates of a mind which in every thing, save its power of will, was almost imbecile,—and, in short, to bend all the energies of her being to the task of cajolement and deception.

Alas! alas! for those who possess an untameable spirit enshrined in a frail and enslaved body! Alas! for those who must work out their own will in secrecy and silence!—who, having no weapons of strength, must use the craft and cunning which nature ever bestows on the weaker animals,—who must exercise masculine energies only by the aid of feminine devices. Alas! for such when the principles of virtue are wanting, and the woman's heart becomes the demon's haunt!

All that the Lady Elizabeth might once have possessed of gentleness and goodness, all the womanly charities of her nature, had been long since crushed beneath the chains which she had found so "heavy, tho' they clanked not." Ambition was now her only passion. For this she lived, and for this she suffered. "I bide my time," was her device, and never once did she relax her powers of fascination, until the grave closed over the tyrant and the deceived. During her husband's last illness, she was his faithful and unwearied nurse. She well knew that the will, which made her sole heiress to his vast possessions, had been long since made, and she felt that her thraldom was now drawing to a close. But she was yet to learn that there is a tyranny which seeks to make itself felt, even from the narrow limits of the grave. Almost with his dying breath, Lord F—— summoned her to his bedside, and dictated a solemn oath that bound her to a life of widowhood. With freedom just in view, and the fetters of slavery still heavy upon her, the proud woman felt little disposition to think of a second marriage. But she spurned the idea of a subjection, which should outlast the stroke of death; and a refusal to utter so false a vow was upon her

lips, when the expiring husband, with the last effort of impotent malice, drew from beneath his pillow the long hoarded will, and exhibited, appended to it a codicil, which made the forfeiture of the whole estate the penalty of a second marriage. Calmly, and coldly, Lady F—— uttered the prescribed oath—but—no eye save her's, witnessed his dying agonies, and when the will was drawn from its concealment, with all the forms of law, *no condition* was found annexed to the bequest which made the widow sole heiress of the rich domain. The portentous codicil had disappeared.

And what, you will ask, has the story of the Lady Elizabeth to do with Sir Walter Lisburne? Be not impatient, but let an old man tell his story in his own way. One little year after the burial of the gentle Lady Lucy, Sir Walter emerged from his chamber of darkness. His first care was to order the removal of the funeral hatchments from his gates, and his next to direct that all things should be prepared for his second nuptials with the Lady Elizabeth F——. It was a most mysterious affair, for he had never been seen to cross the threshhold of her abode, though she had been for some years free and unfettered. Indeed, it was universally believed, that, save his nightly visits to his lady's tomb, he had never left his gloomy apartment. But, be that as it may, he came out from his seclusion the betrothed of the haughty widow. She had found society less kindly in its reception of her than she anticipated. Her position was somewhat ambiguous, and her very superiority to most of her sex in personal charms, gave new vigilance to envy. Who was Lady F——? was repeatedly asked. But the world *could* not, and the lady *would* not answer. She felt the insecurity of her situation, and with her, now, to *will* was to *do*. Perhaps too, the noble person of Sir Walter, for he was still distinguished for manly beauty, might not have been without its effect upon the proud and luxurious woman. With her usual artifice, she managed to throw herself in the way of the sorrowing husband, and, ere long, his unprofitable visits to the cold stone, which covered the remains of his dead wife, became only an easy means of concealment for his much more agreeable communings with warm and breathing beauty. As a matter of worldly prudence, Sir Walter could scarcely have made a more advantageous match; for it united two contiguous estates into one of princely splendor; while the lady, as the wife of a man who could trace back his family to the time of the Norman Conquest, assumed a rank which no one cared to dispute.

"There is no tyrant so despotic as a disenthralled slave"—is a maxim proved to its fullest extent in oriental life, and the truth of which may be tested in the personal experience of every one of us. Lady Elizabeth soon discovered the weaknesses of her husband's character, and they were exactly such as suited best with her views. Without sacrificing any thing of her dignity, or her graceful assumption of gentleness, she was able to rule even to her heart's content; while Sir Walter, glad to be released from the irksome duty of self-guidance, was both proud and happy in his choice. Matters went on well enough, until Lady Elizabeth became a mother. The birth of her son awakened in her new emotions, and had such an event occurred in earlier life, before she was so completely indurated by ambition, it might have wrought a radical change in her character. Now, however, it only served to bring out in stronger relief her evil nature.

Sir Walter's eldest son—the young Walter, was now in his fifteenth year, when this new claimant to family honors appeared. Since his mother's death, the boy had been sadly neglected, and had sought his friends chiefly among the tenantry and domestics of his father's household. His tutor was a man of abstracted and absent turn of mind, whose simplicity of character rendered him an object of ridicule, rather than respect; and the wayward boy, who had his occasional fits of study, and his frequent moods of idleness, was most ingenious in mystifying the kind old man. With fine capacities, a most affectionate temper, but a most reckless will, young Walter Lisburne seemed destined to add another to the long list of profligate heirs. Yet, a kindly hand might easily have rescued him from the mire of self-indulgence, and womanly gentleness, to which he was ever most susceptible, might even then have allured him to the path of virtue.

The Lady Elizabeth had other schemes however. Sir Walter's estates were not entailed, and she had resolved, while her child was yet in his cradle, that the rich lands of Drayton, should be united with the domains of F——, to form the princely heritage of the son whom she almost worshipped. Among the retainers of Sir Walter, were several who were devoted to her interests. To them were given such directions as were likely to work out her ends. The incipient vices of the youthful Walter, were fostered by every possible means; his virtues were sneered at and mocked; his capacity for lofty attainments ridiculed; while his proficiency, in all that marks the high-blooded profligate, were lauded with the most fulsome flattery. Temptations of the most

seducing kind were placed in his way; and more especially was he enticed by that most debasing and insidious of all vices—the love of strong drink. Every opportunity was taken for indulging him in this propensity,—he was led on, step by step, and whenever he was found to be completely under the influence of the degrading taste, rioting with his boon companions, his father was sure to be brought by some singular *chance*, to the scene of his son's folly. Sir Walter's heart was gradually alienated from his child, and he was thus by degrees prepared to enter into the schemes which his wife had long since matured.

I am now coming to that part of my story, which will perhaps cause you to doubt its truth, or else to look on me as a weak visionary; and yet it is true as are the details I have just given you.

Sir Walter, now advancing in life, and completely under the influence of his haughty wife, (who, when she broke her vow with the dead, could hardly be expected to keep faith with the living,) was persuaded to make a will, which should give to his second son, Godfrey, the broad lands of Drayton, leaving to his eldest child only a small patrimony which he could justly claim in right of the Lady Lucy, his mother. The papers were drawn up by a lawyer, who was at that time much occupied at the ——— assizes, and I, then a youth of twenty, the son of Sir Walter's steward, was employed to engross the document. The affair was kept very secret, and was to be done as expeditiously as possible, because Sir Walter was confined to his bed by a serious illness, which it was feared would terminate fatally. I was accordingly placed in Sir Walter's study, a small room adjoining his library, on the one side and his sleeping apartment on the other. In order to prevent intrusion, I kept both doors securely locked, by the directions of Lady Elizabeth. I had been writing until very late in the night,—the house was perfectly still, and I could distinctly hear the ticking of the night-watch in the sick man's chamber. I had copied all the tedious and minute details which the law requires in such important papers, and after enumerating the various portions of property, I was just in the act of writing '*Godfrey*' as *sole heir*, when suddenly the light was obscured, and a *shadow as of a hand held before the taper*, fell upon the parchment before me. I looked up hastily, but the lights on the table burned clear and bright; and I almost smiled at my own vain fancy, as I dipped my pen in the ink and again bent my head over my task. But scarcely had I touched the paper, when the same sudden gloom appeared, and the *shadow of a hand* was distinctly projected upon the document before me. Again I looked up, with a beating heart, while the cold sweat started upon my brow in heavy bead-drops, but the candles burned with unclouded brilliancy. Summoning all my courage to my aid, and ashamed of being frightened at a mere shadow, I attempted a third time to write the name of *Godfrey*. At this moment the gloom again fell around my pen,—the shadow again lay dark and distinct upon my paper, and as I looked up, I saw held before the taper, *a hand,—a woman's hand* fair and delicate, with almond-shaped nails, and long taper fingers, between which the light shone, with a half transparent roseate hue. It was no vision of a heated fancy. I saw, with my bodily eyes, that veined and snow-white hand. I shall never forget its pure, pale waxen tint. While I gazed spell-bound, it slowly melted from my sight, and a halo, such as one may see gather around a candle, if held in a moist, close atmosphere, formed around the lights as that shadow vanished.

Flinging down my pen, I burst into the room where lay Sir Walter Lisburne. Lady Elizabeth, wearied with watchfulness, had retired to seek repose, and no one was beside the sick man, save an old family friend, whose integrity was as undoubted as his heart was warm. Breathless with emotion, but firm and unshaken in my belief, I told my story. The effect produced upon Sir Walter was terrific. What afterwards occurred respecting it, I know not, but that unjust will was never completed. I kept my own secret, and never revealed the story of my mysterious visitant, until a circumstance which occurred at a later period, induced me to narrate it to the heir of Draycot.

Sir Walter Lisburne never recovered from the illness of which I have just spoken. And the young Walter, about a year after his father's death, attained his majority. His kindness of heart had induced him always to treat his step-mother with respect, while his young brother had shared his affections; and accordingly, they were first among the invited guests, who were expected to honor Draycot with their presence, during the rejoicings. Lady Elizabeth had retired to her own estates, immediately after the death of her husband, and seemed to have quite forgotten her disappointment, if one might judge by the alacrity with which she obeyed the young baronet's summons. The heir was free-handed even to a fault, and the festivities were upon a scale of unbounded magnificence and liberality. More especially, was the evening banquet remarkable for its tasteful elegance. Lady Elizabeth, still stately and

beautiful, though time had touched her brow with his tracery, presided in all the pride of dowager dignity. Her son, a wild and light-headed boy sat near her, while pre-eminent in sweetness of deportment, noble bearing and beauty of person, notwithstanding the hectic flush with which his early excess had stained his cheek, shone the young Sir Walter.

It was late in the evening, when Lady Elizabeth rose to leave the banquet. Pausing one instant ere she withdrew, she raised to her lips the golden goblet in which she had been served with wine, and, uttering a grateful gratulation to the heir of Draycot, drained the cup. Seizing his capacious glass, Sir Walter held it over his shoulder to be filled, as he rose and courteously reciprocated the lady's compliment. I was seated in the gallery which overlooked the banquet, and I remarked that it was one of Lady Elizabeth's foreign servants who filled the glass for my young lord. Scarcely had the wine risen to the brim of the drinking vessel, when it suddenly mantled as if mingled with some effervescing drug, and the glass was shivered into fragments. It was a venice glass of great price, and I shuddered as I remembered the peculiar value which in former times had been set upon that substance, whose purity could not bear the touch of poison. But, as the wild thought passed through my brain, Sir Walter grasped a silver beaker which stood near, and called for wine. The same dark-browed servant stood behind him, and the cup was filled to the brim. Sir Walter raised it, but, ere it touched his lips, a spell seemed to have fallen upon him. He held the cup suspended, while his gaze was fixed fearfully upon vacancy. At length, as if overcome by some frightful vision, he dashed the goblet violently to the ground, and rushed from the apartment.

The wine was poisoned. The dog which had lain at his master's feet and lapped it as it ran along the floor, died the next morning. It was drugged with a slow but deadly poison.

Years afterwards, when I was admitted to the confidence of Sir Walter, (who, by a life of virtue afterwards amply atoned for the errors of his youth), I heard from his own lips the tale of that strange visitation. Often in his hours of revelry, ere thel ast intoxicating cup was quaffed, *a hand—a woman's hand*, soft and delicate, would be laid on his with a strong and gentle clasp,—holding back the draught from his hot lip. Sometimes the dewy fingers touched his brow and cooled the fevered brain, till reason could assert her sway. The effect had ever been salutary, yet exquisitely painful to the youth. It had stayed the impetuous fury of mad passion, and by degrees the touch of that invisible hand had won him from his evil ways. He felt himself watched over by some unseen spirit, and as soon as he fully believed and yielded himself to this gentle intimation of guardianship, the temptations that assailed him lost their baleful power. On the evening when he sought to pledge his step-mother in the poisoned draught, that shadowy hand had grasped his with a burning clasp, that made his blood boil in the shrinking veins. He felt the scorching of the flesh, beneath the touch of those slender fingers, and, as he told the tale, he bared his wrist, and I beheld the impression of three fingers, branded as if by a hot iron into the living flesh. Until his dying day, Sir Walter bore that seal of a spirit's mission.

"To whom do you suppose that spectral hand belonged?" asked one of the company.

"Did I not say that the Lady Lucy died without pouring forth the strong earthly love which was hoarded within her breast? She had come back to earth in spirit,—she had come to check the impulses of evil in the bosom of her child,—to rescue him from the poverty which would have driven his proud spirit to madness,—and finally, to save him from the deadly malice of her, who, for the guerdon of his wealth, would have sent him to an early grave, with all his sins yet heavy on his head. It was the *mother's hand*, and it fulfilled the *mother's mission*."

Note.—In Aubrey's collection of Hermetic Philosophy, (a very curious old book, notwithstanding D'Israeli's contemptuous opinion of it,) may be seen the original narration of the incident on which the foregoing tale is founded.

Brooklyn, L. I.

Original.

RELIGION.

The proudest monuments of art
Must crumble to decay;
The wreath that decks the poet's brow,
Will droop and fade away:
The mind,—that gem of "ray serene,"
May yield a sickly glare;
And every hope that cheers the heart.
May sink in black despair:
But that, which o'er the humblest cot,
A hallowed radiance throws;
And 'round the gorgeous palaces,
In peerless beauty glows,—
Religion—never shall decay,
It claims a heavenly birth;
'Tis written on the stars, and they
Reflect it down to earth.

Original.

THE SHIP OF THE PALATINES.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH CAROLINA SHORE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

A SHAFT of sudden light, as of a glance
Shot from the red eyes of descending day,
Lights the green edges of the western wave,
And purples it with beauty. Yet the sun
Now flames on Asian summits. Midnight sways
His abdicated realm upon our shores,
And his successor, the pursuing moon,
Hath vanished in his wake. A cloudy veil,
Hangs o'er her mansion, and the twiring stars,
Grow dim along her track. Once more that blaze,
A sulphury column o'er the midnight waste,
Darts upward, and prolongs a fitful glow,
Leaping from wave to wave.

"A ship on fire,
Crowd sail, and let us reach it!"

Thus, the cry
Ran through our vessel, and each straining eye,
Piercing the solid depth of dark between,
Beheld the perishing wretches,—the strong man,
And trembling woman, and unconscious child,
As, hanging o'er the eternal precipice,
They cried to heaven for succour,—cried and sank!—
Preferring the sure sentence of the deep,
To that dread doom, that, darting on their steps,
With thousand fork'd, fiery tongues pursued!

One moment of deep terror!—but the hand
Touch'd not the cordage. The uplifted voice,
Of order, lapsed to silence. It was gone,
That sudden blaze, as suddenly, and Night,
A vast and shapeless shadow, frown'd in place.

Yet was its semblance, to each eye that saw,
A burning vessel—a majestic barque,
Limned in consuming flame, erect yet doom'd,
From gun-wale up to top-mast, stem to stern,
In fiery lines articulate and clear,
Each spar, and shaft, and lineament ablaze.
Glorious in ruin!

Thus, in western wilds,
The traveller in belated journey sees
A vision of destruction;—some tall wood
Traversed by flame, that, from the reckless hand,
Escaping, leaps to the inflammable pine,
And fastens, like a tiger, on its heart.
The monarch tree, with sky achieving spire,
And limbs spread out like patriarchal arms,
Exchanging all its garniture of green,
Is clothed in fiercest crimson—kingly shroud
For more than kingly shape. The mighty shaft,
Consuming, yet unshrinking!—the broad limbs
Blazing, but still unyielding;—while the vine,
Supported long on those paternal arms,
Crackles, and curls, and shrivels, in the flame,
Like cordage on the vessel lately gone.

There is a deep and serious faith in man,
Nursed in his secret soul and strengthen'd there,
By numerous stern and solemn instances,
That finds a latent but close sympathy,
Betwixt his own and that mysterious world
To which our shadows hasten. Earth may cloud,
Not wholly darken that superior light
Which burns within us. This, immortal hands
Trim nightly, and upon our startled ken,
Purged of its sullen and unfruitful humours,
Betray brief glimpses of the thing that was,
And thing that may be. Purposes of dread,
To us obscure and wondrous—not for us
To fathom or examine—in HIS will,
Whose will is monarch over all that lives,
Life's single source and Sov'reign,—rise in forms
That soothe, or awe, or waken—shake with fright,
Or startle into meritorious deed
And righteous duty. In no cause o'erborne,
Finds succour when most fearful; wan despair,
Grows hopeful, though the gleam upon his eye,
That wins him, with new confidence, to life,
Is germined by the vaporous fogs that rise
From ancient channels and forbidden graves
Where rot the unknown race;—and Crime that lurks,
Even in dread, a thing of hate and fear,
Is dragg'd to make confession of his guilt
By some inexorable shade,—some shape,
That moves the unwitting tongue, the unwilling hand,
In inauspicious moment, to betray
The one dread secret. Murder will come out,
And find a voice, and challenge scrutiny,
Though seas roll o'er the victim, and long years
Brood o'er the perish'd hour that saw the deed!

There is a wild tradition of these shores,
Still told by ancient men,—who, in such blaze
As that which lately dazzled and withdrew,
See but a phantom beacon, set by heaven,
To mark the period and the place of crime.
Familiar to their eyes that spectral light,
With each returning year, and learned Scribes
Have set their hands and signets to the tale
In solemn record. Once, upon a time,—
Thus runs the story—ere our country yet
Flung off the chains of British tyranny,
A little band of German Palatines,
Having fond hopes of change—it may be, lured
By sweetest dreams of freedom—left their homes,
And chartered a frail vessel, which they fill'd
With wives, and sons, and daughters,—all their store
Of family and fortune. But the last
They screened from envious eyes, and, meanly garbed,
No other seemed than helpless destitutes,
Bless'd if the pittance, needful for the day,
Were, by the hand of charity, bestowed.
Thus habited—thus lowly in the sight
Of strangers, they embark'd. They cross'd the seas,—
God smiled upon their voyage 'till the shores
Of Carolina, gathering on their gaze,
Rose, as in welcome, darkening on the deep.
Then joy was in their hearts. The smiling sun

Look'd on them from blue summits. Green, the groves,
Woo'd them with promised shelter, while the fruits,—
Fragrant and purple, that, in southern lands,
Spring, undemanding labor, at the word
Of sweet and sovereign nature,—to their glance
Made all one Eden. Joy in every heart,
Burst out from tongue and eye;—and children all,
Thus gladden'd they forgot the prudent cares
That garb'd them late in seeming poverty.
The peril of the seas was at an end—
Their world before them. They had homes to build
And time was precious;—wherefore then delay?
They brought their stores to light! Their eager hands,
Unveil'd their treasures. Little family gauds,
Of gold and jewels, hidden through the past
Of centuries, of danger and distress,
Display'd by happy hands, on heaving hearts,—
And cups of silver in more precious grasp
Of dearest children. Confident at last,—
Of future,—in the hope that, baffled long,
No more could be denied—they yielded them,
To every sweet assurance.

"With the morn,"
Thus rang their eager voices, in all ears
With iteration fond, rehearsing hope,—
"Our feet shall tread these shores—our fingers pluck
Their fruits—our forms beneath yon sacred shade
Of forests, that have felt no hand but heaven's,
Catch precious dews of slumber. Heaven be praised,—
For its dear mercies—for this best of all!"

Thus, like fond children, full of new delights,
In little groups, they throng'd the vessel's deck,
Each glad with pleasant purposes—his toils,
His petty schemes of future happiness—
Where build, what plant, what hours to care devote,
And what to recreation—what the flowers
Of this new world;—and—these were maiden thoughts,
How sweet when garlanded with blue and pink,
The evening dance beneath the spreading oak,
Love darting keenest glances from the grove,
And, in its shadow, weaving subtlest charms
To soothe and still subdue half-willing hearts.
Thus dreaming each, with some particular joy,
To feed on, as the soul's best nutriment,
They mused together, framing at the last,
For absent dear ones in the father land,
Glowing despatches in whose bright details,
Hopes, in a moment, grew to certainties—
With fond entreaties to the ancient sire,
And timorous grand-dame, doubtful of the seas,
To follow, and their forest-homes partake.

Noon pass'd and evening came and courtly night,
With all her gay, but pale patrician throng,
Sweet, but how stately! Lingering to the last,
While yet the shores lay visible to sight,
Our blue-eyed wanderers hung with eager eyes
Upon the yellow sands, the green-plumed pines,
Tall warriors, set as watchers on the deep,
In close array and serried rank and file.
But with the darkness they withdrew—with hearts

How joyful—with a thousand hopes in one,
And that how full of child-significance
In the one word—"to-morrow!"
But to them,
That morrow, with its wealth of promises
Came never! Fatal was their sad mistake,
That vain display of treasure, shown to eyes,
That gloated, with an eager fierce delight,
On the bright vision. In the master's heart,
Rose up the hungry fiend of avarice;—
A greedy pang, a lust that had no fear,
Worked fearfully within him. In his eyes
Glistened the secret thirst; but they had grown
Suspicionless beneath prosperity;
Saw not the malice—had no instinct dread
Of that so sudden passion which should work,
Even in the moment of their sweetest hope,
For their destruction From their eyes he shrank,
And sought his cabin;—pored upon his charts—
Fled from temptation,—but his brooding thought,
Clung to the one possession. Through the day,
A single image glanced before his gaze,
Of all those golden spoils within his grasp.
He had no other thought. Within his ears,
Even a single voice was whispering—
So softly, so soliciting!—it said,—
"Midnight will hide the deed—an hour is all—
Wherefore thy terror—thou shouldst be a man,
And make thyself for ever!"
'Twas enough!
The demon triumphed. Then the master sought
His crew, and with like guerdon overcame
The germ of mercy in their stubborn souls.
They swore, with linked hands, a horrid oath,
Fidelity, in blood, to one another,
And hell,—and then they whispered o'er the plans
Of cruelty and safety. With the night,
When silence filled the dim abode where slept
Their wearied victims.—silently they stole,
Each to his hateful task. With stealthy care
The fatal knife was lifted o'er the breast
Of each strong sleeper. At a signal given,
They struck, and struck together,—but one blow,
And writhing, but scarce shrieking, in his pain
The sleeper slept for ever. One hoarse cry,
Stifled in utterance,—one spasmodic fling
Of upward striving arms,—and all was hush'd,
In burdensome silence,—so oppressive then,
That the fierce criminal, shuddering at his post,
Paused, hopeful, that his victim still might groan.
But brief cessation from their bloody toils
Claim'd terror. Conscience flung aside and hush'd—
Then follow'd the last dreadful sacrifice,
Women and children—shrieking innocents,
Pleading and clinging to their murderers,
And wondering that the father came not nigh,—
The husband, brother,—while the threat'ning blade,
Blood-dripping gleam'd above their dying eyes.
All perish'd—pray'r and supplication vain—
Mammon to Moloch made his sacrifice,
And elbow-deep in blood, the murderers,

Stood cowering in the darkness, half afraid,
Lest through the hold, the innocent starry eyes,
Summon'd to look by each escaping soul,
Might pierce in passing, and lay bare the deed.
A moment, and in contemplation brief,
The criminals found resolve. With hurried lights,
They gather'd up the wealth whose fatal charms
Had won them to the guilt of bloody hands,
And, with their ill-got treasure once secure,
They hasten'd to their boats. But first, to hide
All traces of their footsteps and their crime,
They plied with busy hands the blazing brand,
And in the bowels of the fated ship,
Left flaming torches. Speeding to the shore,
They watched the fierce destruction. From the hold,
Shot up in thousand tongues and jets of fire,
The raging flames ascended. On the masts,
The deck, the gunwale, spars and sails, they seized,
With sudden fury. All ablaze, the ship
Darted along the deep, a form complete,
Complex in lineament, but subtly wrought
In lines of blazing light. And thus it sped,
No wind impelling, close beside the shore,
Where stood the gasping criminals—their eyes,
Wide-staring on that wond'rous spectacle.
Thus, to and fro, the livelong night it went,
They watching still, incapable of flight.
By day, a charred and dismal skeleton,
It frown'd upon them, as, in restless drift,
It floated slowly by the yellow sands—
Now gone from sight, now suddenly, once more,
Gliding above the selfsame dreary spot
Which saw that deed most dark and damnable!
All day, as by some awful spell enchain'd,
They linger'd by the shore. Now, in the wood,
Hiding their trembling forms—now, peering forth,
With the deceitful hope that, from their eyes,
The dreaded sight was gone,—beneath the wave,
Hiding their secret. When the night, once more,
Rose with starr'd train, along the aërial arch,
Rose the bright tongues of flame that traversed fast—
Spars, sails and cordage. Blazing as before,
Yet unconsuming, came the phantom ship,
Bearing right on for shore. Too dread the sight,
Upon the eyes of those most wretched men;—
They fled,—and in the forest wilderness,
'Mongst beasts of prey, and tribes more savage still,
Buried their heads, their secret and their hopes,—
Never their fears! Years, generations pass'd,—
The living are the dead! What fate befel
These hapless and still hopeless criminals,
The Chronicles reveal not;—but the tale,
Still told by wise and venerable men,
Declares they went unpunished, save by God,—
And that the spectre-vessel, still ablaze,
Upon that fearful anniversary,
Appears with night, and still must re-appear,
Until, upon each man child, from the loins
Of those most bloody men, the avenger's hand
Hath fatally fallen,—when the spectre ship,
Her work complete, all blazing as she goes,
Shall lay her aching ribs on ocean's floor.

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—Number II.

A visit to Tintern Abbey.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

The time appointed for our long promised visit to our friends at Bristol had arrived, and we once more seated ourselves in the train of the Great Western Railroad. Again we commented upon the comfort, beauty and solidity of the English railway. Every thing is done for posterity. The deep cuttings are lined with neat masonry, or sodded and bordered with flowers—the station houses are of stone, in pretty gothic forms—while conductors, with flags, are stationed along, and placards hung out to warn the wanderer, or guide the passengers. The tunnels on this road are frequent, and have been very expensive to the company. We passed many a quaint village, embosomed in trees, their thatched roofs green with moss, their latticed windows covered with fragrant vines, and the dear little gothic church grey with time, and festooned with the ivy of ages past. Many a villa and lordly mansion peeped out of verdant groves, and many a soft green hill rose and sunk again gracefully into bright meadows, surrounded by a circling stream. Upon a hill at our left, we observed the figure of a large white horse, as if painted in white on the green turf. The sods had been taken up in the form of a horse, and the white chalk below, appearing, made this figure. Reading, with its ruined castle and many towers and chimnies, is seen at a little distance, and we left passengers at its station house,—then Bath, the celebrated watering place appears, the rising ground covered with tier above tier of terraces, rows and crescents of elegant houses; while above all rose the towers of the different churches, and the ancient cathedral. Bath was resorted to by the Saxons, who called it *Ake man cestre*, or the *Aching man's city*. Here we also exchanged passengers and luggage, and then away we whirl past "sweet fields of living green," with the silver Avon winding through them, and cottages with gardens glowing with flowers, and palaces, and ancient churches, and old grandfather trees, and copses of young ones placed in picturesque groups, making a succession of fair cabinet pictures. This is all past,—the smoke of a large town is dimming the hills, and Bristol, with its churches and houses, its manufactories, shipping, and cathedral towers, is seen covering the sides of a hill, at the foot of which is the meeting of the Frome and Avon Rivers. The station house is

a large and elegant building of light-colored stone, with gothic arches and pinnacles. Crossing this, we find a crowd of cabs and omnibusses. When the cars stopped, a tall, gentlemanly looking man, dressed in a plain surtout, pulled from beneath his seat a carpet bag and basket, carrying, apparently, a nice turbot or salmon, which he quietly gave to the conductor. This was the Duke of Beaufort, who was soon rolled away in his carriage to Badminton, his family seat, whose white towers were rising over the trees a few miles from Bristol. As we drove along, I thought Bristol a gloomy looking place, with narrow streets, and no architectural beauty. Perhaps my having left London only four hours since, may have caused my distaste. However, as we reached the better class of houses on the summit of the hill, and saw the sunny smile of welcome, and felt the warmth of English hospitality, we found a brighter tint was cast around us.

The dawning rays of a brilliant Summer sun, were just struggling through the silent streets of Bristol, as we drove merrily down to the steamboat which was to take us across to Wales. It was a tiny affair, and its little deck was already crowded with tourists and pleasure hunters, like ourselves, and was soon afloat, paddling down the Avon, which still lay in shadow, while the tops of St Vincent's cliffs above us were glowing in sunlight.

The *Rhenish* character of the scenery here, strikes every one who has seen the noble Rhine. Wild, rocky precipices arose at our right hand, to the height of three hundred feet, on the summit of which were the pretty terraces and villas of Clifton, the celebrated watering-place, while the opposite side was clothed with coppice and wild-flowers, flinging over us their sweet morning fragrance as we passed. Rapidly we wound through the rocky pass, now looking forward to a frowning promontory which seemed too potent a barrier to surmount, now looking back to the tomes and spires of Clifton, painted upon the sky at the narrow opening. The passage at last gradually widened, and before us we beheld the lordly Severn, here six miles broad, rolling its mass of waters to the sea—while, from its opposite shore, arose the coast of Wales, dotted with towns and cottages, and backed by a dark rampart of mountains. The heights at our left ended in a bold bluff, called Portishead, crowned by a pretty village, church tower and hotel, while the other side was covered with the parks and stately mansions of Lord de Clifford, Mr. Harcourt of Blaize Castle, and other wealthy land owners. King's Roads, beneath these cliffs, at the mouth of the Avon, is the anchorage of the Great Western steamship, while she remains at the port of Bristol,

Let not the reader mistake our little river for the Avon of Shakspeare. This is one of the three Avons of England, and takes its rise in Wiltshire, and after rambling through the pretty meadows near Bath, falls into the Severn, dividing the shires of Gloucester and Somerset. Its rise and fall are between forty and fifty feet,—when low it is a miserable muddy ditch, but when it has reached its height, in its "shining morning fall," it is a fair and lovely stream to look upon. A tiny river indeed when compared with our broad rolling floods, but its bold and varied scenery will well compensate for its diminutive rise.

Gliding out of the Avon, we ascended the Severn several miles, gazing at the beauty of its shores. As we leave the Severn, and enter the Wye, which, winding through the Welsh hills, falls into it here, we pass the lovely islet of Chapel Rock. It is, as its name implies, a mass of rock covered with sea weed, and washed by the billows. Upon its summit is the ruined shrine of Saint Tecla of which now, nothing but one solitary arch remains. Its beacon-light, once warning the storm-tossed mariner, is now quenched by the waves, and its shrine once rich with his grateful offerings, now strewed along the beach.

The rocky shore, and its smooth, green hills gradually closed upon us, narrowing the bed of the Wye as we ascended. Its borders do not assume the dignity of cliffs as upon the Avon, but present the appearance of a wall on each side, as if the rocks had been rent asunder, while masses of foliage and flowers were clustering upon it in gay profusion. Tufts of pink, fox-glove, and brilliant valerian were flaunting and tossing their pretty heads in every breeze.

A wider opening gave us a view of Chepstow, seated upon the hill above us. An old crumbling Roman wall surrounded it, following the elevation of the rising ground, and sinking into the curve of the depressions of the land, its grey line traced distinctly over the green turf. The picturesque ruins of Chepstow Castle crowned the height above, a pretty, five-arched bridge of iron, spanning the river where once stood a Roman bridge. This river, also, like the Avon, has a rise and fall of fifty feet, and wants only depth and width and purity, to make it a stream worthy of its beautiful shores.

Carriages of all kinds awaited the tourists, and

selecting a light open, basket-work affair we were soon driven rapidly through the far-famed scenery of Wales and the Wye. A confused mass of rocks and trees arose at our left hand, while far below us, the Wye wound its way through soft round green hills. The table land above was covered with fields and copses arranged with that view to effect which, renders the rural scenery of England so beautiful. The English farmer deems he owes something to his neighbor as well as to himself, and in laying out his farm consults beauty as well as utility. Scarcely a tree is planted without studying its effect. Hence, whence our eye ranges over those swelling hills, which characterize English scenery, we behold trees gracefully grouped, foliage of different tints assorted, groves and copses arranged in pretty shapes, and in some places even the tints of clover mustard, pink betch and purple bean, so disposed as to give a pleasing effect at a distance.

Six miles of this ever-varying scenery were passed, when a turn in the road brought before us a fair green valley surrounded with verdant hills. Upon a gentle eminence in the centre, circled by the Wye, stood the ruined Abbey of Tintern. How mournfully beautiful it looked! Its crumbling walls grey with age,—its faultless arches riven by the tempest, presented so vivid a contrast with the blooming landscape around it. So touching was it in its sad decaying beauty, that our merry converse was hushed and we rode on in silence. We alighted at the gate of the guide's cottage, and followed the old man through the great door into the building and stood motionless, gazing upon the beauty and solemnity of that lonely place. The Abbey stands nearly entire, with the exception of the roof, which Cromwell, a more ruthless destroyer than time, caused to be blown off for the sake of the lead with which it was covered! Its clustering columns rise in solemn grandeur to the blue roof above, while through the high arches whose carved tracery has given place to twining ivy, the mid-day sun was streaming, throwing the dark shadow of its pillars upon the grassy floor beneath. In front of us, at the eastern end of the church, was a large oriel window,—which once was adorned with stained glass, pouring a flood of rainbow light upon the tessellated and marble monuments around. Now, from this, as well as the rest of the building, sculpture, and painting, and gilding, have all been destroyed by the wind and the rain, and its only ornament is the pitying ivy, which clusters the wall in large green masses, hangs down in long festoons, twines the columns, and clasps the mouldering mullions with its graceful tendrils, as if to cherish, and solace, and save. A fine back ground of fair green hills seen through the broken window, shone like a bright future upon the desolations of earth. Silently we walked over the "pave of grass," musing upon chance and change, and mourning that such an exquisite specimen of ecclesiastical architecture should thus perish and be lost. Still we could not wish the return of that age, in which such establishments flourished, nor of the race who reared them. They who here once sang their midnight orisons have had their day, and the age of monastic seclusion has passed from these shores While war was devastating the country, —when Saxon, and Dane, and Norman, were sweeping all trace of religion and literature away, —in these abbeys, and among the monks they remained in hallowed safety, until peace was once more restored to the land. The monks have passed away—and let us be grateful at least, for all which they have preserved for us, and admire that taste, which created such buildings as the one before us.

This Abbey was founded in 1131, by Walter de Clare, Lord of Chepstow, "for the good of his soul and that of his kinsmen." He lies buried at Tintern with his brother Gilbert, who, also, as well as the celebrated Richard Strongbow, enriched its walls. The great family of the powerful Hugh Bigod, also devoted part of their wealth to the purpose of adorning this proud edifice, which enriched with the wealth of nobles, carved, chiselled, gilded, embellished with all the elaborate ornament of the style then fast taking place of the simple Norman, stood a superb specimen of the decorated anglo-gothic. Alas, how stands it now! The large tree which waves its arms from the ruined arch above, the turf which covers the tessellated pavement, tells of the summers which have passed since it was left to moulder to decay. The tombs of its proud founders have all disappeared, save where a remnant of a crosier speaks of the resting place of some lofty Abbot, who here trod in his brief authority. Of the Abbey itself, nothing but piles of stones remain, which, some learned antiquary will point out, as once bounding the grand hall, the refectory, or the monk's kitchen.

"These are the things which tame the soul of man,
The spectral writing on the wall of time."

As we left the church, I plucked an ivy branch as a relic of our visit. The guide, learning that I was from America, with that attention to a stranger's wish, which I had met wherever I had been in England, selected a pretty sprig and collected some seeds, which he hoped I would plant

in my distant land, as a remembrance of Tintern. He was proud of his old Abbey,—and viewed me with especial approbation when he saw the deep interest with which I regarded it. As a further mark of his favor, he bestowed upon me a curl of an exquisitely carved wreath, which was lying in fragments around. He also shewed us a spot, where he had removed the grass, and displayed the floor which was paved with Norman tiles, red, figured with yellow.

We wandered long in the vicinity of the Abbey, and looked upon the Wye and the hills, once echoing with the midnight choral chaunt of Tintern. The cistercean monks who inhabited this abbey, were celebrated for their taste and learning. Their buildings were always pre-eminent for the elegance of their architecture, and were placed among the most beautiful scenery of the land. Their taste was also shewn in their dress, which, unlike the other orders of their brethren, was a flowing robe of white.

"Mount, and away!" was the word, and, bidding our old guide adieu, and looking a tender and sorrowful parting to the ruined fane, we were rapidly driven back towards Chepstow. The Wind-Cliff, was our next object. This was the highest summit of that grand ledge of rocky precipices, which had been towering over our heads upon one side, as we drove to Tintern, while at the other, the Wye was flowing in its deep green glen below. Tourists sometimes, ride nearly to the top on the other side, and from thence descend. We preferred to clamber up the Wind-Cliff, and accordingly alighted at its foot, and gazed up at the magnificent mass of rock and foliage which arose above us—

> "Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view."

Slowly we ascended the devious path, winding through many a maze of glorious beech and oak; reposing now in some coal grot, or upon rustic seats placed for the convenience of tourists in pretty openings, by the Duke of Beaufort, the tasteful owner of this rich and beautiful land.

Well, we are upon the summit—and seated upon benches of twisted roots, are gazing out upon one of the finest views in England, and, while the summer breeze is fanning our brows, are gathering all its points, and seeking how to convey to you in words, a picture of so extensive and lovely a landscape. A more varied prospect can be seldom seen—for here we have river and sea, and vale and plain, mountain and hill, city and village, cottage and castle. The valley of the Wye lay beneath us, and the curious windings of its lovely river can be distinctly traced. In one spot it nearly forms a circle around an eminence covered with the varied fields of Lancant farm. In another, the course of the stream is three miles around the height crowned with the picturesque tomes of Goodrich castle, while the path across is but half a mile. Gently undulating land leads down to the Severn, beyond whose bright waters, dotted with vessels, arise the cultivated shores, and wooded hills of Gloucester, and Somershetshire. We were pointed to a spot in the dim distance of the former, where rise the gloomy groves of Berkely Castle, the death scene of the unhappy Edward Second. Among these Welsh hills, with that scene before us, we could scarcely fail of re-calling the fearful prophecy of Gray's ancient bard of Wales—

> "Mark the year and mark the night,
> When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
> The shrieks of death, through Berkely's roof that ring."

Upon an eminence at our right, overlooking the mouth of the Wye, was seated the town of Chepstow with its ancient castle. Around and behind us, arose wild rocks and towering ridges, ending in the far summit of many a 'cloud-like hill.' As we descended the Wind-Cliff, we came down from our mist of sentiment, and condescended to partake of the lunch which was spread in the moss cottage. This hut is constructed with branches of trees, lined throughout with moss, by the direction of the noble lord above named. It possesses numerous apartments. Our meal was spread upon a rustic table of black walnut, while a chandalier of moss hung over our heads. Under a spreading tree before the door, sat a blind Welsh harper, who entertained us with native airs upon his instrument, while we refreshed ourselves within. Being true hunters of the picturesque, we scarcely allowed ourselves time to rest, when we again mounted our light phæton and continued our course to Chepstow. One of the old gate-ways of this city still remains, and spans across High street near one of the principal Inns. It is an interesting object telling of ages and nations long passed away. Chepstow has been a town since the days of the ancient Briton. So goodly a spot, commanding the Severn and the Wye, with a lookout over a vast extent of country, would be immediately selected as the encampment of an invading army; and accordingly, Roman, Saxon, Dane and Norman troops have here been entrenched. It is a small town, its only interest to a stranger being its ruins. Of these, are the walls, which I have already mentioned; the church, which was a chapel of a benedictine monastery, and yet retains a beautiful crenelated Norman door; and Chepstow Cas-

tle. Leaving our carriage at the Inn, we passed through the ancient gate-way, and walked down the street towards the river. Upon an eminence overlooking the Wye, stands the ruined Castle. Its circular walls and some of its towes are still standing; but time and war have effaced its grandeur, and crushed its power, leaving it beautiful indeed, but desolate. We ascended the pleasant green slope in front and entered the gate-way, once defended by two heavy iron-bound gates, and by portcullis, and á machicolation above. We started with surprise as we entered; so different was the interior from any thing we could have imagined of a fortress—even of a ruined one. The walls presented one mass of living green. The ivy vine, like pity following justice, was clinging and turning every where,—swinging from the turret tops, covering the battered stones giving "beauty for ashes," and flinging a grace over decay. The pavement of the court was concealed by grass, and from the centre, sprung an enormous walnut tree, beneath the shade of whose wide-spreading branches was placed a rustic table and seats. Upon a pile of stones which had fallen from the turret above, sat a blind Welsh harper, drawing a sad dirge from the harp before him, as if mourning over the woes and defeat of his ancient race. Another court opened from this, now covered with the gay parterre of our guide's garden, through which we were led into the grand hall of the castle. Here some vestiges of the ancient architecture are still remaining. In some of the arches, are several carved quoin's,—a sculptured corbel here and there remains, while the arches they once supported have long since fallen. And here, also, we saw the only relics of the once Saxon fortress of Cheapen-Stone, in a horse-shoe arch, over what was once a window. Wandering onwards, musing upon nations and days that have passed, we crossed another court leading to the ditch and portcullis of the western gate, near which rises the castle keep, now called Martin's Tower. A pointed gothic arch-way leads to a stair-case, which gives access to a room above, once the prison of Henry Marten, the regicide.

What a sad casting down of high imaginings was the steamboat bell, which called us from our Saxon and Norman reminiscences! Ere we obeyed its summons, we took another long look, out of the mullioned window, upon the peaceful Wye beneath, and the graceful hills beyond—then plucking, as a remembrance, a branch of gay valerien, which was flaunting from the broken arch; we left Chepstow and the Wye, and at sundown were again gliding upon the Avon.

Original.

DIPPINGS IN THE DEEP.

A VOYAGE FROM NEW-ORLEANS TO NEW-YORK.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Puff! puff! puff! puff! and our graceful and beautiful vessel, the St. Mary,—bless her pretty face!—sways away from the great awkward cotton-box outside, to which she has been moored, and yielding as if unwillingly to the invisible yet irresistible impulse of the puffing and wheezing monster at her side, falls slowly and tremblingly down the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. The proud, the beautiful Crescent City, with its brilliant streets, all running *downwards* from the levee, and spread out like an animated map, grow dim and dull behind us, and at length sink like a shadow away, and rest upon the surface of the water, like a cloud, in whose bosom beats the lightning's pulse, which flashes a thin, transparent radiance over the gloom that shrouds it. Farewell, bright Queen of the South! with thy hundred lofty domes and palaces, and thy hundred thousand hearts, whose throbbings send the blood of fifty nations and tongues over cheeks of every hue and stamp that ever characterized humanity. A strange and dreamy resting-place art thou, oh, beautiful city! Like a fair vision of midnight, crossed and chequered with dark and startling phantoms, who gibber and mock, and mow with their horrid faces, is thy memory to me. What noble thoughts and angel aspirations—what low and grovelling licentiousness—what high and lofty honor—what fierce and ungovernable ferocity and brutality—what melting kindness, what incomparable meanness, and what base and disgusting hypocrisy—are mixed and mingled into one mass of almost indistinguishable humanity, upon thy heaving and unquiet surface! Thou art one vast carnival, where all, both day and night—in the saloon and around the domestic hearth—wear their dark and impenetrable masks. He who shall study and *understand* thee, in all thy various phases, will have read the history of the human mind throughout the world. In thy streets all nations and all people are fairly represented; and, instead of the characteristics of each being softened by contact, they are only brought out and exaggerated by the relief of one against the other.

But a few days before we left, New-Orleans had been the scene of one of those disgraceful *fungi* of democracy—a mob—and, never before from the creation of the world, was such a gro-

tesque collection of untamed natures conglomerated together. The row originated in the depreciation of the corporation or municipality notes, (in common parlance, *shinplasters*), consequent upon the resumption of specie payments by the banks, and the refusal or neglect of the different municipalities to redeem their issues. These notes had, for a long time, formed almost the only currency which could be procured, for ordinary transactions, and were held by every body who dealt or trafficked in a small way, while the rich and heavy houses lost comparatively nothing. More than a million dollars of this nearly worthless trash were distributed amongst some eight or ten thousand small traders—fruiterers, cabaret-keepers, cab-men, porters, fishermen, oyster-boys, levee-pedlars, marketmen, butchers, etc., etc.,—when, in a single day, through the efforts of the brokers, as it was said, it fell suddenly to its true value—or rather to its true want of value ;—and then commenced the *emeute*. But it was a *scene*! Never can I forget it—every feature is painted indelibly upon my memory. The Frenchman, the Jew, the Creole, the Spaniard, the Dutchman,—and all excited to the highest pitch of which their human machinery was capable, by the most powerful impulse to whose influences they were accessible—money.

A few resolute Americans armed themselves hastily, and flew to the rescue of the laws. They were but few—perhaps not more than two hundred in all—led on by a tall, melancholy looking man, who put me in mind of *Le Noir Fanient*, only by contrast—for he was quite as sad in his aspect as Cœur de Lion was merry—who arrived on the ground just as the infuriated mob had torn the windows and doors from a large broker's establishment in the *Rue de Canal*, which was supposed to have been mainly instrumental in discrediting the municipality shin-plasters, and were scattering its contents about with a lavish hand. Roleaux of doubloons—little baskets of sovereigns and half eagles—whole bushels of dollars—were rolling in glittering confusion about the side-walk, while the rabble were shouting, yelling, squabbling and nearly pressing the life out of each other in the general struggle to secure a portion of the glittering prize—and the once *owner* of this shining dross stood jammed in at an upper window, like Arbaces in the shivered column, with white and writhing lips, and every lineament of his sharp and meagre face distorted as if the father of devils were tugging at his heart-strings—tush! I mean his money-bags.

Upon the first appearance of the armed citizens, the rabble took it for a reinforcement, and set up a shout of welcome—having by this time secured nearly all the spoils of their first adventure, and turned an attention, very ominous in a mob, upon the next building—also a broker's office.

"Scoundrels!" vociferated my tall, melancholic friend, brandishing a huge bludgeon over the head of one of the stoutest of the insurgents; "Disperse this instant! run for your lives! The soldiers are advancing from the *Place aux Armes*, with loaded muskets, and will send every one of you to eternity who is found here after the next five minutes. Away!"

The crowd looked up simultaneously, and paused. An instant before, they had been perfectly frantic with rage and excitement, and were ready for any desperate outrage. At first, when they saw how few men had come against them, there was a motion in the vast human sea, as if it were about to eject itself in one tremendous wave, and overwhelm its assailants. A low fierce murmur began gathering in the heart of the mob, swelling and extending until it growled like the approaching tornado. It was a critical moment—but the stranger quailed not. A dozen of the foremost in the mob actually advanced as if they would have seized him. He stepped half a pace backwards, and raised his arm deliberately, exclaiming, in French—

"By the God of Heaven, I will slay the first man who dares to advance another step! For shame, ye cowardly ragamuffins! Escape, I say, while there is yet time. Another moment, and the soldiers will be upon you. Once more, away!"

I cast a hurried glance down Chartres-street, and—I know not how it was—but I *thought* I saw the glisten of military uniforms, and could even hear the regular tramp of a drilled cavalcade approaching. The mob must have thought so too—for they looked, an instant, fearfully round, and, falling back simultaneously, took to their heels and fled. In two minutes there was not a man on the ground save those who were there to protect the laws. The soldiers did not arrive until fifteen minutes afterwards; and my tall hero seemed to have forgotten entirely where he was, and stood with his arms folded, carelessly leaning against the battered door-way of the rifled building. I approached and courteously congratulated him upon the address with which he had dispersed the rabble.

He started, as from a dream. "Pooh!" said he, "these rascals are nothing. A mob com-

posed of such materials is scarcely worthy of a thought. There were no *brains* at work there, sir—as there *will* be, one of these days, in the streets of the Crescent City. Had it been a *slave* mob, now," he continued, "who had got a taste of its power, and scented *freedom* afar off, there had been indeed some warm work."

I felt a strange interest in this man, and yet I knew not what to say in order to engage his attention; and, while deliberating upon a suitable reply to make to an abolitionist, (as I suspected him to be), I turned away, and he had disappeared when I looked again.

But again farewell, thou beautiful city! Our sturdy tow-boat, "The Lion," bears us swiftly down the low, broad stream, and I begin to long to change the murky air of the muddy land, for the free breeze and the crested wave. By the way, it is almost inconceivable the revolution in the commerce of New-Orleans which these tows have effected. Previous to 1817,—during which year the first ship ever towed on the Mississippi was brought from New-Orleans to the English Turn, by Captain Hart, of New Jersey,—vessels were thirty, sixty, and often ninety days in making the passage from the Balize to New-Orleans. Now, a tow-boat takes three or four vessels of the largest class—one on each side, and the others towing astern—and runs down to the Bar in twelve hours.

A calm at sea! At first, how soft and elevating to the feelings—how beautiful to the eye! How dim and shadowy seems the remembrance of our petty cares and sorrows beneath this vast and silent scene! One universal trance seems to pervade nature. The great sea forgets to breathe—the curtaining clouds to tremble in the motionless air, which clings, as if enamored, to the bosom of the hissing waters. And what, in a place like this, is a little insignificant human heart, that it should dare to disturb the profound repose with its unhallowed and distempered beating? Happy is it for the soul that pain, and sorrow, and despair, are cowards all, and dare only attack us in our weaker and abandoned moments; for, so soon as we feel the supporting presence of nature, our baleful foes shrink into their silent dens, and trouble us no more.

"Could we but keep the spirit to this height,"

we were indeed immortal, and in Paradise, on *this* side the grave;—but alas! though the demons of our bosoms may for a while be baffled, yet they return to overwhelm us with their hateful presence, when we think we are most secure. The very monotony of this magnificent scene, which at first so overpowered me with grand and lofty thoughts, already tires—and warns me of the approach of a monster more dreadful than despair, more crushing than hope blasted—ENNUI. I must turn again to the faces of my fellow creatures for consolation, and thus acknowledge how unworthy I am of all this vast and sublime magnificence, shed from the "brave, o'erhanging firmament," upon the wild deep's "untrampled floor."

I was delighted to recognize, amongst my fellow passengers, the morning after we had fairly got out to sea, and were all mustered on the "quarter-deck," as our captain persisted in denominating the roof of the "house" in which our cabin was located, my old knight of the woful countenance whom I had met at the shin-plaster riot. He appeared pleased at meeting a familiar face, and seemed more cheerful than when I had met him on shore. He saw I noticed this, and pointed to a boy, apparently fifteen or sixteen years old, who accompanied him, and for whom he told me he had been waiting at New-Orleans, with the greatest anxiety. It appeared that he had formerly resided in the city of Mexico, together with his son, when, on account of being suspected of having afforded aid to the prisoners of the celebrated Santa Fe expedition, he had been suddenly seized by order of Santa Anna, and conveyed to Vera Cruz, where he was told to embark at once. He begged for his child, but in vain; and, compelled to content himself with the assurance that his boy should be sent on as soon as the innocence of his father was established, he set sail, with a heavy heart, for New-Orleans.

This was a strange story; but, as I had no particular interest in inquiring too closely into its truth, I appeared to give it entire credence, and turned my attention more particularly to the child. He was the most exquisitely graceful and beautiful creature I had ever seen, and I could not wonder at the father's anxiety in having been compelled to separate from him. He had not a shadow of that awkward and hoyden angularity which usually distinguishes boys of his apparent age. Every motion was as rounded, and sunk as naturally into symmetrical and picturesque outlines, as the gestures and attitude of a highly polished and elegant woman, buoyant with the elasticity of just developed womanhood. His clear, liquid eyes seemed to flash with all the affectionate pathos of woman's deep and happy love; and I could scarcely bring myself to believe that it was *not* a woman I saw before me. Nay, I was nearly certain that it *was*, and a most exquisitely loveable woman, too. However, all this

was nothing to me; and, as the father, as he called himself, seemed to be fearful that the sea air was too keen for his son's delicate lungs, (although it was balmy spring, and the atmosphere was as soft as lovers' sighs,) I turned away and busied myself in watching for the signs of a wind, which the captain had assured us, upon his honor, would spring up in the course of the morning.

We found an excellent antidote to ennui during the long, pleasant calm which greeted us upon our first getting to sea, in watching the beautiful dolphins, gliding like dreams through the water, and sparkling in all the hues of the rainbow as their flashing sides caught, in a thousand different angles, the rays of the sun. The men had good luck in fishing for these splendid creatures; and it will readily be imagined that I was on tiptoe to see the original whence Byron drew his glorious picture of sunset—

> And now 'tis done: a paler shadow strews
> Its mantle o'er the mountains. Parting day
> Dies like the Dolphins, whom each pang imbues
> With a new color as it gasps away—
> The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone, and all is gray.

Brilliant as is this description, yet the reality—I mean in regard to the dolphin as well as the sunset—is still at an immeasurable distance above the picture. It is impossible for the most gorgeous imagination to conceive the splendor of the hues which change, like swift shadows of many colored light, upon the sides of the dying dolphin. Upon first coming out of the water he is of a greenish brown, which changes in an instant to a magnificent mottled gold and blue, shaded like a meadow landscape by a soft cloud, with green and silver, and a dreamy mingling of every tint in nature. The sea, like moonlight and memory, seems to beautify every thing within its influence. A fish becomes a fairy creature—water seems but a vast reservoir of molten gems—the air turns to balmy sighs, and even a bit of weed, floating without root or stem upon the tide, appears more beautiful than a chaplet of roses. And moonlight! One knows nothing of it till he has seen it at sea. I do not wonder that the bosom of ocean heaves and sobs with tumultuous joy, beneath the presence of the moon—its tides are no longer a mystery to me! The little waves afar off, each crowned with its mimic moon, gather in myriads along the broad track of light which sweeps up from the spot where the glorious orb beholds herself in the water—and crossing each other in swift succession—dancing, winking, and going out but to be renewed in an instant,—remind one of nothing before ever dreamed of. I believe the whole world of fairy were celebrating the feast of lanterns on that soft moonlight night in the Gulf of Mexico.

And now a breeze, a little, brief breeze—how delightful after a long, dull calm!—sprung up from the sweet south, and gently beckoned us on our way. It is all very well *on land*, to talk of dreadful "gales" and "blows" at sea; but just find yourself on the ocean, in the middle of a ten day's calm, and "wind! wind!" (and plenty of it,) will be your only prayer. The soft, sweet breeze! how deliciously, stealing unwillingly from its dalliance with the orange groves of Cuba, came its sweet influence upon us! I could think of nothing but Coleridge:

> "It fanned my cheek, it raised my hair
> It felt like a welcoming!"

To-day we have another "incident"—for at sea every thing rises to the dignity of an incident. The steamship Natchez, from New Orleans, passed us "in full fig" for Havana—running away majestically and smoothly at the rate of ten miles an hour, while we—our little breeze having capriciously left us after a morning's call of a couple of hours—lay rolling about like a log from the far off Missouri drifted incontinently to sea. The steamer's deck was crowded with ladies, who most knowingly waived their handkerchiefs at us, as much as to say, while their saucy mouths were perked up into a most ironical smile, (this latter particular was discovered by the captain through a very powerful spy-glass)—"A pleasant voyage to you! How glad we are to see you get on so well!" Our ladies, however, (of whom more anon,) were not to be outdone in politeness; and a general waving and fluttering took place from our quarter-deck, which said, as plainly as white handkerchiefs could say, "We are perfectly happy, and don't care *that* for you!" Notwithstanding, it was with a heavy heart that we saw the gallant steamer borne over the calm blue waters, in

> Those fleshless arms whose pulses leap
> With floods of living fire—

while we, now quite dispirited, sought our, alas, *too* quiet cards and chocolate in the cabin.

Patience and resignation, however, are all powerful, and will, as I most fervently and potently believe, propel a ship over a calm sea! At all events, by the help of these virtues, and a pretty strong current, we actually passed, on our tenth day out, Tortugas banks, and began sweeping round towards the Bahamas. Here our current left us, and the flaws of wind which had been idling about us for several days, took leave in a

puff, and we again lay upon the waters motionless and helpless.

It was now that the gallantry of our chivalrous captain began displaying itself to the greatest possible advantage; and I am certain, that to him alone we owe our preservation from the horrors, sea-devils, suicide, and a thousand nameless ills. During several days, he had held out the most golden visions to the ladies of those beautiful and poetical souvenirs of the deep—*shells*—of which Walter Savage Landor, (who is a poet, in despite of Christopher Savage North,) so eloquently says:

> "Shake one and it awakens; then apply
> Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
> And it remembers its august abodes,
> And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there—"

which were to be taken on the Bemini Islands, between which and the Florida shore we were to pass. Accordingly, on Sunday morning, during our church service—which we were performing for the second time on our voyage—the much wished for "Beminis" appeared on our weather bow. A light and baffling wind had sprung up, against which we were slowly and sadly beating; and, in the afternoon, having approached within three miles of the shore, Captain F. despatched the small boat, filled with gentlemen in search of shells and gulls' eggs, while the ship tacked and stood off to the north-west. In about two hours we again stood over to the shore, hoisted the signal for the boat, and lay to while our adventurers returned on board. And now for the shells and the ladies! Such a delicate scrambling and fluttering—such anxiety suppressed into a constrained look of decorum—such ill-concealed jealousies and heart-burnings—as the beautiful shells were apportioned out by our grave captain, never were seen. Every body, however, was apparently satisfied; although if the secrets hidden in the five female hearts beneath the five calico wrappers on board the St. Mary could have been read, I'll wager my wedding-glove it would appear that every one of the dear creatures solemnly believes *her* modicum of shells to have been "just the meanest and ugliest collection in the whole lot."

But here it was suddenly discovered that my melancholy friend, who had gone out with the party in search of shells, had not returned on board. He had kept himself entirely aloof during the voyage, and had excited a good deal of attention and remark amongst the passengers. As he interfered with nobody, however, and confined himself principally to his state-room and his book—and the sunny-haired boy who hung about him as closely as if he was fearful of losing a glance of his eye, and deemed such loss irreparable—of course nobody deemed it proper to take any particular notice of his peculiarities. It was with some surprise that I had seen him take his place in the boat; but, in the bustle and excitement of distributing the shells and making sail, (a fresh breeze having sprung up from the south,) nobody had noticed that he had not returned, until the youth—who had been running like a mad thing all over the vessel, since the boat returned, now darted on deck, with his hair streaming wildly around his livid face, and those beautiful eyes, which one was almost afraid to look at in their repose, lest they should dissolve like the gems which morning hangs in the flowers, and exhale, now half-started from their spheres, flashed fierce and unnatural fires around.

"Where is he? where is he?" exclaimed the frantic youth. "Oh God! I knew it! I knew it! Fool that I was to leave his side for an instant! Good sirs, for Heaven's pity, stop the vessel, and send me to that fatal island to look after him! He is bleeding to death there,—I know it—I see him—I hear him groan and call upon me—and I not there to receive his last sigh! See, see, how fast the strong wind carries us away in his arms! Already the green mist hides that desolate and dreadful island. Oh, God, oh, God! will no one hear and pity me!" and, casting himself prone upon the deck, the poor youth writhed like a tortured creature in the agonies of death. I remembered my suspicions upon first seeing the boy on board, and could not help admitting that his melancholy companion did look very much like a suicide. I said nothing, however, and ran to assist in raising the fallen youth, who, it appeared, had fainted; when, upon loosening his vest, the soft white bosom of a girl of fifteen or sixteen was exposed to view. * * * * *

The vessel was put about, immediately, and after an hour's beating, we ran down close into upon the island and sent the boat ashore, in which, this time, I was amongst the first to enter. We found him with a discharged pistol in his hand, the ball of which had penetrated his brain, and he was lying stark and stiff upon the sands—dead, cold dead, with none to close his eyes, nor a friend but *her* to know of his fate—and with his dark, sad story all untold.

A deliberation was immediately held; and, as the ship was making impatient signals for our return,—the breeze having freshened greatly, and the vicinity being a dangerous one for a vessel in a gale,—we hastily determined to bury the body on the spot.

To me was deputed the task of breaking to

the poor creature on board, the dreadful calamity which had overtaken her; and I confess that as I climbed up the side of that vessel, my heart beat and my nerves trembled as if I were a boy soldier going to his first battle. I found her leaning over the rail, aft, surrounded by the wondering ladies to whose care she had been committed, on the first discovery of her sex. I told my sad errand in few and brief words. She listened as if she had come from the dead to hear; and, when I had concluded, she exclaimed, "I knew it! I saw him bleed!" and, uttering one piercing shriek, darted like lightning over the rail, and plunged into the now flashing and foaming water. The wave, however, kissed both our faces almost at the same instant; and, as the water closed over us with a sound as of triumphant music, I felt an indescribable rapture take possession of my soul. I remember nothing further until I found myself lying in my berth, attended by the ONE, who ever watches over me with the sleepless eye of love. I soon ascertained that the wretched girl was also saved, for scenes and adventures which may seduce my pen at some future time into further service. Meanwhile, our little "incident" thus sadly ended, every one on board fell into a most ominous melancholy, which instinctively sought to spare the sorrows of the poor young creature, and refrained sedulously from questions or oppressive attentions.

From the Beminis we worked our way northward; and, after a variety of luck, good, bad and indifferent—we at length found ourselves beating against a strong breeze from the north-east, off Cape Hatteras. It was here—in the deep midnight—that I first witnessed that most magnificent of all spectacles—a thunder-storm at sea. The wind which had been many hours buffeting us about, sorely against our will, lulled to almost a perfect calm, about ten in the evening; and in a few moments afterwards a dark cloud, nestled away to leeward, suddenly shot up into the sky and overshadowed us with a giant darkness. And now began the storm—flash after flash, and peal on peal it blazed along the sky. What a spectacle! One moment the whole horizon glittered with a brilliancy which threatened the eye with blindness, and then the darkness "devoured up" the scene, and covered every thing with a pall, as if never again to be raised. In the midst of the shower a beautiful meteor shot through the air, and making several rapid evolutions, settled upon the foretopsail-yard, and gradually faded away, as if a star "shot madly from its sphere," had paused to wink itself to sleep. Soon afterwards the storm hushed as suddenly as it arose, and all was deep, death-like silence and the darkness of the grave.

And now, as if aroused by the mad fury of the storm, up leaped the slumbering wind; and, gathering us under his mighty wing, swept onward to the north; and, in a brief and swiftly gliding interval, we found ourselves lying in a clear sunshine evening, becalmed and waiting for a pilot, within ear-shot of the surf which spent itself in roaring off the Jersey shore.

Original.

THE GERANIUM PLANT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

FLOWERS have a magic power, to retouch the associations of other days. Though our path may have led over the steep and thorny places of the world, for many years, yet the unexpected sight of the pale grass flowers, and yellow kingcups, we gathered in childhood, brings back the cool fragrance of life's early morning. If the wearied traveller chance to find in foreign climes such plants as he culled by the singing brook of his native glen, the broad-leaved iris, or the bright crimson lobelia, straitway he is a boy again, and shreds them fondly into his mother's lap. The hoary woman, unto whom there remaineth little, save the arm-chair in the chimney corner, and the oft repeated counsel to her shouting grandchildren,—if she see, among its lustrous green leaves, the pure white Carmella, remembers the thrill with which its cool petals drooped over her forehead at her bridal, and is lost amid the wanderings of fairy land.

The smile, or the breath of our familiar home-flowers, restore to us in after life, the careless innocence of those days, when half in ignorance, and half in faith, we planted the rootless stem of some rich blossom, that had been given us,—and heaped the fresh soil tenderly around it, and watered it every moment,—and visited it with hope, until it was as brown and dead as the mould by which it was encompassed. They recall the reckless curiosity with which we dug up the bulb of our tulip, or tube-rose, and found them busy at their work of germination, which our impatience interrupted,—perhaps destroyed.

Distant places, and absent friends, are brought near, by the touch of the same talisman. The odor of a pressed flower, between the leaves of a long closed book, restores the voice, the form, of the loved one, who placed it there whose home may now be in the tomb. I had sought the sweet trailing arbutus among the wilds of my

native place, when life was new, and a box of it recently performed a journey of many miles to visit me. The moment it was opened, while its fragrance almost overpowered every sense, every breathing blossom spoke of the rocks which we used to climb in pursuit of it,—and of the rough, falling waters that filled every pause in our merry voices, and then suddenly my playmates stood beside me, their baskets overflowing with the gifts of early spring, themselves still young and spring-like, though on the heads of some, I knew that the frosts had settled, and that over others, rested the green sod.

Still more eloquent was a slender plant of the rose geranium, which accompanied me, somewhat more than two years since, on my way to an Older World. It was taken from her quiet bed, in her garden, by my little daughter, as the parting time drew near, with the remark, that "something green might look pleasant to me on the sea." And so it did. But I imagined not then the depth of the communion it would call forth. For the home-spirit was in its heart, and it became to me as a friend. Sometimes when evening closed in over the deep, with those heavy sighs of the wind which often betoken a coming storm, and the ship leaped and plunged amid the billows, as if seeking for a place to escape, or a depth to hide in, I have drawn closer to that weak plant, as if its love might comfort me. Or at waking in the morning, and raising my head from the coffin-like berth where the dark hours had passed in such broken slumbers, as the hoarse lullaby of the surge induces, I have fixed my eyes first upon that solitary plant, and spoken softly to it as to a child. Yet it was evidently in an uncongenial atmosphere, and the delicate branches grew sad, and faded. I numbered its leaves, but almost every day some of them grew sickly and fell, until, at last, only a few were left clustering round a single, graceful stalk.

We had been thirteen days and nights upon the great deep,—and accomplished nearly two thousand miles of our watery journey, when I awoke at the grey hour of dawn. I remembered that,—the first anniversary of the death of my beloved father, and beckoned the solemn imagery to meet me amid the waves. At once every circumstance of that scene gleamed forth as in a picture. His venerable head, resting upon its white pillow, the brightness of his beautiful hair, on which fourscore and seven winters had scattered no snows, his heavy breathing mingling with the slow dropping of the summer shower upon the vine-leaves at his casement, and the steady ticking of the clock through that lonely night, while bending over him, I hoped against hope, that the sudden illness might not be mortal, and that the form, which but the day before, had moved with so vigorous a step, would yet rise up, and lean upon its staff, and come forth to bless me. The rain ceased, a circle of faint brightness foretold the rising of the sun,—those precious lips uttered again the sound of kind words,—the opening eyes told their message of saintly love,—the lids fluttered and closed.—There was no more breath.

A wail!—Another,—piercing and protracted,—deeper even than that with which an only child mourns the last parent. It must be the wail of a mother. No other sorrow hath such a voice. Yet, so abruptly it burst forth, amid surrounding silence, that for a moment memory was bewildered, and the things that had been, mingled their confused tissue with things that are.

Among our passengers was a dignified and accomplished lady returning with her husband, an officer, from a residence of several years in Canada, to England, their native land. They had with them three little daughters, and in the course of those conversations, which beguile the tedium of sea-life, she had sometimes spoken of the anxiety with which her aged mother waited to welcome these descendants born in a foreign clime, whom, of course, she had never seen, and so exquisite was their beauty, that it would not have been surprising, had a thrill of pride, heightened the pleasure, with which she painted the joy of such a meeting. The youngest was a babe of less than a year, and we, who often shared its playful wile, fancied that it had grown languid, as if from some inherent disease. Yet, its large black eyes still beamed with strange lustre, so that neither the parents or nurse, would allow that aught affected it, save what arose from the change of habits, incidental to the confinement of the ship. Yet, that night, the mother more uneasy than she was willing to confess in words, decided not to leave its cradle. In the saloon, adjoining our state-room, she took her place, and when we retired, the fair infant lay in troubled sleep. Yet even then, the spoiler was nearer to it than that watchful mother; and ere the morning, he smote it in her arms. We found her clasping it closely to her bosom, as if fain to revivify it with her breath. Masses of glossy black hair, escaping from their confinement, fell over her shoulders, and drooped as a curtain over the marble features of the dead. Mingled with gasps of grief that shook her like a reed, were exclamations of hope, that hope, which clings and

cleaves to the wounded heart,—striking its fibre, wherever the blood-drop oozes, and striving like a pitying angel, to staunch, where it may not heal. "Constance! Constance! look at me. Oh, my dear husband, she *will* live again. She has been sicker than this, once, when you were away. Yes, yes—she will breathe again." Long she continued thus assuaging her bitter sorrow, with this vanity of trust, and then we tenderly strove to loosen her convulsive grasp from the lifeless idol. After we had prevailed, and it was borne from her sight, we still heard, in the pauses of the soothing voice with which her husband sought to console her, the wild cry, "She will breathe again! John! John! I saw her sweet lips move when they took her from me. My baby will live again."

It was laid out on our sofa, in the lady's cabin, in a pure white robe its brow surpassingly beautiful, and the deeply fringed lids but imperfectly closed over the large, lustrous eyes. The black lace veil of the mother shaded its form and features, and through it was clearly visible, the last green slip of my rose geranium. It was my gift to the dead, and pressed into that little pale hand, not without a tear. This was the last office of that cherished plant, which had left its own home, in the quiet gardens of New-England, to do this service to faded innocence, and itself to die. Happy shall we be, if in the closing of our own frail life, we like this trembling voyager, leave behind a gleam of light and consolation, as the olive-leaf above the flood, or the dove, whose last act was peace, ere it entered rejoicing into the Ark, to be a wanderer no more.

Original.

EGERIA.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I AM, like one within a trance,
Gazing upon thy countenance—
A trance in which my fancy sees
A future full of bliss—
A world—so like my dreams of Heaven,
So far unlike to this,
That, though 't is sin, my mortal eyes
(Oh! may their error be forgiven!)
Deem it a paradise!

Egeria, thy placid smile,
Like moonlight on an icy isle,
Falls on the feeble, faltering heart
That soon shall cease to be;
For, on life's labarynthine river,
Toward a sable sea,
My bark with broken sail and mast
Sweeps where the sunken rocks for ever
Will hold its timbers fast.

Original.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I.

YOUTH, is like a fairy vision
Where each form is floating bright,
Full of life's sweet indecision,
Looking onward with delight:
Then the star of Hope is beaming,
Darting forth its cheering rays,
O'er the mind its light is gleaming,
Showing happy future days.

II.

Then the heart is full of feeling,
Saddened not by grief nor care,—
Darkened by no cloud o'erstealing,
While bright sunshine lingers there:
Then the sweet-toned warblers, flinging
Their glad notes on every breeze;
Waterfalls, and streamlets ringing,
Lull the mind to Elysian ease.

III.

In youth our minds are pure, untainted
With the world's corroding blight,—
All its scenes are brightly painted,
Nature teems with life and light:
But 'tis like the fairy vision,
Gorgeous now, but soon to fade—
Time seems asking in derision,
"Wherefore, dreamer, wert thou made?"

IV.

Age, as if from sleep awaking,
Feels that youth's gay dreams are past;
While our limbs with years are shaking,
Sigh we, that they could not last?
All before us now is dreary;
Youth's fair star of Hope hath set;
Round the grave, care-worn and weary,
For a time we linger yet.

V.

Nature is with music ringing
Sweet, as when our years were few—
But its charms are lost, save bringing
Childhood's scenes more fresh in view:
Oftimes with a pleasant sadness,
Gaze we back along the past,
See our sunshine days of gladness,
By a cloud of years o'ercast.

VI.

All the hopes we fondly cherished,
Baseless dreams of coming age!
As we reached the goal, have perished,
Living but on mem'ry's page:
Weary of this world of trial,
Happy thrice will be the day,
When our shadow marks the dial,
And our spirits flee away.

E. B.

Original.

THE PAGE.*

In those romantic days of "knight-errantry," when a love, stronger and holier than now exists, subsisted between the sexes, a simple page, stimulated by a blind devotion, aspired to the heart and the hand of the blooming daughter of his lord. He was a young man just maturing into decisive life, possessed of an elegant person, a brilliant intellect, and a warm and susceptible heart. The object of his idolatrous attachment was a beautiful girl of sixteen, lovely, amiable and attractive, and concentering in herself all the matchless combinations of female excellencies. To a soul that thrilled to the most delicate touches of tenderness and sympathy, she added a soft and symmetrical frame, a gifted mind, and a surprising ease and gracefulness of manners. She knew, and she admired the manly dignity, the modest demeanor, and the other estimable qualities of the youthful page, and all unconsciously to herself she loved him.

It was on a delightful evening in early autumn, that a developement, which enhanced their mutual happiness, unexpectedly occurred. In a smiling and variegated garden that lay in the rear of her father's dwelling, Mary, for such was her name, was reclining beneath a green arbor, which was over-hung with the clustering arms of the honeysuckle, and perfumed with the odors of a thousand delicious flowers. In a sort of half-dreaming mood, and not suspecting that a single human being was near her, she was whispering in audible tones into her own ear the feelings which were throbbing in her innocent bosom. Egbert,—the hero of the scene,—stood in a thick coppice in immediate proximity to the arbor, and listened with an impassioned earnestness, until, unable to constrain himself any longer, he burst in upon her retirement and threw himself at her feet. Mary was thunderstruck at his first appearance, and had almost fainted under the intense excitement, which the disclosure had produced, but Egbert succeeded at last in soothing her agitated spirits with his tender language and benignant smiles. He avowed his ardent and irrepressible love, and deplored in all the anguish of a stricken heart, the conventional barrier, that prevented a union of kindred souls. A moment's pause ensued his outbreak of feeling. At length Mary observed with emphasis, while the tears sparkled in her bright blue eyes, "Egbert, I *will* be yours! It is indeed cruel and wicked in the extreme to separate, by arbitrary power, those whose hearts are one and inseparable. To-night I will meet you here again. Adieu, till then!"

Moonlight was bathing the landscape with its mellow streams of liquid silver, when the two fond and impassioned beings were again seated together in the same shady retreat, which was hallowed by their solemn pledges of mutual love. Some minutes transpired ere a word escaped from the lips of either of the lovers, save in the tones of recognition, for their hearts were too full to speak. And how long they would have remained in this mute position, it is impossible to surmise, had not the shrill shriek of the night-bird, just over their heads, dissolved the troubled revery of Egbert, and impelled him to inquire,—"Well, Mary, is my fate for a lonely and sorrowful life *irrevocably* sealed?

"No, Egbert!" she earnestly replied, "our doom is yet unsettled, but I do not despair. God will order all things wisely. We *shall* be united. To-morrow, after the grey dawn has passed away, my father will visit the hated object to whom I have been long betrothed against my will, and if he consents to a dissolution of the imaginary ties that bind us, I can then be wedded to the man whom I most love. If he object,—but I will not even dream of so unhappy a result—it cannot be. We shall meet again under happier auspices than now. Good night!"

With these few and hasty words Mary darted from his sight, and was soon bowed in humble prayer, for she was a pious girl, in her private chamber.

Egbert has passed a sleepless night in consequence of the conflicting emotions that agitated his bosom, and now, in our exquisite engraving, is presented to the view, as he looks out eagerly from behind a huge elm-tree, on the ensuing morning, for the purpose of watching the venerable knight, who may be seen in the distance, mounted on his steed, and proceeding on his love-errand. What mingled emotions of hope and fear beam from his honest countenance!

The old man's business, through the combined influence of shrewdness and skill, is finally completed to the joy of those young and guileless breasts. The loathed and wealthy suitor yields up his claim with reluctance, and the noble and generous parent hastens back to acquaint his only and darling child with the issue. His consent is freely given, notwithstanding the disparity in the rank of Mary and Egbert; and the happy pair, before another moon smiled sweetly on the verdant and flowery arbor, where their pure hearts were first consecrated to each other, were united in that blissful bond which only death can dissolve.

W. G. H.

* See plate of the Page.

Original.

THE RETICULE; OR, THE GIRL OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

——— She let it drop by negligence,
And to the advantage, I, being here took 't up.
Look, here it is.—*Othello.*

"ONLY see what I have found," said Emma Seymour, who had been to make some morning calls, addressing George Leslie, and his sister, Frances, who sat together looking over some new music.

As she spoke, she threw a brown silk reticule upon the table.

"It was intended for use rather than for show," said Frances, "for although somewhat capacious, it is very well filled."

"Have you looked to see what was in it?" inquired George.

"No, I choose that such an important examination should take place in the presence of witnesses."

"What will you wager, George," said his sister, "that I cannot tell what kind of person the owner is by the contents?"

"Nothing at all, for I can tell by looking at the outside, that like Aunt Mabel, she is a middle aged, sober, discreet woman, and withal very benevolent, for a reticule the size of this must have been made on purpose to carry oranges and lemons and other comfortable things in for the sick, who are unable to procure such articles themselves."

"Well, Emma," said Frances, "put your hand in and draw forth article by article, and I shall soon be able to decide, to my own satisfaction, at least, whether George is right or not."

"To begin with," said Emma, "here is a locket containing a miniature. What think you, George? Here is the likeness of a young man, about your own age I should think, that you will allow to be very handsome."

"It is the likeness of her son," said he.

"No, of her betrothed," said Frances.

"That may possibly be decided by what else we shall find," said Emma, and she drew forth a gold thimble.

"She carries her thimble with her," said George, "that she may sew up a rent in some poor child's frock, or mend some urchin's ragged jacket. You'll find a pair of spectacles soon."

"Only see what a little delicate finger it must be to wear such a thimble as this," said Frances.

"Here comes a purse with a quantity of gold and silver coin in it, and here is a pair of beautiful kid gloves, which have been worn just enough to show that the wearer's hand must have been as pretty and small as your's, Frances. Here is a miniature volume of poems, and the fragment of a poem in manuscript between the leaves. I should not wonder if she were a *bas bleu*."

"No, the thimble contradicts that," said George. "What should a *bas bleu* have to do with such an implement of female industry?"

"Why the same as others," said Frances, "to shield her finger when engaged with her needle."

"Yes, if she should happen ever to use one."

"Why, George," said Emma, "what makes you think that a woman who is fond of literary pursuits, must necessarily be so engrossed by them as to neglect every thing else."

"Because the only learned woman I ever knew was, and I conclude she was a fair specimen of the whole class."

"When, and where did you meet with her?"

"Oh, a number of years ago, when I was fitting for college. She was boarding in the next house, and was, it was said, preparing some work for the press. I have actually seen her in the street slip-shod, and then her hair—it hung about her face and ears with such a charming negligence. I have ever since entertained so great an aversion to a *bas bleu*, that I believe I should dislike my own sister if I knew that she were guilty of perpetrating half a dozen rhymes or of writing an instructive essay."

"Then you imagine if a woman accustoms herself to think, she must necessarily be a slattern," said Frances.

"Why yes, it at least seems natural, that if she indulges herself in thinking about subjects entirely foreign from her domestic duties that she will neglect them. I never think of a literary woman, but that forlorn looking slip-shod figure rises up before me, that I used to see sauntering along the side-walk with a roll of manuscript in her hand."

"I perceive," said Emma, "that you have imbibed the idea common to many of your sex, who imagine that a woman's whole powers, both mental and physical, must be put in requisition, if she would make a good pudding, darn a stocking neatly, keep her hair from falling over her eyes and her shoes up at the heels."

"No, not quite so bad as that," replied George laughing. "I would have her to know how to read and write and even spell, or if deficient in the last mentioned particular, I would have her, according to the recommendation of Swift, provide herself with a good dictionary. Jesting apart, however, I would, as you know, have a woman well, even highly educated, otherwise the domestic circle would to me have few attractions.

But I would not have her step out of this circle —to do so, is like the erratic wandering of some lovely star."

"To tell you the truth, cousin George," said Emma, "you are quite too illiberal in your notions. Now, one of the most modest and interesting women, and at the same time, one of the best wives I ever knew, has cheered many an hour, which I otherwise should have spent wearily, if not sadly, by the delightful emanations of her pen. She was the light and life of her own household, as well as a benefactor of mankind; for so I esteem every person who is able to smooth one wrinkle on the brow of care or sorrow, or convey a moral lesson to the heart, either by their personal agency or written language."

"Your exception only goes to prove the general rule. I would not marry a learned woman were she as beautiful as an angel."

"Come," said Frances, "you have entered so deeply into your discussion, as to give me no chance to play the part of the sybil, which I volunteered."

"I shall have no faith in your prediction," said her brother. "I have already made up my mind concerning the owner of the reticule. If we should ever ascertain who she is, we shall find that she is a kind of Lady Bountiful."

"But what has a Lady Bountiful to do with a copy of half finished verse?" said Frances.

"They will answer for a thread paper, said George.

"I have no doubt," said Frances, "that she is young, pretty, witty, neat, industrious and rich. All this I am taught by the contents of the reticule, which are the same to me as the dregs of coffee and tea at the bottom of the cup are to the professed fortune-teller."

"We shall soon be able to decide whether Frances or I am right," said George, "for the reticule will probably be advertised in the newspapers." With this expectation the papers were daily examined, but they could find no allusion to the lost reticule.

It was several weeks after the foregoing conversation, "the season" at Saratoga having just commenced, that as George Leslie with a young man of his acquaintance, stood on the Colonade of Congress Hall, a sober looking family coach, drawn by a sober looking pair of black horses, in extremely good condition, came driving lazily along, and stopped at the steps of the Hall.

"If I am not greatly mistaken," said Mr. Hutchins, the companion of George Leslie, that old coach belongs to Mr. Beresford, a rich planter. I have had the pleasure of meeting with him several times. I wonder if his daughters are with him. He has two, and the younger one, if she is as beautiful as fame reports her, will outshine all our Northern belles."

By this time the coach door was opened, the steps let down, and a gentleman, whom Hutchins pronounced to be Mr. Beresford, stepped out. Next came a young lady, whom he assisted to alight, possessing one of those superb figures that at once takes the eye, who was followed by a light sylph-like form, such a one as must have haunted the brain of Shakspeare, when he drew his picture of Juliet. "There will be a conquest worthy of you, Leslie," said his friend, "if you can only achieve it."

"And why not worthy of you?"

"Oh, I am not exactly the kind of person to suit such a girl's fancy. I shall not enter the lists. To confess the truth, however, I have already made a conquest with which I am very well content."

"You refer to cousin Emma. I suspected as much. I thought that all this singing of duetts together and exchanging of bouquets was not for nothing. Well she is a good girl, though I sometimes think a little in danger of becoming a *bas bleu*."

"That will be an additional recommendation in my mind," replied Hutchins. "I should like a wife that could not only cultivate flowers, but write verses on them, and who could not only make a good tart for dinner, but compose a piquant sketch to regale me in the evening."

"I should prefer to purchase both my poetry and sketches. Those of home manufacture, like home-spun cloth would be apt to fail in both texture and coloring, unless an undue share of time were devoted to them."

"Well, you can entertain no fears on that score as respects the younger Miss Beresford, whatever you might of her sister, who certainly looks as if she might know Latin and even Greek, and write essays."

"Do you know their names?"

"Yes, the name of the eldest is Georgiana, a name that sounds just stately enough for such a superb looking girl. Her sister's name is Rosalind, which, following the example of Orlando, I expect, before leaving the Springs, you will carve on every tree."

"I am not at all sure that I shall like her. You know that I am particular,—fastidious, some would say. A woman to suit me must be beautiful in person, have a sweet, well modulated voice—"

"Which every highly educated woman always has," said Hutchins.

"I cannot admit it to be entirely the result of education," said Leslie.

"No, not entirely. Yet the voice will adapt itself to the feelings and sentiments. It appears to me that a person capable of originating a fine thought could never utter it in a coarse, harsh voice. But I did wrong to interrupt you—pray proceed."

"She must have the taste and elegance attributed to the empress Josephine in matters of dress, and at the same time, be as well initiated into everything appertaining to a well ordered household, as the thriving farmer's wife, who, when she has cooked a meal can preside at table. She must be well educated, but not in a way to give her any pretensions to be termed what is called a learned woman. The mere thought of having a learned woman for a wife, makes the blood creep coldly through my veins."

"The same as mine does, I suppose at thinking of an alligator or some such harmless animal. Well, there is no accounting for antipathies. I will request Mr. Beresford to introduce me to his daughters, and I then shall soon find opportunities to introduce you to them, and if the fair Rosalind does not suit you, why I can only say, judging of what I have heard of her many good qualities, and the glimpse I just now caught of her through her green veil, you are doomed not to be suited."

Just as he had ceased speaking, they beheld a young man approaching on a fine horse, that skimmed along so easily and fleetly, as to attract general admiration.

"The countenance of that young man is familiar to me," said Leslie, as the horseman drew near enough for him to distinguish his features, "yet I cannot recall to mind, when, or where I have seen him. Ah, I recollect now. It is the miniature contained in the reticule which Emma found five or six weeks ago, which he so much resembles. He must certainly be the original, and we now, I hope, shall be able to trace the owner."

With this object in view, he inquired of some gentlemen, standing near, the name of the elegant equestrian who had just arrived, but the most that he could ascertain was, that he was a native of the South.

By means of his friend Hutchins, he was very soon introduced to Mr. Beresford and his daughters. At first sight, though he thought Rosalind very lovely, he imagined that fame had reported her to be more beautiful than she really was. This opinion underwent a thorough change before the termination of the first interview. He could not, had he attempted it, have given a formal description of her. He was conscious that she was graceful—that she was perfectly well bred;—that her voice was sweet as the murmuring of the south wind among a bed of violets. He remembered that her smile was fascinating, that the expression of her mouth indicated refinement, and that her teeth were dazzling. He believed that her eyes were black, though once, when she sat in a quiet, thoughtful attitude, he imagined they were light grey. She turned suddenly round to answer some question addressed her, and then he was again sure that they were black. He remembered too something of the delicate tracery of the veins on their snowy lids, and that they were more deeply fringed than any he had ever seen. He could have described her dress better, for he could look at the peculiar cut of a sleeve or a graceful fold of drapery a great deal more steadily than at a face with such soft yet searching eyes, and he came to the conclusion that he never saw a woman dressed with more perfect taste.

Georgiana, the elder sister was an elegant girl, taller than Rosalind, with a high broad forehead on which her black hair was smoothly parted. Her eyes were dark and deep set, her nose slightly aquiline, and her very handsome mouth had a somewhat haughty curve.

So deeply was Leslie absorbed in the contemplation of Rosalind, that he entirely forgot to fulfil the intention he had formed of seeking an introduction to the young man who had struck him as resembling the miniature, as the means of discovering the owner of the reticule. His musings having interrupted his slumbers during the first part of the night, he rose later than he had intended, and on looking from his chamber window, the first persons he saw, were the original of the miniature and Rosalind, her gipsy hat wreathed with newly gathered wild-flowers, leaning on his arm. They were chatting together in the most easy and familiar manner possible, while he amused himself by winding a lock of her rich auburn hair, which had strayed from beneath her hat, round his fore-finger. A feeling more nearly resembling jealousy than any he had ever before experienced, agitated his bosom, and it was well that he had not as he intended, procured the miniature from his cousin, as he might, at that moment, have been tempted to crush it beneath his feet. An hour or two afterwards he met Rosalind and her father and sister ready equiped for a drive, and he thought that she slightly

blushed as she acknowledged his bow. He avoided mentioning to his sister and cousin that he thought he had discovered the original of the miniature, the subject, at present, being so painfully exciting to his feelings, that he did not care to enter upon it, lest he should betray the state of his mind, and lay himself open to their raillery.

"Man delights not me, nor woman either,"

he petulantly murmured to himself, as he stole out after supper, to indulge in a solitary walk. The moon was nearly at its full, and objects basking in its unclouded beams, could be discovered almost as clearly as by the light of day. It was only where fell the deep shadow, that the awe and obscurity of night was realized. He had proceeded only a short distance, when he saw several persons advancing in a direction to meet him. He stepped into the shade of a cluster of pines, that they might pass without observing him.

"Am I to be, at every turn, haunted by that man," said he, as in a few moments, Rosalind drew near with the same person he had seen with her in the morning.

They were not alone this time, Georgiana and a gentleman he had noticed for the first time at the supper-table, were a few paces behind, Rosalind, who seemed less gay than in the morning, was reciting as she came opposite the pines, the following beautiful lines by Percival,—

"Oh, Evening thou art lovely——in thy dress
Of sober grey I woo thee, when thy star
Comes o'er the hazy hills, that rise afar,—
When tender thoughts upon my spirits press,
And with the whispering gales and———"

He could no longer distinguish the words, yet he still continued to listen, for the melody of her voice was borne back to him on the night breeze. As she passed, her face was turned full towards the spot where he stood, and her hat being loosely tied fell back, half resting on her shoulders, leaving her white brow, which looked still whiter in the moonlight, with its rich abundance of clustering curls, exposed fully to view. When the last sound died away in the distance, pulling his hat further over his brows, as if he imagined, that the dull-eyed Night would peer into his face and read therein his secret jealousy, he proceeded rapidly along a narrow footpath till a sudden turn brought him in view of a small group of persons, among whom, by the flutter of white drapery in the breeze, he perceived there were several ladies. He turned abruptly away, in order to avoid them, when the voice of his sister arrested his steps.

"We have been trying to find you this half hour," said she, "to let you know that Emma and I have found the owner of the reticule. We intended to have told you after supper, had you not given us the slip."

"Well, who is she?" he inquired, affecting an indifference which he by no means felt.

"You will know when I tell you she is the most beautiful girl at the Springs."

"People differ in their ideas with regard to beauty," he replied.

"Not with regard to what is perfectly beautiful," replied Frances. "I never knew a person to doubt the beauty of the rose or the lily."

"Let me think—Clara Allen is very pretty—is she the owner?"

"You stupid creature," said Emma, "do you think Clara Allen comparable to Rosalind Beresford?"

"She may be in mind, if not in person," he replied. "The reticule belongs to Miss Beresford, then."

"Yes," replied Frances, "by which you see that my prediction has proved truer than yours."

"Which vexes him a little, judging by his looks," said Emma.

The loss of it caused her much uneasiness on account of the miniature," said his sister, "which she valued very highly because of its exact resemblance to the original. She told us that she was on a visit to an aunt who resided in our city, at the time she lost it."

"Frances and Emma have not told you all the news now," said Mr. Hutchins. "Your sister, it seems, has made quite an impression on Mr. Beresford."

"Mr. Beresford," replied Leslie, "is quite good looking for a man of his age; I don't think Frances looks quite matronly enough, however, to become step-mother to his two daughters."

"Why, he dont refer to the elder Mr. Beresford," said Emma, laughing, "he means his son."

"His son? Has he a son here?"

"To be sure he has," replied Emma. "I thought you had been introduced to him, but you certainly must have seen him with his sisters,"

There was a magic in these words that, at once, removed the weight from his spirits, which during their walk back to the Hall, a confidential conversation between him and his sister, in which she informed him of certain slight, yet to her mind, conclusive proofs that Rosalind did not regard him with indifference, had no effect to diminish.

"One thing appears singular to me," said Frances, to a lady of the party, which she and

her brother had now joined, "and that is, that Rosalind Beresford, who cannot be more than eighteen, should possess all that refinement of manner, which I have heretofore imagined was never attained by a girl in her teens. During that period, indications of the school-girl will gleam out, which we only tolerate on account of the charm and freshness cleaving to the young."

"It may be accounted for in this way," replied the lady. "Rosalind has been educated entirely at home, and it would be no exaggeration to say that there is not a family in the United States, where she could have enjoyed superior advantages, both moral and intellectual. The manners of her father, as you have all had opportunity to observe, are those of the perfect gentleman, which I never knew him, on any occasion to lay aside in his intercourse with his family, in which I have had the happiness to spend weeks at a time. His wife, who has been dead about two years, was, in every respect, his equal. She was highly gifted by nature, while every word—every movement, indicated the highly educated and refined woman. The playfulness and innocent gayety natural to childhood, were always encouraged by both parents, while anything bordering on coarseness or even impoliteness, was constantly checked. Living always in a moral atmosphere so cheerful, so healthful and so pure, and in the enjoyment of every facility for intellectual improvement, I should almost consider Rosalind as an anomaly, were she otherwise than the refined and intellectual being that she is."

The conversation was now terminated by their arrival at the Hall, and as nothing was to be seen of the Beresford family, Leslie followed the example of the rest of the party, and retired to his own room. The next day he was formally introduced to Wentworth Beresford, who verified, by his unequivocal admiration of Frances, the truth of what Hutchins had intimated the preceding evening. In defiance of the oft quoted line of Shakspeare, which has almost past into a proverb, the course of true love, with respect to Leslie and Rosalind, did, for the present, run smooth. The friends on both sides appeared to be satisfied, and the two most immediately concerned, the best satisfied of all.

More than a week after an eclaircissement had taken place between Leslie and Rosalind, he, one day, during a solitary walk, came suddenly upon her and her sister, who were seated upon a rock beneath the green canopy of a large oak. Georgiana was reading, and Rosalind was busy with paper and pencil, which, the moment she saw him, she hurried into the brown silk reticule, which, since its restoration, had become quite a favorite.

"Why not let me see your sketch?" said he. "My sister frequently amuses herself by copying from nature, and I have sometimes attempted it myself."

"It is too imperfect to exhibit," she replied with a blush, and immediately turned the conversation.

In a few minutes they were joined by Wentworth Beresford, Frances, and several others, among whom was Mr. Allerton, the betrothed of Georgiana. One of them, a lady, observing the volume of poems lying on the rock which Georgiana had been perusing, took it up and read a few favorite passages aloud.

"That last stanza," remarked a gentleman, "is uncommonly fine, but hardly equal to a little piece of poetry I saw in a newspaper to-day, credited to one of the popular periodicals. I will read it, that you may judge for yourselves."

He accordingly drew the paper from his pocket, and as he was an admirable reader, he did full justice to the poetry, which was indeed deserving of all the praise he had bestowed upon it.

"Beautiful," said Leslie, when the gentleman had finished reading.

"There is more true poetry in those few stanzas, than in as many pages such as we ordinarily meet with."

All present seemed anxious to show their good taste by praising it—all except Georgiana and Rosalind, the latter of whom was apparently much more intent upon collecting some specimens of moss, than listening to the poetry.

An hour or two afterwards, as Leslie stood by himself on the colonade, he felt a hand lightly touch his shoulder. Looking round, he saw Mrs. Lawrence, the same lady who had spoken so highly in praise of the Beresford family.

"I am going to walk a short distance," said she, "and if you do not think it will prove tedious to you to spend half an hour in company with one who has outlived life's sunny season, I should be glad of your company."

He replied in language expressive of the pleasure her society would give him, and offered her his arm.

"Your sister," said she, "has just been telling me of something which gives me considerable uneasiness. She says that you entertain a deep and rooted prejudice against literary women, whom you appear to consider a class of female

pedants, equally neglectful of their own persons and every domestic duty."

"I cannot deny but that this is the opinion which the little experience I have had, has led me to form. It is the domestic virtues of a wife that make home pleasant, and these, I apprehend, cannot exist in any degree of perfection, when one half of her time is spent with her books, and when two thirds of the other half her mind is pre-occupied in making rhymes or framing sentences."

"You do not appear to think it possible, that genius and a taste for the domestic virtues can exist in unison, but that the one must succumb to the other. As well might we feel alarm when we see a few flowers springing up in the green pasture, lest it should be overrun by them. To bring the subject more home, what kind of a woman would present herself to your imagination as the author of that fine poetry which we listened to a short time since? Should you imagine her selfish, morose and unfeeling, or possessing those truly womanly virtues and feelings, which cheer the fireside, and are to the hearts that gather round it, what the dew and the sunshine are to the flowers."

"To confess the truth, it does appear to me on reflection, that a woman capable of writing either poetry or prose full of such deep yet delicate feeling, embodied in such beautiful and appropriate language, may, should she choose—that is, if the sympathies of her family go with her—make her home an earthly paradise."

"I rejoice to hear you say so, and you may feel assured that in most instances, a woman that is deeply sensitive, will never neglect a single known duty. If she should, it will arise from some error of judgment, rather than of the heart. It has been said that in many instances, like the waters hidden in the rock, that gushed not forth 'till smitten by the rod of the prophet, genius sleeps in the heart of the unconscious possessor 'till roused by some sharp and searching sorrow. And may we not hope that it often heals and refreshes the wounded spirit, which might have pined and drooped but for its own rich resources? Happy are those in whose bosoms the thoughts which obey the impulses of genius, like the silver rill, gush gladly forth to meet the sunlight, and where, as in the case of Miss Beresford, the sympathies of their own household go with them to cheer and encourage."

"You do not mean to say that Miss Beresford is literary—that is, that she writes for publication?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, she is a splendid looking girl, but between you and I, I always thought she looked a little blue."

"What! Rosalind Beresford?"

"Rosalind! I thought you meant Georgiana."

"No, Georgiana has talent—she sketches and paints admirably, but it was Rosalind that wrote the poetry you admired so much. Now I hope you will not make good your sister's fears, and think less highly of her for possessing the power to embody the deep and beautiful sentiments of her heart in appropriate language."

"If I did," replied he, with considerable warmth, "I should richly merit her disdain. This discovery shows me the fallacy of the opinion which I have been so long and so tenaciously cherishing, and I shall embrace the first opportunity to confess my error."

—

Rosalind Beresford has now for many years been the wife of George Leslie, and it is said, that he has never, in any instance, on account of any lack of order or taste in his domestic establishment, had occasion to regret that she is not only amiable and lovely, but that she can convey to his mind, and the minds of their children, through the medium of written language, the bright and beautiful images that spring up in her own.

Original.

EVENING.

THE sun has screened his eye
Behind the purple west;
And golden vapors softly lie
Upon his burning breast.

The stars, a glorious band,
Beam with exquisite light,
Like jewels set by God's own hand,
On the dark brow of night.

A soothing influence reigns
Over the land and sea,
And every thought and feeling chains
In speechless sympathy.

Death's image soon will throw
Its mantle o'er the earth,
To cloud the eye's impassioned glow,
And hush the voice of mirth.

May *softer* slumbers seal
My eye-lids in the tomb,
Than o'er my wearied members steal
In midnight's solemn gloom!

And when the grave's cold breast
Yields up its countless dead;
Give me a home among the blest,
With Christ my "living Head!"

Original.

STANZAS TO C———.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN U. S. A.

I HAVE heard thee 'mid lightness,
And turn'd from the spot;
I have past thee 'mid brightness,
And notic'd thee not.
I have sent thee no token
In fondness to wear,
For the words are unspoken
Which love should declare.

I have paid thee no homage!
I have pled'd thee no vow!
Yet I've trac'd like an artist,
Each line of thy brow;
Like a saint to his idol
Look'd up in thy face,
'Till my fancy was haunted
By an image of grace.

As the winds to the tulip,
Which freshen its lip;
To the rose, as the dew-drops,
It thirsteth to sip;
As the scent of the land breeze
To the home-bound at sea,
Is the dream which recalleth
Thy presence to me.

I shall pass—I shall perish—
My name will decay,
Like the hue of the sunset
Which fades with the day:
And my being's existence
By the worldling of Earth,
Will as soon be forgotten
As a pause amid mirth.

That I've lived—that I've lov'd thee,
Thou, too, may'st forget!
No, no, tho' yon day-star
In darkness be set,
As the tint of the twilight
Yet bathing the hill,
Some hue of remembrance
Shall live for me still.

Original.

MERCY AND WRATH.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

"SHOULDST thou behold my face, the sight
Thy mortal sense could not sustain;
My Mercy, terrible and bright,
Destroys him who the view would gain."

So spake to wond'ring Moses, God,
On Sinai's pinnacle of flame;
When Deity its precincts trod,
When thunders told Jehovah's Name.

And can you, sinner, hope to bear
The eyes that look creation through,
When, borne on judgment-clouds in air,
He turns those eyes of WRATH on you?

Go, seek the Cross! and crucify
The pride that curses rebel men,
That when "He comes with clouds," your eye
May seek His gaze of Mercy then.

EDITORS' TABLE.

PERMIT us to greet you again, kind Readers! with our instructive and fashionable miscellany. It is a delicious repast that we spread out before you on our beautiful pages; may your minds feed and strengthen upon its savory viands. The object of the "Companion" has always been the inculcation of pure morals and a refined taste,—the edification and entertainment of its numerous patrons. How far its laudable designs have been accomplished, it is not for us to determine. Those who have critically examined the contents of the present and the past numbers, fraught as they are with the rarest productions of literature and art, are exclusively competent to decide, and to their candid judgment we bow with the most cheerful confidence.

Another year has almost rolled away, and we are now standing on the verge of the glorious anniversary of American freedom. Notwithstanding the fearful apprehensions, which a certain new-fangled system of religious belief excited in the breasts of some, we entertain no doubt that the annual commemoration of our national independence will, *this* year, at least, be witnessed below. Illustrious Sabbath-day of freedom! From its dawning to its close, may the altars of thanksgiving and supplication be laden with offerings and entreaties from thousands of pious and grateful hearts for blessings received, and for favors to come! God forbid that respect and veneration for this consecrated day should ever be diminished in an American bosom! May its recurrence never cease to fulfil the prophetic language of the elder Adams in his thrilling and impassioned speech in favor of that matchless document,—the Declaration of Independence.—"We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy." May this prediction be fulfilled down to the end of time!

But while we exult with a rational pride over our own elevated rank in the scale of nations, and pour out our hearts like water in thanks to a beneficent Providence for such unmerited favors as are heaped upon our country and ourselves, it is well that we mingle a tear with the sorrows of the destitute, and send up holy aspirations for the dawning of that day when civil and religious freedom shall be co-extensive with the habitations of man!

PRESIDENT TYLER.—Monday, the twelfth day of June, was distinguished by the imposing and brilliant pageant that attended the reception in our city of the President of the United States. It was a glorious occasion, marked by illustrious displays of the generous and magnanimous spirit of New Yorkers, and will not cease to be remembered while life endures, by every beholder. Party predilections and animosities, bitter as they have been, and are still, were all merged, for the time, in a noble emulation to pay appropriate honors, not to the man, but to the Supreme Executive of the Nation. Mr. Tyler was on his way to Boston to attend the ceremonies in honor of the completion of BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

MARINE PAVILION:—*Rockaway.*—This elegant house, we understand, was opened for the reception of permanent and occasional visitors during the season, on the fifteenth day of June; and it has hitherto, we are glad to hear, been extensively patronized. The perfect order and beauty of the buildings and grounds, and the admirable location of the establishment for health and comfort throughout the sultry months, render Rockaway one of the loveliest places of resort in our whole neighborhood. Besides, what may be considered as important items in the matter, the terms are exceedingly reasonable, and Mr. H. Cranston, the landlord is a generous and high-minded man—very polite and attentive to his guests. The only way to test the truth of our encomium is by an experiment.

Summer.—The hot, the delightful, the glorious summer,—the loveliest as well as the most oppressive of all the seasons, has come among us once more, tripping upon flowers, and radiant with beauty. The evenings are delicious. It is a perfect luxury to sit down by one's window, when the stars are holding their festival around the "midnight throne," and bathe the brow, fevered by the heat and excitement of the day, with the cool breezes that darkness shakes from its dewy wings. And it is now, if ever, we realize our infinite littleness in the vast universe of God, and shrink back with an instinctive awe from the presence of Him to whom "the darkness and the light are both alike." What sublime emotions fill the mind when, with a death-like stillness reigning around us, and night's jewelled canopy spread out above us, we survey those orbs of light which are scattered, with such magnificent profusion, through the wilds of immensity, and endeavor to conceive the stupendous truth, that each of them is a habitable world like our own, peopled with its millions of accountable beings, who are pursuing their chequered career of existence like ourselves, and then plunging into the mysterious abyss of the unknown future. And now is emphatically the time to indulge in these grand and instructive contemplations.

But we were speaking of summer; and we hail the advent of the "rosy-cheeked maiden," with joy, while our fondest aspirations go forth that peace and plenty may crown her progress! May no desolating epidemic, no heart-rending disasters, no sighs and groans and tears follow in her footsteps!

Better late than never—
Thou hast come at last;
Smile upon us ever,
As in seasons past!

When thy heat oppresses,
Send the cooling shower,
Its soft breath refreshes
The most sultry hour.

May no bitter sorrow
Follow in thy train,
But each blissful morrow
Bring us joy for pain!

Roses now are blooming
On each green parterre,
Lilies are perfuming
Nature every where.

Golden fruits are blushing
Sweetly on the trees;
Brooks in meadows gushing,
Kiss the playful breeze.

Verdant fields are bringing
Forth the luscious grain;
Morning larks are singing
O'er the dewy plain:—

May we love that Being,
And before Him bow,
Who, with eye all-seeing,
Looks upon us now!

His kind care diffuses
Life and peace around;
And 'tis when He chooses,
Fruits and flowers abound.

American Museum.—This is truly an admirable place in which to spend an idle hour. The spacious and convenient rooms are crowded with specimens of every variety of objects that can please the eye with their beauty or grandeur, or startle it with their aspect of hideousness and terror. The little bird, whose tiny wing once flashed in the morning rays of a summer sun, is there; and the elephant with his immense form, his huge proboscis, and his protruding tusks. The greatest curiosity of the season, however, has been exhibited in the person of General Tom Thumb,—the living, breathing, moving, and symmetrically developed man, of only *twenty-five inches* in height, and eleven years of age. Those who are fond of rational amusement can find it always at this favorite place of resort. Every thing is conducted with the most perfect propriety.

Bunker Hill Monument.—The celebration, intended to crown the completion of this stupendous fabric, is over; and the monument, with the heights on which it stands, is consecrated afresh to the glorious memory of the first martyrs to American freedom. It is fit thus to hallow the exploits and the sufferings of those who spilled their life-blood like water, to secure the priceless blessings which have been transmitted to us. In this way alone can we keep the fire of freedom always alive on the altar of our own bosoms. And it should be the sincere and earnest aspiration of every heart, that while one stone of that sacred obelisk shall rest upon another, the remembrance of the toils and the agonies of our ancestors be perpetuated, and that the same fervid and self-sacrificing spirit of patriotism which led them on from victory to victory, should animate the hearts of their posterity.

It was a sublime spectacle to look down upon the untold thousands congregated from all parts of our happy country on "Bunker's awful heights," that they might pour out their united blessings on the noble work at last accomplished, and listen to the thrilling and eloquent teachings of the master-intellect of the age. Lessons of wisdom mingled with the mighty voice and impassioned manner of Daniel Webster,—the only man whose genius was commensurate with his lofty subject. Such a gorgeous pageant was never beheld before, and never, in all coming time, shall we look upon its like again. The President of our happy Union, with his suite, was there; a few of the survivors of the Revolutionary struggle—some, who had fought "shoulder to shoulder" on that consecrated eminence more than half a century before—the patriot and statesman of every political name; all, all, were there to bury, for that day, at least, every feeling but pure, holy, and undying love for their country.

Daguerreotype Portraits.—We had never dreamed of the wonderful powers of the improved daguerreotype, until we called a few days since at the rooms of those enterprizing artists—Fanshaw, Young, and Cunningham, No. 235 Broadway. The perfection to which the art of transferring an exact resemblance of the human face and form is now carried by these gentlemen, so completely surprized us, that twenty seconds had hardly expired, when we found that our bust, in miniature, was before us as real as the original. If any person is anxious for an accurate and admirable likeness of himself, he cannot do better than to spend a few minutes at the rooms referred to above. There is also another similar establishment in the city, which cannot be spoken of in too high terms of praise. It is the National Miniature Gallery, No. 247 Broadway. At this place, as well as the other to which we have alluded, the most perfect fac-simile of one's self can be secured at any hour of the day.

Periodical Literature.—The standard of a correct and healthful literature is becoming more and more elevated with every new issue of the periodical press. The public taste has become completely nauseated with the sickly sentimentalism with which it has so long and so excessively been drugged, and begins to crave a stronger and more wholesome nutriment. The human mind is in vigorous action, and it requires something substantial to nourish its immortal powers. The necessary result of this new and auspicious era in the literary world, is the rapid extinction of those ephemeral magazines and hebdomadals, that were generated in the putrid exhalations of a morbid taste, and whose period of probation must expire with the consumption of the food that sustained their existence.

It is a source of inexpressible joy to every sincere admirer of *real* science and letters, that a "consummation so devoutly to be wished," is just at hand, when the intellectual appetite of our entire population shall be corrected and purified; when every puerile and immoral effusion, be it under the sanction of the most distinguished name, shall be treated with contempt; and when true merit, however unhonored and unknown, shall be encouraged and rewarded. The days of humbug,—thanks to a kind Providence!—are nearly past. And among the vari-

ous instrumentalities that have contributed to bring about this noble result, no one is more conspicuous than the "Ladies' Companion and Literary Expositor." With no undue parade or pretensions, amid the discouragements of its friends, and the persecutions of its enemies, it has moved steadily forward, until it has established for itself a permanent fame, and imparted an elevated and healthful tone to all its contemporaries. There is another standard and valuable monthly to which we are constrained to allude, and that is the "Knickerbocker." No better work of its kind is published in our country, both in regard to its literary and typographical merits, and it richly deserves an increase of that wide popularity it already possesses.

June Music; "*The Cot Beneath the Hill.*"—The music in our June issue belongs, as we have learned since the number was published, by copy-right, to Mr. Millet. We regret exceedingly that such a circumstance should have occurred, as we would not, under any consideration, have done the *semblance* of injustice to so generous and enterprizing a publisher as the proprietor of this copy-right. We copied the music, with some alterations, from the "Boston Musical Visitor," and if any of our subscribers are anxious for the original and correct piece, they can secure it by applying to Mr. Millet, 329 Broadway.

New Books.—Queen Mary of England.—Such is the title of an excellent re-publication of the Harpers', from the London Religious Tract Society, illustrated by engravings. It is a condensed history of the bitter persecutions endured by the Protestants of England, during the reign of the "bloody Queen." It will richly repay an attentive perusal. Poems by S. Dryden Phelps.—This is a pretty volume, published by Gurdon Robins, and the typography of it, we are sorry to be compelled to say, is far superior to its literary merits. The object of the author, in giving these fugitive poems to the public, as the preface to his work informs us, is to secure the means of pursuing a liberal education. The desire to store the mind with various and valuable learning is a noble one, but we much question the propriety of obtaining the means to do so by imposing worthless trash upon the reading community. There are some redeeming features, however, in the volume before us,—some excellent stanzas, which show that S. D. Phelps may yet become a tolerable poet. Bankrupt Stories.—No. 2—*Edited by Harry Franco:* Whoever may be the author of these Stories, it cannot be denied that he wields an able and vigorous pen. There is an ease and raciness in the style, and a power to elicit and enchain the attention of the reader, which are rarely equalled. The publisher, is John Allen, 139 Nassau street. Gertrude Howard, *The Maid of Humble Life, etc;* by William B. English.—This is the best thing we have ever seen from the pen of this gentleman. It is really very interesting throughout. So we say after a necessarily hurried perusal of it. Scenes in Indian Life.—A series of original designs, pourtraying events in the life of an Indian Chief; to which is added, in illustration, the death of the War-Eagle, a tale with copious notes. The plates are drawn and etched on stone in splendid style, by Felix O. C. Darby. The whole is to be completed in five numbers, at twenty-five cents for each number, or for one dollar, if the money be paid in advance. Uniform Edition of the various Writings of Cornelius Mathews.—The third part of this new issue of the press has been received. It contains a comedy, entitled 'The Politicians,' which possesses all the peculiarities of the author's style. The Sinless Child, and other Poems; *by Elizabeth Oakes Smith:* In these days of utilitarianism and common-places of all kinds, it is refreshing to meet with so much genuine poetry as may be found in this unpretending little volume. Mrs. Smith possesses genius of the very highest order, and her Ideal is most delicately and beautifully shadowed out in the exquisite character of Eva,—the Sinless Child, whose mental vision, undimmed by the mists of earth, was gifted to behold the myriads of ministering spirits, which

"Walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

'Heaven lies around us in our infancy,' and the gentle Eva bearing through the years of childhood and maidenhood, "the signet-mark by Heaven affixed," and dying at the moment when her mission was fulfilled, ere the roseate light of passion could dawn upon her heart, is one of the loveliest conceptions of a poet's fancy. It is truly 'a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.' Of the other poems in the volume, the Acorn is decidedly the best; there is a healthy tone of thought about it, which adds much to the charm of its imagery and descriptive power. We would rather read such things than sonnets to the "unattained," whose vain longings, though clothed in the golden garb of fancy, only serve to remind us of those morbid feelings, which sometimes weigh upon the most gifted spirit. To Mr. Keese, the accomplished editor of the work in question, we may be allowed to offer our congratulations for this new proof of his taste and skill.

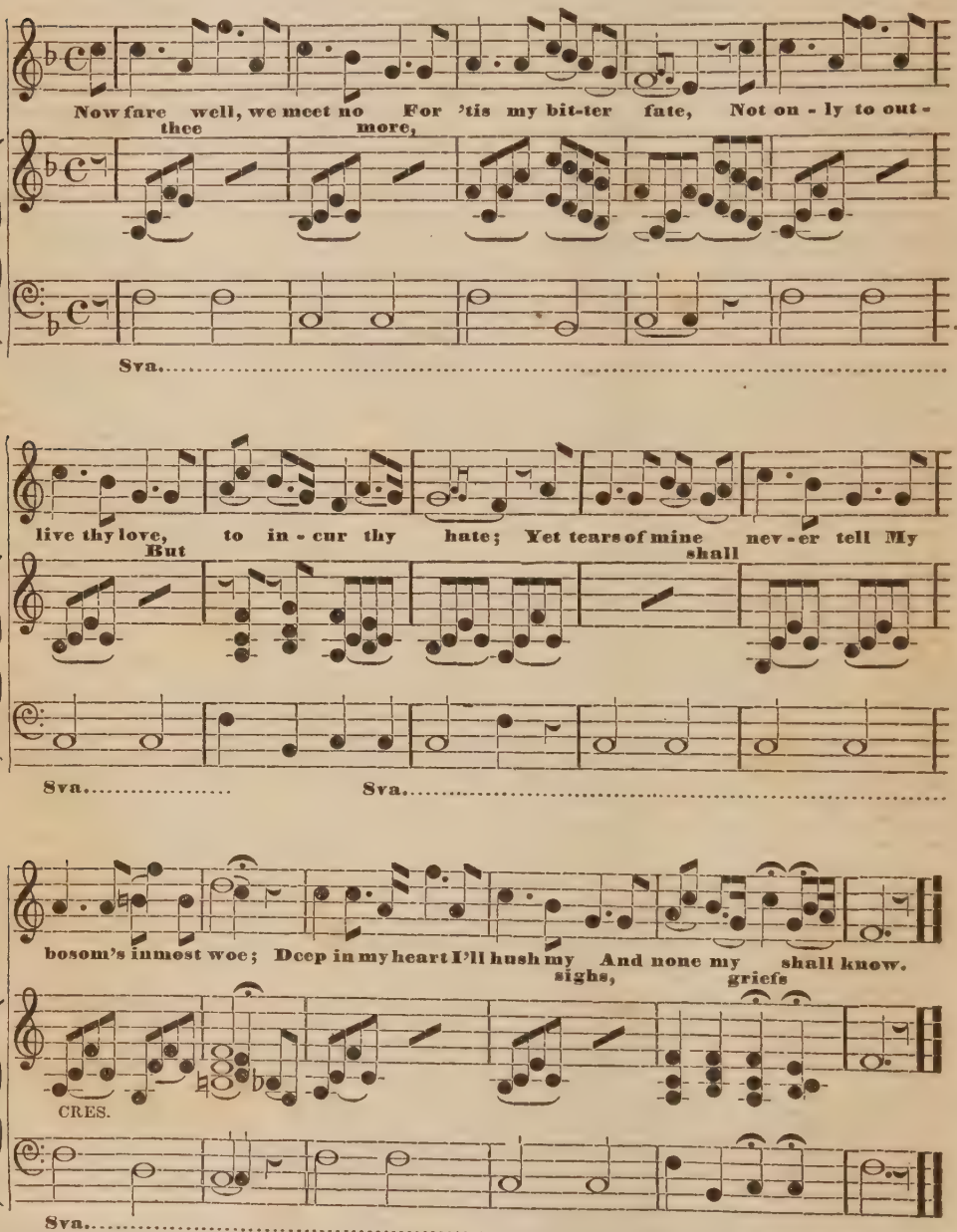
Theatricals.—Park.—An excellent comedian and a worthy man connected with this establishment, but lately, has passed from the living to the dead. Mr. Abbott, than whom, there existed not a more noble and generous character, was seized by a fit of apoplexy, while acting upon the stage, in one of his favorite parts, which resulted in his death a few days subsequently. How striking the admonition to the friends who survive him,—"In the midst of life, we are in death!" Mr. and Mrs. Brougham, and Mr. Marble, have concluded an engagement at this house. The comedy, entitled, "*Alma Mater; or, Life at College,*" was received with the most rapturous applause, by a delighted audience. In the "*Wool Dealer,*" and "*Black Eyed Susan,*" Marble confirms his reputation as a most amusing actor, whose exertions to elicit the attention, and excite the mirth of his listeners, if not unequalled is certainly unsurpassed. His most successful hit, however, we think, was in "*Yankee Land,*" a comic drama in three acts, which was produced with inimitable skill, and amid paroxysms of laughter. "*The School for Scandal,*" and "*London Assurance,*" in both of which the talented Broughams appeared, went off with some degree of eclat.

Bowery.—The great attraction,—and it has been wonderful indeed,—at this magnificent "temple" during the past month, was *Mrs. Shaw's* personation of the character of *Evadne.* The ability with which *this* part especially was sustained throughout, and the dense and spell-bound auditories, that thronged to witness its performance, constitute one of the most splendid triumphs ever achieved on the American stage. Night after night, for two successive weeks, the house was literally *crammed* with the élite of the city, whose passionate admiration of the talented and versatile actress, and her accomplished associates, remained unabated to the last. The heart-rending passages of this beautiful and infatuating creation were given by *Mrs. Shaw,* superior to any actress living, and we doubt whether Miss O'Neil, for whom the tragedy was written, could, or did give, greater effect to the part of Evadne, than Mrs. Shaw. In the third act she looked and acted the *betrothed and sister to* the life—the beautiful and flowery language fell from her lips like the softest music. We again repeat, that such a triumph has not been achieved upon the stage for years,—but before closing, we must refer to the last scene—that of the statues. Here it was that *Mrs. Shaw* surpassed herself; round after round of applause greeted every action and word. Such a scene—such a picture, we never before witnessed. When we find such names as Mrs. Shaw,—who is by far the most brilliant and enchanting actress in the country,—Mr. John R. Scott, Mr. J. Wallack, Mr. Clarke and Mrs. Hield, brought together on the boards of a theatre, it cannot fail to remind us of years gone-by, when the drama was in the zenith of its glory.

Chatham.—The performances here have been principally the low comedies most suited to the powers of Yankee Hill, and in these he has excelled as usual. His personation of Jedediah Homebred, in the "*Green Mountain Boy,*" is exceedingly entertaining, and altogether his best character. Every exertion is apparently made to sustain this once flourishing theatre.

WE CAN LOVE NO MORE.

WORDS BY LADY BYRON—MUSIC BY HENRY HERTZ.


Now fare well, we meet no more, For 'tis my bit-ter fate, Not on - ly to out - thee
Sva.
live thy love, But to in - cur thy hate; Yet tears of mine shall nev - er tell My
Sva.
Sva.
bosom's inmost woe; Deep in my heart I'll hush my sighs, And none my griefs shall know.
CRES.
Sva.

2 And if in secret I may mourn,
The bright hopes now o'erthrown,
I'll wear a smile when friends are nigh,
And weep my tears alone:
Look back upon our happier years,
And all thy vows to me,
Then ask my heart if I deserv'd
The wrongs I've borne from thee.

3 I have borne—will bear to the last—
Nor murmur at my lot;
The time will come thou would'st give [worlds
The past could be forgot:
No more,—the days of joy are gone,
And fled the smile of joy I wore;
Thy heart is sear'd, and mine is chill'd,
For we can love no more.

THE MINIATURE.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion

THE DELIGHTED GRANDFATHER.

THE CULTURE AND PREPARATION OF TEA.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 1843.

Original.

THE MINIATURES.

"I WILL not keep it longer; for its look
Scorches my soul with agony, and makes
Me *loathe* to live. The bitter mockery
That sits enshrined upon those lips; the sneer,
And doubt, and treach'rous smile that play upon
The features,—these are worse than death to me.
I *cannot* keep a thing so much despised.
But give me mine!"

"Why will you be so rash?
Thy calmer hours will *curse* this foolish whim.
Then thou wilt *feel* that anger prompted thee
To heap reproach upon a faithful heart,
And drench it in the waves of misery.
I do adjure thee now by all the love
You once did bear for me; by every hope
Which the long future holds in its dark bosom;
By all my prayers and tears, if they can
Aught avail, urge not thy vain entreaty!
Retain the gift my hand bestowed in days
Of peace and pure affection! 'Tis thine;
Dash it not rudely to the ground! And joy,
Sweeter and holier than earth can give,
Shall bless thee! I have not erred. I feared
A rival in the glance of all who gazed
Upon thy matchless charms. This is my crime.
My love was so intense, it made me *mad*."
"It must be so. Weak though it seems, thy wish
Shall be obeyed. This image of thee, William,
Whom I love, e'en now, to pure idolatry,
Shall lie upon this aching breast, until
The heart, now warm within, shall cease to beat.
But the *original* I cannot take;
So let us part for ever. 'Twere guilt to trust
My happiness to one, all whose affections
Are more evanescent than 'the morning cloud
And early dew.'"

"Then fare thee well for ever!
Thy wishes are my law. But ere I go,
The feelings of this bursting heart must be disclosed.
Ellen! When I am far away, Oh! think
Of him whose pulses throbbed but for thy love,
And who was doomed by thee to fell despair.
'But must this meeting be our very last?'
No, we shall meet in fairer climes than this,
Where love shall never die. Farewell! Farewell!"
"Nay! do not go. I've wronged thee, William!
Henceforward ours shall be a life of bliss.
Like kindred streams commingling into one, our
Days shall sweetly glide in union by.
Let us for ever bury all the past!"

W. G. H.

Original.

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I.

THERE is a dimness, like a doubt,
That wrappeth earth and sky,
When Day hath in its glory died,
And ere the Night comes forth with pride,
Of sable majesty.

II.

'Tis like the soft delay of youth,
Where Love hath built its throne,
A coy reluctance ere it rest
Entirely on another's breast,
To be no more its own.

III.

It is the gentle pause of Heaven,
Even as a mother mild,—
Before some new bequest is lent,
Inquireth how the last was spent,—
Of her forgetful child.

IV.

Then Conscience, like that fearful cry
'Mid Eden's deep repose,—
"*Where is thy brother?*"—turns its ray
Upon the annal of the Day,
That to its funeral goes.

V.

Perchance the queenly moon ascends,—
And lo! the haughty Sea,
On her pale face doth fix his eye,
And bids his mightiest tides comply,
And own her regency.

VI.

Yet twilight grey, to me is dear,—
More than the blushing day,—
Or noontide's plenitude of light,—
Or sober certainty of night,
Or moon with silver ray.

VII.

For then at sceptred Memory's call,
Long-buried years awake,
And tread in charmed circles back
With music o'er their flowery track,
Their ancient seats to take.

VIII.

And parted friends, of whom we say,
In beds of clay they rest,
Bend meekly down from Glory's sphere,
And with their angel smile or tear,
Allure us to the blest.

Original.

THE BARON'S STORY.*

A SEQUEL TO "SMALL CAUSES."

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

"You are very thoughtful to-day," said the young Countess to Baron Henwen, as he sat one afternoon in her drawing-room, his arms folded, and his eyes fixed on the floor.

At that instant there was a flash of lightning—and the thunder followed with loud reverberations. Still the Baron did not start from his revery.

When Countess Wilhelmina had recovered from her fright at the thunder, she expressed her astonishment at the insensibility of her guest. Henwen looked up, and said, "Ah, dear lady, I am not building castles; I am sadly in want of materials. Pardon me for my absence."

"If you have cause for melancholy, you ought to tell your friends," observed Countess Wilhelmina.

"I should be ungrateful," replied the Baron, "not to avail myself of your and your husband's kindness. But mine is rather a long story, and without telling it, I could not explain the cause of my sadness."

Here the rain began to beat violently against the windows, and Count Roderic entered the room. "Our pleasure excursion is over for to-day," said he. "You must spend the evening quietly at home with us. And he gave his arm to his wife, to lead her to the tea-room.

"You will have time enough, Baron," said the lady, "to tell me your story. I give you 'till eleven to-night;" and she told her husband what had previously passed.

"Certainly, Henwen," cried the minister, "I am impatient to hear of *your* adventures. You are acquainted with mine."

The Baron assented, and while they sipped their tea—the Count and Countess sitting opposite him, he narrated as follows:—

"I left school a year after you, dear Roderic, and returned to my father's palace in the Electoral capital. But all the world, even my father, seemed strange to me. I had been brought up tenderly under the care of my mother, who died some years before, and was inexperienced in the ways of courtiers, or of men in general. In process of my education, I had imbibed romantic notions of mankind, and formed vast philanthropic plans. I looked on all men as my brothers, and ardently desired their welfare; those above me in rank I reverenced, and was ready at all times to esteem others better than myself. I strove continually to realize in myself an ideal of duty and virtue. I was in love with the images of excellence and heroism impressed on my fancy by the books I had read. I lived in a world of my own imagination, decorated in the glory of Eden.

"You know, Roderic, what an enthusiast I was at school, when we studied together the elevating works of antiquity, and learned scholarly wisdom at the feet of our venerable tutor. We were youthful devotees at the shrine of Truth, Justice and Philanthropy. We longed to act a noble and heroic part in the world. We looked—I did, at least—upon folly and vice as the chimeras of a misanthropic brain, or as of much rarer occurrence than was represented.

"I returned, after four years' absence, to the capital. I came modestly—fearing that I should not be found so learned or so virtuous, as my father had a right to expect. Heaven help me, my fears were quite unnecessary! I had not been at home four weeks, when I acquired the nicknames of "the saint"—and the "book-worm."

"I am glad, Thomas," said my father," to find you have spent your time so well; only too well, in fact. But you have some wrong notions to be corrected. These you have obtained from books; away with books! they teach nothing of real life. You must let the Greeks go—and become a German, a courtier, a statesman—a man of the world. You must listen to every thing—but believe nothing; observe all, but say nothing; think what you please, but express nothing; and be prompt in serving every body, in order to render yourself indispensable. Thus those you have served will become your instruments. You are young, good looking, gifted, rich, and descended of one of the oldest families in the country; you cannot fail to succeed, and in time, may be first in the land, next to the Elector. But keep your book-learning carefully secret; it is a thing to be ashamed of. It is the plague of our schools, that they fill our sons' heads with ideal notions, of as little use to them in the world, as a picture to one born blind."

"I would gladly have remonstrated with my father; but I knew it would be in vain, and kept silence. I was introduced into the aristocratic circles of the capital, and received with distinguished favor. Incense was every where offered me; I was loaded with tokens of regard. My father was delighted. But I soon became

* Translated from the German.

disgusted with the emptiness and frivolity of the life I led; and its pleasures palled on my taste. I saw, also, how hollow and hypocritical was the friendship each professed for the other. Each was an egotist, and thought only of his own interests, even while he seemed devoted to those of others.

"I was presented to the Elector, and received by him with unusual graciousness. His court was celebrated for its splendor, and the Prince as a magnificent patron of the arts and literature, by the authors whom he obliged. With me he conversed on literary subjects, and I saw that his tastes were formed after the latest French fashion. I observed, also, that the sums he expended in encouragement of the liberal arts, were designed to exalt his own reputation, and minister to his own love of elegance and luxury. He had formed a great university, but the schools in the country were in a most deplorable condition for want of state patronage. His government reminded me of the man who wore ragged linen under vestments of silk. The opera and theatres received most attention; and the performers were employed at enormous cost.

"In my frequent visits to the court, where I was welcomed as a favored guest, I saw that it was a stage representation of the world. The same follies and vices prevailed, as among the common people; but softened and embellished by aristocratic elegance. I saw, too, the most opposite faults united; bigotry with free-thinking, irreligion with a pretence of sanctity, meanness with pride, arrogance with servility, virtue, knowledge and merit were in the mouths of all men, but they availed as little as the golden lie inscribed over the opera house, "Art enobles manners." The corrupt ministers bribed the prince; the corrupt people bribed the ministers, and honors were bought and sold.

"Notwithstanding, the Elector passed for the best sovereign in the world; for he signed every thing with his own hand, often without reading it; and frequently read without signs of weariness the petitions presented to him; giving orders respecting them, without a moment's hesitation, and seldom consulting any one. Did he not know what was right better than any lawyer in his dominions? He thought himself well acquainted with the condition of his people. By his orders, every three months, a written report was brought in from the lowest offices in the country, to the governors of their respective provinces. These minor tables were embodied in larger provincial reports, which were sent in to the governor general of the provinces. In the ministerial bureau these were, in their turn, absorbed in one grand report, which the Elector, while he sipped his chocolate at breakfast, looked over. How could he fail, thus, to know all about the affairs of his subjects?

"You may imagine, my friends, my state of mind, when I saw my fair ideal of virtue and good government thus crumbled into dust! I felt as if constrained to give up my faith in mankind or in my own understanding.

"My worldly, prudent father, soon instructed me. He saw that he must not openly contemn my peculiar notions, and humored them. "You paint the truth," said he, "but your colors are far too bright. In this world, Thomas, one must do as one can. There are two ways—either you must sink to the level of the common people, or raise them to your own. The first is not to be thought of; there is strength enough in you for the second. You may—you must become the benefactor of your country; I desire it. But begin your course with caution. Court and state are not to be stormed into reform by a three-and-twenty years' old youth, who is called in sport, the beardless philosopher. You must first secure confidence, and that will ensure your success."

"But what, my father, can I do among such men?" I asked.

"A childish question'" answered he. "You are among them, but not of them. The Sovereign is gracious to you; you will speedily rise. Not by knowledge and virtue, it is true; but by the means I before pointed out to you, and by your courtly manners, your high family, your wealth. Besides my fortune, you may expect that of my sister, the Baroness Brandenberg; it is true there is a joint heir in a cousin, on her husband's side, but she is a weakly girl. In case of necessity, a marriage between you will set all right. You will rise step by step; and a long career opens before you. When you have reached the height, then begin your reform!"

"My three-and-twenty years' wisdom perceived that my father spoke well, and that there was indeed nothing better to do. I began, to his great delight, to set about my work in earnest. He urged me to apply for a situation of considerable importance, about the court, then vacant. He could, himself, do nothing to assist me in obtaining it; for because just at that time he was not upon terms with the minister of finance, who, having assisted the Elector in a love affair, had obtained a place to which my father thought he had superior claims. "You must not apply directly to the minister," said he;

"but to his mistress, Madame von La Flute, the widow of General ———. She is all-powerful with him, and seems friendly to you."

"I paid my court to the all-powerful lady. I attended her soireés constantly, and was treated by her with gracious kindness, as soon as I paid her particular attention. When I spoke of the desired situation, she promised me her warmest support. "I know well," said she, "that the Assessor Liebmann is a candidate; he, also, has been to solicit my influence; and his present straitened circumstances, his large family—I believe the man has nine children—and his many years of faithful service, give him indeed some claim. But he is of plebeian extraction. You have more understanding in your little finger, than he under his grey hairs. Go to the minister; I will speak to him to-day in your behalf."

"The thing was done; the minister appointed me to the place. Then first I learned that my unfortunate rival, Liebmann, besides the claims of his necessities, was an old and true servant of the state, of much learning, and an excellent man. I was ashamed of having been preferred before him; I hastened to the minister and resigned my situation. The minister looked at me in surprize, shook his head, and said something common-place about my generosity, and his regret at not having me in his department. Afterwards, I was informed that he attributed my refusal of his favor to my father's influence, and became irreconcilably his enemy on that account.

"Liebmann obtained the situation. My father shook his head at what he termed my folly, but after a few moments' thought, said, "You are right, Thomas. It is better that you should be no subordinate of the minister of finance. The diplomatic career is one more suitable for you, and leads more directly to eminence. Count Terpen is named ambassador to Paris; it is not known who are to be the chief persons of his suite. Pay your court to the charming Tulipini; from her you will learn every thing; through her you may accomplish every thing. I, meanwhile, will look out a place for you."

"It was no hard task to seek the favor of the lovely Tulipini. She was the first opera dancer, and enjoyed the highest favor of the Elector. At her weekly soireés I met the most distinguished men of the capital. I was, for a time, her regular evening guest, and at length obtained permission to wait on her in the mornings. She was a graceful creature, but seemed to have no regard for any thing beyond her own pleasure. Me she treated with a sort of loftiness, as if she thought me a simple school-boy. Her want of feminine feeling robbed her charms, to me, of their fascination.

"Without having solicited it, I one day received a written appointment to the place of private counsellor to the embassy to France. An hour afterwards my father came in much pleased, and told me he had hopes of obtaining for me an office in the suite of the ambassador. I showed him the appointment; he was surprized, but overjoyed. "You have succeeded," said he, "beyond my expectations."

"But is it not a shame," cried I, "that we on the state, must thank an opera dancer for a place so important?"

"Hem," answered my father, "it is here as it is all over the world. One dancer has often more tact than many ministers."

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"I know not what favorite had obtained Count Terpen his dignity; he was a pleasant, spirited man, and concerned himself chiefly with the lighter duties of diplomacy, leaving the graver business to me. His leisure hours were passed in collecting amusing memoirs from the Chronique Scandaleuse of Paris, which he regularly transmitted for the amusement of our Sovereign.

"We remained three years in France. I received constant instructions from my father as to how I should perform my part, and reaped much profit thereby; for it was soon known at home that the chief duties devolved on me. The excesses of Count Terpen impaired his health, so that as soon as our mission at the French court was happily concluded, he was obliged to resort to the baths; while I, with the rest of the embassy, directed my course to my own capital.

"Here I was received with a distinction that really surpassed my merits. The Elector, in my first audience, was pleased to commend my services, and declare himself obliged to me. My father was privately informed that it was determined I should have a place in the Sovereign's council; and I was honored with admission to the privileged circle of personal friends in which the Elector passed his evenings, and to be amused by games, or the representation of low French comedies. I was regarded as the most powerful favorite, or one likely to be so. Ministers, generals, prelates, councillors, paid court to me, and emulated each other in my service.

"You are on the high way to power, Thomas," said my father, "and will shortly be the reigning favorite. Countess Tangelheim loves you."

"You are in a bad way, Thomas," said my aunt, the Baroness Brandenberg. "Avoid the

Tangelheim; she is a poisonous serpent, and is striving to fascinate you. I know much that I cannot say; but you will know it in time. Meanwhile be prudent, do not commit yourself with her without my knowledge, or we are henceforth strangers."

"I had all esteem for my father's politics, as he was pleased to term his manœuvreing; but I regarded, likewise, the favor and fortune of my venerable aunt. Then the young Countess Tangelheim had made little impression upon me. I confessed her beauty and her intellect, surprizing in one of her years; but her family pride, and high estimate of what was due to herself, gave her manner a tone of condescension which did not please me. Then she was known to possess the affections of the Elector. Had he not been married, she would probably have shared his sovereignty, so that I felt little inclination, in her company, to pass the bounds of cold and respectful courtesy.

"The Countess, it must be owned, was not quite so reserved towards me. She not only made me the confidant of many of her political and personal secrets, but treated me in society with an attention which could not fail to convince me that she did not regard me with indifference. This disturbed me, for I dreaded the jealousy of the Elector. It seemed to be his desire that we should be the best friends in the world, for in the high circles where we met, he continually appointed me for her cavalier, or assigned me her hand in the dance. Ere long I discovered that I was generally looked upon as the Elector's fortunate rival, the future husband of the fairest and wealthiest lady in the country.

"My father was much pleased. One day he said to me, "Thomas, the affair between you and the Countess Tangelhiem, has gone far enough; you must make her a formal offer of your hand. All her family, the Elector, also, approve of the thing. This I have from the best authority. In fine, Marshall Tangelhiem has given me to understand that it is expected you will at once declare yourself his sister's suitor, as the court and city gossip about you is no longer to be borne."

"Thomas," said my aunt Brandenberg, "it is time you and I came to an understanding about Countess Tangelhiem. I cannot believe you blind, or that you are ignorant of the necessity that exists for providing the young lady with a husband. You are selected to cover the disgrace of the Elector's mistress; to paternize his offspring. Will you give your hand and name to such a person? will you lend yourself to such a project? If you do, call me no longer your aunt."

"These words opened my eyes; I repeated them to my father. "Bah!" said he; "what if your aunt does disinherit you; the fortune of your bride will more than cover the loss. Then you obtain a place of high distinction; powerful influence; alliance with the first family in the state. It is even said that the title of count will be conferred upon you. For such considerations it is expedient that you shut your eyes to any fault she may have committed in time past. Think you not so?"

"I received a note from the Countess Tangelheim, inviting me to tea. I went to the palace, where, as lady to the Electress, she resided. Instead of her usual circle of guests, I found the Countess alone, her eyes red with weeping. This boded me no good; but I lost not my self-possession.

"Is not your ladyship well to-day?" I asked, as I kissed her hand.

"How can I be well? I am very unhappy," she said, and began to weep so bitterly, that for some moments I could not say a word.

"I entreat you, gracious lady," I said at length, "be composed. What has happened? Will you explain to me the cause of your grief?"

"You would not need to be told, Baron, if you cared for me. My brother told me yesterday what all the court and city say of you and me. We must part. To put an end to the scandal, you must go away under some pretence, or I must retire to my country seat."

"This scene was as unexpected as disagreeable to me; so that I hardly knew how to reply. I said, however, that I would not scruple to make a sacrifice to secure the peace of the Countess, and would, the next day, crave permission of his Highness, to travel for some months.

"How, Baron," said she, tenderly, taking my hand, "do you find it then so easy to part from me? Ah!" and she wept again. "How have I been deceived in you! No—stay—if you would not have me yet more miserable. I cannot bear separation from you!"

"Never was a person in greater embarrassment. Anxious to extricate myself, I faltered I knew not what, of my regard for her happiness and honor, my respect for her and her family, all, as I thought, in a distant and guarded manner. But she persisted in expressions I could not help understanding. At length, as by a sudden impulse, she flung her white arms round my neck, and cried—"I have betrayed so much,

you may as well know all; I love you, and will marry none other!"

"I was in an agony; I knew not what to do; and slightly returning her caress, I said, "Countess, I am not worthy of your regard."

"At this moment her brother, the Marshall Tangelheim, entered. He turned and retired as he saw us, and cried out with a laugh, "children, when you would be alone in future, you must close the doors!"

"I was in a cold sweat; the Countess seemed also much embarrassed. After a few moments of awkward silence, I took my leave.

"The next day I was summoned to the Elector. He received me in a manner even unusually gracious; and sportively rallied me about the scene of last evening—of which the marshall had informed him. He then added, "This pretty juvenile affair must end like all others. I give my consent; the Countess shall be your bride. To-morrow I will witness your betrothal; the wedding shall be on my birth-day, when it is my intention to give you another proof of my good will."

"I threw myself at his feet, and besought him to hear me. He raised and bade me speak openly. You may believe I did so; for I had liberty, honor and happiness at stake. I gave him a true account of the interview with the Countess, and told him how little I was inclined to an alliance with her.

"He looked grave, "The thing has gone too far to retract," said he. "Your manner, hitherto, as I myself can testify, has been such as to encourage the belief that you loved the lady. She, poor girl, has evidently been led to think so, and thus to cherish a passion for you. It is your fault that her feelings have betrayed themselves, and made you and her the talk of the city. Her brother, yesterday, surprized you in a tender tete-á-tete, and supposing you her accepted suitor, and knowing of my approval, he has already spoken of the matter to others. Would you now desert the Countess?" What could induce you to do so? You have no other engagement?"

"None," said I, "but duty and honor forbid me from entering into any with Countess Tangelheim. I esteem her, but I never was her lover; nor had she cause to think me so. I observed towards her the same respectful courtesy as the rest of her sex. I cannot marry without love, and I feel none for her; nor sacrifice the peace of my life to mere convenience."

"I spoke decidedly, though with all humility and submission. It would perhaps have been better for me, if I had had courage to declare all that my aunt had told me, and which my father had admitted.

"The Elector frowned as he heard me. "I cannot," said he, sternly—"permit the happiness of the Countess to be sacrificed to your caprice. You must marry her; it is my command."

"Your Highness is too just towards your subjects, not to permit me, this time, to disobey your mandate."

"To disobey me!" repeated the angry Sovereign. "I will find means to compel your obedience. Away! I give you four-and-twenty hours for deliberation."

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"The four-and-twenty hours passed. I received a summons to the Elector, and gave him the same answer. He ordered me to leave his presence. The same afternoon Marshall Tangelheim rushed furiously into my room, upbraided me with bringing disgrace upon his sister and his family, and demanded satisfaction. One of us, he said, must fall. I calmly denied his charge, but expressed myself willing to meet him, with pistols, at any place he should name.

"We met next morning in a wood near the city. The first shot was mine, and I discharged my pistol in the air. The marshall's bullet passed close to my ear. The seconds then interfered; but my adversary insisted on a second exchange of shots. "Your pretended generosity, villain, shall not save your life." I saw, in truth, that bent on my destruction as he was, I was only risking my own life by firing in the air. This time my ball passed through his right arm near the shoulder, shattering the bone. He seized the pistol with his left hand, and crying, "It is my shot now," fired at me. The ball grazed the shoulder of my second, who was standing near me.

"The marshall then sank into the arms of his attendants, bleeding profusely from his wound. They carried him into a cottage near, where a surgeon was in waiting. I returned in my carriage to the city.

"Here I received the intelligence that my father was dead of a stroke of apoplexy. In a delirium of anguish, I flew to him, and found the dreadful news confirmed. He was no more. On his dressing-table lay an open letter, which revealed the cause of the catastrophe. It was an order from the Elector, dismissing him from the office he had held, and forbidding him or me to appear at court. Poor father! Any one who

knew him could have anticipated the effect of such a blow!

"After his funeral, by the examination of his papers, I discovered that it was not alone the gratification of his pride that had induced him so earnestly to desire my advancement at court, and my marriage with the Countess. His pecuniary affairs were in a deplorable state; not enough property remained to pay his debts, and what distressed me most, was, that his chief creditor was a near relation of the Countess Tangelheim.

"My aunt, the Baroness, expressed no surprize when I told her of this. "I have always remonstrated," said she, "with your father, "against the expenses in which he indulged; but he would not listen to me. I only wonder that the breaking up was delayed so long. But we must not let discredit light on the family. Sell what you have; pay what must be paid; all under the pretence that you are about leaving the country. You have always conducted yourself honestly. Then come to me; I will protect you."

"I followed the advice of the Baroness; I paid all my father's debts, assisted by a thousand louisd'ors from my aunt, which it cost her, indeed, some pain to lend. She preferred giving advice to money. I signed a bond, promising to pay as soon as I had money, that sum, with interest. I then was allowed a room in her house, and a place at her frugal table. For this protection, I was expected constantly to accompany her to church, and to render her the obedience of a well-governed child.

"The change from the luxurious and free life of a court, to my present state of vassalage, was painful enough; but I had the consolation of knowing I had acted correctly, and the hope of inheriting a share of her ample fortune. What a blessed thing is hope!

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"It was not long before I found myself alone in the city where I had been surrounded by so many friends. My former intimates avoided me, and refused me admittance into their houses; my acquaintances suddenly became near-sighted, and passed me without notice. Even the honest old Liebmann, whom I had obliged at a sacrifice, and who had a thousand times called me his benefactor, and had vowed he would serve me with his life, started from me when I met him one day in one of the public walks. I seized his arm; he groaned and said, "Oh, Baron, if any one should see us!"

"What then?" I asked. "We are doing nothing wrong."

"I entreat you, Baron, do not ruin me and my family! I can do nothing for you!" So saying, he broke from me, trembling and pale as death; and hastened away, glancing to the right and the left, to see if he had been observed speaking with me.

"My consciousness of rectitude prevented me from being disturbed at all this; and after a few months I was quite forgotten at court. Countess Tangelheim, as my aunt learned, was at her country seat, occupied with the charge of her princely offspring. Her brother, the marshall, had recovered from his wound.

"In my seclusion with my aunt, I devoted myself to my classics; and wrote a work entitled, "Old and New Times," which contained, as I thought, much political wisdom; but which was condemned by the authorities, and brought the publisher into disrepute. Though I afterwards published another book that met with more favor, I did not turn author, but devoted myself to my aunt's service, desirous, at least, to earn my bread. And she confessed my diligence enabled her to dispense with the services of one of her retainers, who was a prodigious eater.

"My aunt's health at length began to fail, and ere long she was unable to go to church. She often spoke to me of her approaching dissolution, but, as it seemed, only to have me contradict her forebodings. The idea of death was distasteful to her. She called this world a vale of tears, and talked rapturously of the joys of Heaven; but seemed marvellously unwilling to bid adieu to the vale of tears, when she had so many birds and cats to care for.

"One day she directed me to go and call a notary, saying she had business of importance which had been too long deferred, to transact. I was really startled, and said, "You are out of spirits to-day, my dear aunt. Yet you look better than usual. Pray do not think yet of a Testament."

"A Testament!" she repeated, slowly—and with an angry look at me. A pause ensued. "Who is thinking of a Testament?" she asked, furiously. "You, perhaps; it is a favorite subject of meditation with you; you think I cannot too soon prepare for death! Have patience, Sir Baron. Go and call the notary, and trouble not yourself as to what I want with him."

"My aunt's business with the notary, was the adjustment of some tedious law process. I had cause enough afterwards to regret having uttered the fatal word Testament. My aunt was very re-

pulsive in manner to me. And misfortunes seldom come single.

"In the evening, I was sitting in the dining-room, reading by the light of a single wax candle, and surrounded by a tribe of my aunt's cats, when my studies were interrupted by the sound of a barrel organ, which I had at first heard in the street, played in the house. I went to the door opening into the hall—and asked what was the matter. The maid, who stood by the door, leading into my aunt's dressing-room, said—

"The organ man says my lady Baroness called to him, and so I have let him come in!"

"Strange—thought I; my aunt must be out of her senses. She is not used to take such fancies. At the same moment, I heard a shriek from the Baroness within. I rushed into her room. The organ man was at the door playing, and his boy, who had thrown it open, was showing the figures in a magic lantern on the opposite wall. There was a gigantic skeleton, with hour-glass and scythe, dancing with an old lady dressed like a queen. You may imagine the effect of this sight—and of the discordant music, on my poor aunt's nerves. I learned afterwards that the players had been called from the adjoining house, and had mistaken the door. The maid, who was new to her service, had admitted them without inquiring the wishes of her mistress.

"My aunt lay on the floor in a swoon, having overturned the table and candle in her fright. I raised and laid her on the sofa, and called to the maid to bring a light. Meanwhile, I groped about for some water, which always stood in the old lady's room, and having found a bottle, kneeled down, poured the cooling liquid in my hand and with it rubbed her forehead. She quickly recovered sense, of which she gave me a proof by pushing me from her with such violence, that I fell backwards to the floor. At the same time she ordered the organ man sent away. I promptly obeyed her, and thrust the unfortunate mendicant down the steps so precipitately, that he and his organ rolled down together. He cried out once or twice and then there was a dead silence.

"I waited a moment, to see if the man was really hurt; but presently I heard him picking up himself and his instrument. Then he poured forth a volley of execrations that could be heard throughout the house. I called to the domestics to stop his mouth, and returned to my distressed relative.

"A new scene of horror awaited me. The Baroness sat on the sofa, with a mirror in her hand, grinning convulsively. Alas! in my eagerness to recover her from her swoon, I had bathed her face with a bottle of ink. Her face was daubed with the hideous liquid, the stygian streams of which had run down on her neck and her dress. I stood half petrified at the sight of what I had done.

"I excused myself in the best manner possible; my aunt at first refused to hear me; but afterwards sullenly received my protestations, confirmed as they were by the maid, who testified that the organ man and his imp had entered the house without my permission or knowledge. At this moment my aunt's favorite cat, Semiramis, ran into the room, and jumped on her mistress' lap. The Baroness uttered a scream, Semiramis had between her teeth her beautiful canary bird Bibi! I had inadvertantly left open the dining-room door, where the cats were shut up by order of the Baroness; the whole gang had escaped, and ranging the house the beast had seized on poor Bibi, perched on my aunt's mirror for his night's rest!

"The Baroness did not shed so many tears for my father's death, as she did for that of her bird. She banished from her presence the murderous Semiramis, and me also. All the rest she would have forgiven me; but the loss of her bird was too much!

"The next morning she sent for me, and telling me we must part, gave me ten louisd'ors for my travelling expenses. She regretted she could do no more for me; but she had already been obliged to pay a considerable sum to the old organ man, who threatened her with a suit for the value of his broken instrument.

"I confess to some bitterness of feeling at this abrupt dismissal; but I merely pronounced a cold farewell, received the louisd'ors as really my due, packed up my clothes, and departed.

"As I was walking along the street, a splendid equipage rolled past me. In the half open carriage sat the Marshall Tangelheim and his sister. I bowed courteously to them; they turned disdainfully away. I had learned philosophy with the Baroness, and I now required all its use; but notwithstanding, the reflections that accompanied my wanderings were by no means of the most cheerful character.

"By the time I arrived at Vienna, my small stock of money was spent. I was to devise ways of earning my daily bread. But a Baron who has to earn his bread is rather an incongruous thing; I therefore, dropped the title, and abridged my aristocratic title to plain Thomas Hen.

"I endeavored to obtain employment as tutor or as professor; but in vain, for I had no credentials. To procure lodgings for a few days I sold

a valuable ring, and then commenced business as a miniature painter. I found this profitless enough—for I did not receive even what I honestly earned. But my new art introduced me to the acquaintance of other artists, among whom I was particularly pleased with one named Herbert. He was of a pleasant, jovial temper, very obliging, but even poorer than myself. I willingly rendered him all the assistance in my power; but that was very little.

"One day Herbert came to me and said, "I will tell you what—Hen! we shall both starve in Vienna, and learn nothing of art. Let us go to Rome; study the works of the great masters; perfect ourselves! After a while we can return made men. The words 'I have been in Rome,' are talismanic among the great."

"But, Herbert, where are we to find money for the journey?"

"Well—I can play the violin indifferently well, as you know; and you are capital on the flute. We will play our way from place to place; and trust to Providence for success."

The plan was adopted; I purchased him a violin, myself a flute. We crossed the mountains, and in the first Italian town we entered, practiced our new art, to the delight of the music-loving youths and maidens. But all we made we lost next day—when we encountered a troop of gipsy artisans, encamped in a wood on the mountain. The men were employed at their several trades—the women were cooking or washing; and they invited us to partake of their meal. To this, as we were hungry, we gladly consented, and in return for their hospitality, we played while they danced. But this did not satisfy their rapacity; they seized and robbed us of every thing we had, even to the change of clothes we carried with us, and allowed us to depart with nothing but the flute and violin.

"This was a great misfortune to people as poor as we were; but consoling ourselves as well as we could, we resumed our journey, and played our way happily to Rome. Here my companion was soon enabled to pay me the sums I had advanced to him in Vienna. He met, by accident, in a coffee-house, a young prince, whose tutor he had been. The prince sympathizing with his destitute condition, and glad to meet an old friend, took him into his employ. Herbert was to accompany his patron as an artist through Italy, and of course had to take leave of me.

"Fortune was less gracious to me. I soon found that I could not obtain a living either as a painter or musician. My sole dependence was on the money Herbert had paid me. This soon melted away, meanwhile, I visited every corner of Rome, lingered among its majestic views, and not without regret formed a resolution of quitting Italy.

"One day as I was sitting on a stone bench in front of a convent, I was accosted by an old monk with snow white flowing beard. We entered into conversation. He was a German, Father Vitalis by name; and was interested in me because I was his countryman. When he found how poor I was, he invited me into his convent for a few days; and thus I was enabled to indulge my wish to remain longer in Rome. From time to time this excellent old man supplied my necessities. He always addressed me as a son, and I loved him as a father. He exerted himself, though unsuccessfully, to procure for me a situation in some respectable family.

"My son," said he one day, as I walked with him near the village Albani, "Fortune is not propitious to you in Italy. I would counsel you to seek it again in your native country."

"I assured him I did not seek fortune—but merely a subsistence; and my wants were few. I seized the opportunity to beg him to take no further trouble on my account; for that I was not ashamed of the meanest sort of labor, and feared not but that I could earn a maintenance. I should then be free as the bird in the air, to which the world belonged.

"But, my son, you must think of old age, which must at length come upon you; of the years in which you shall say—I have no pleasure in them. Even the bird of the air has his nest."

"Reverend father," said I—"is it worth while for me to sacrifice the best years of my existence, to secure a poor shelter for old age—which I know not I ever shall reach?"

"What then, my son, is the object of your travels?"

"To see the world, reverend father, and become wiser, and therefore happier. I will wander, as the great philosophers did of old, in search of knowledge. When I have obtained all the wisdom I seek, perhaps I may be able to instruct mankind by my experience."

The old monk smiled, said he could not disapprove of my scheme, and discoursed much with me in a strain of lofty philosophy, Rome, with all its proud monuments, had nothing grander than this venerable old man, whom no one cared for.

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But I was not long to enjoy the conversation of the excellent Father Vitalis. The ensuing spring I buried him, covering with flowers the grave of my only friend. Before he expired, he

gave me much excellent religious counsel; and it was like a glimpse of heaven to hear him speak of another world.

His eighty-seven years of innocence and piety were now like a dream to him, but they made his death-bed happy. He expressed his regret that he could no longer befriend me; but as his last gift bequeathed me a casket, by means of which, he said, I could travel through Italy, and return to Germany. This casket contained earth from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, with a parchment certificate from the Pope, to its genuineness. By the sale of small particles of this holy dust, I could procure enough to bear my traveling expenses.

"Soon as practicable after the death of Father Vitalis, I set out on my journey, accompanied by a young Swiss—educated as a physician, but poor as myself, whom I invited to share with me in the good monk's legacy. We found, as soon as we left Rome, that the virtues of the holy earth were not exaggerated. It was purchased eagerly by the superstitious people, and furnished us amply with means till we reached Vienna. Here we remained, while I wrote to the Baroness of Brandenberg—for I was in hopes, she had forgotten the death of her canary bird. The answer came in a strange hand; my aunt had been dead many months; had declared her niece her sole heir, and executor of her last will; and had left her tribe of cats and birds to some other favorite friend. A copy of the will was sent to me by the husband of my cousin, the inheritor of the property.

"My travelling companion was more fortunate. He obtained a situation in the Russian service, and as I afterwards learned, met with brilliant success at the north. I do not know what has become of him.

"I wished my aunt gentle rest, and endeavored by philosophy to console myself for the loss of a fortune. I then shook off the dust from my feet, and left Vienna, to travel I cared not whither. But soon I wearied of aimless wanderings, and resolved to visit foreign countries.

"A few days after I had formed this resolution, I was resting, on a lovely summer afternoon, against a rock, under the shadow of a wild rose. The country around me was beautiful; a wood was just behind me, at my feet ran a brook, which not far off, leaped from a rock in a thread-like cascade. Cultivated fields could be seen in the remote distance, and the spire of a village church peeping through the foliage.

"Here, I thought, I could be content to dwell; and I forgot my projected journeyings eastward. I gave way to the visions of rural pleasure that began to kindle my fancy. While I was indulging my revery, a girl about ten years old approached from the path leading into the wood. She wore a peasant's dress, and was barefooted—she came towards me, and bade me good evening courteously—for she was too young to be bashful. "Where are you going—my child?" I said. "Not far," she replied, "I am only looking for our goats, that feed in the wood; I want to drive them home. They come themselves when it is sun-down, but to-night I want to milk them earlier, so that I can go with father to meet Gabrielle."

"And who is Gabrielle?" I asked of the artless child.

"Oh, that is my sister. She went to town this morning to sell some eggs and cheese. Sometimes I go with her when she needs my help to carry the things. To-day she did not, for we had little to send. To-morrow I shall be housekeeper, for father is going to the town, and I must prepare dinner by the time he comes home."

"It needed little trouble to draw the little prattler into some account of her father. I learnt from her that he had been an officer in the army—had lost one of his legs in battle, and lived in an humble cottage near by, where he earned a maintenance for himself and family by manufacturing all sorts of wooden ware. While we were talking, two goats came out of the wood, and recognized their little mistress. They ran to her, and gamboled or browsed close to us. This little incident, forlorn as I was, impressed me deeply.

"Presently a deep voice exclaimed—'Are you ready to go, Justine?' I looked up and saw at the entrance of the wood an elderly man in coarse apparel. His soldier-like air, and his wooden leg, informed me that he was the father of the litttle girl. I pleaded the child's excuse, by confessing I had delayed her with my questions. He did not blame her, but seated himself on the rock, and entered into conversation with me. I found he had been almost all over the world; had fought the Turks, been taken captive, sold as a slave, redeemed by Russian merchants; and had remained as an officer in the army, till a cannon ball deprived him of his leg. He had returned a cripple to his native province, where his aged mother had given him the scanty savings of several years, the only wealth in her power to bestow. With this he had purchased a small piece of land, and built a cottage close to the wood, and about two miles from the hamlet. His wife had been dead some years, and his only family consisted of his two daughters.

"He asked me some questions as to my plans, and shook his head as I unfolded them to him. 'It is the scheme of a visionary,' said he, 'Stay at home and earn an honest livelihood—as the proverb recommends. A man of your mind and education, who does not scorn labor, cannot fail to obtain his bread without difficulty. You are as I was at your age. Our priest—Heaven rest his soul! thought me destined for a great man, and sent me to school and the University at his own expense. I was to study Theology. But I thought I would do better; I joined the army—and was made a cripple. You and I must be better acquainted, friend. What is your name?"

"Thomas Hen," I answered.

"The ex-officer laughed, 'My name is Thomas Stroh. We will make hay and straw together. Come, be my guest for to-night. You need be in no haste to commence your journey to Persia."

"I accepted the invitation. We followed the path, that led from the wood to the cripple's cottage. How lovely it seemed to my artist's eye, in its sweet valley, between two over-shadowing walnut trees! The hill on either side was wooded. A piece of timber formed a rustic bridge over the clear stream we had to pass before approaching the vine-sheltered house. A flock of pigeons were settling on its roof—and a fine stock of poultry and ducks ran out to meet Justine; near the cottage was a pile of wood out of which the old soldier manufactured his ware. On the other side was a pretty garden, well stocked with fruit trees; and on one side I saw several bee-hives of basket work. All bespoke order and contented industry. My friend led me into the neat parlor, and took from me my knapsack. Justine brought me some bread and a cup of milk. All within as well as without displayed a neatness, and order that gave dignity even to poverty. The furniture was of the plainest description and evidently the work of the master of that humble dwelling.

Soon came in the sister of Justine, a young girl about sixteen years of age. She was plainly dressed, and bare-footed like her young sister, but beautiful beyond imagination. Her straw hat swung on her arm, she carried a basket on her head, underneath which her long golden ringlets floated over her neck. The heat of the day, and the exercise of walking, had given a roseate glow to her transparently fair complexion; a happy smile was in her deep blue eyes as she greeted her father. She then turned and courtsied to me; kissed Justine, and gave her a box full of early cherries, which she had bought in market. After supper, there was no end to the talk; and I was soon placed at ease among them, as a familiar friend. The old man showed me patterns of the wooden-ware he intended making; they were awkward enough, and I promised him my assistance next day in improving his manufactures. My bed of leaves and hay was spread in his work-shop.

"The next day we all went to work; I assisting my host. Our labor was sweetened with lively conversation. I found that the invalid was a man of excellent education, and much knowledge of the world. Gabrielle and Justine, notwithstanding the six years' difference in their age, were playmates in innocence and cheerful gaiety. I knew now what I had never before known; the happiness of household life with a loving family.

"There was something ideal in the maiden simplicity of Gabrielle. She was evidently unconscious of her own extreme beauty; nor knew what was esteemed beautiful by others; all her remarks were sensible, yet she owed nothing to what is commonly called education. It was a mystery to me whence came her refinement of language as well as of thought.

"One day I sketched M. Stroh, as he was sitting at work, without his knowing it; and surprised his daughters by presenting them with the picture. Justine skipped about the room for joy; Gabrielle's eyes sparkled with delight. Their father smiled and said, 'Thus you will have me, girls, when I am gone to be with your mother!' Justine cried, 'You shall never die, father; God is too good to permit it.' Her sister sighed, and laid away the picture. After that, Justine gave me no peace till I had drawn both her and Gabrielle. I had more difficulty than I anticipated with the last; the outline was correct enough, but I could not pourtray her tender loveliness, the purity, the soul, in those exquisite features. The beauty of her face was too ethereal to be transferred to a sketch; I was more dissatisfied with my work, the more I looked at her. Ah! I had looked too often and too long! Farewell, henceforth, all thoughts of visiting foreign lands; I resolved to make this my home.

"When I informed my host that I had given up the thoughts of travelling, and wished to dwell near them, and would endeavor to obtain employment in one of the neighboring towns, the good old man was delighted, and assured me I had made him perfectly happy. Justine threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me in token of her joy; Gabrielle smiled and blushed; the blush was worth a great deal to me!

"After a few days, I left this beloved family; many tears were shed at my departure, and when

lost sight of the cottage, I also wept. My plan was this—to earn a sufficient sum to enable me to purchase a small piece of land, where I intended to build a cottage in the neighborhood of Stroh's dwelling.

"From the newspapers I learned that the place of a clerk to the grand bailiff was vacant in the neighboring town; this place I resolved to apply for, because it would not require me to live at a distance; and I could sometimes see Gabrielle when she came to market.

"The grand bailiff, a stern looking old man, made trial of my capabilities, and was well satisfied; but shrugging his shoulders, said; "There are other competitors; I can promise nothing." "Can you not?" cried his wife, a fat woman of forty, or thereabouts, who might once have been handsome—"are any of your other competitors so genteel looking as this young man? To my mind, there is no comparing any of them with him."

"You are right, my jewel, you are right! Well! we will try it six months together, and after that we can make, if we suit each other, a permanent arrangement." After this, I well knew who was governor in the establishment.

"I was rejoiced to obtain this situation, and spared no pains to perform its duties well; I succeeded so much to my employer's satisfaction, that he received me into his house, and gave me a seat at his table; which enabled me to lay up the whole of my salary. His lady was immeasurably gracious to me; I had the pleasure of seeing Gabrielle in the town every market day; and of spending every Sunday evening at the invalid's cottage. I was happy in the prospect of realizing my visions of contentment.

"But the brightest days must give way to clouds and storms. My mistress, at first so condescending, soon began to show herself imperious and passionate; and this humor exhibited itself towards me, and I had once or twice displeased her by daring to disobey orders enjoining what was positively wrong. I declined, though in the most respectful manner, to become the instrument to gratify her unjust caprice; and this turned the tide of her wrath against me. She found a hundred ways to tease and annoy me. She made my life, in her house, so unhappy, that I should have taken refuge in flight, had it not been for my anxiety to obtain the means of living near my friends.

"It happened that the chief counsellor of the finances came from the capital on a visit. He was received, as well as his wife, with great honor by all the citizens, particularly the chief bailiff. To one of the entertainments given to him, I received an invitation as an inmate of the chief briliff's family. We went together; my mistress splendidly dressed, as first lady of the town, leaned on her husband's arm to enter the crowded saloon; I modestly followed a little behind. My mistress' train was very long, and by the time she had reached the middle of the apartment, the glittering end of her comet-like appendage was at the door. Suddenly I was startled to perceive her tripping along—(she had a very juvenile fashion of tripping)—shorn of this glory of her dress. The torn skirt hung in strips about her feet; and, oh, horror! what were my feelings to find myself standing on the severed train! At the same moment she made the discovery of her loss, and uttered a scream of dismay. The attention of the whole company was drawn to her, and most of those who saw, with difficulty restrained their laughter. My mistress retired to another apartment, and changed her dress. I was sent home to fetch her another; and overwhelmed with confusion, begged a thousand pardons for what I had done. But she would not forgive me.

"The next day I received a formal dismissal from the house, and the service of the chief bailiff.

"I returned to Stroh's dwelling, and related my misfortune, with an account, also, of the ill treatment I had received for months past. This I had not before spoken of; and both Gabrielle and her father congratulated me on my escape from such tyranny. One of my companions in the bailiff's service, who had formed a friendship for me, on my taking leave, promised to exert himself to obtain for me a place in the house of Madame von Kasten, who resided in a city not far distant, and was in want of a clerk. Meanwhile I remained in the invalid's house, and assisted him in his work.

"One day while we were laboring together, the conversation turned upon the future. I confided to him all my plans, and avowed my love for his daughter. He was not opposed to my wishes, and expressed his belief that Gabrielle was not indifferent to me. "But," said he, "I am poor; you have nothing to depend upon. Every honest man must provide himself with the means of supporting a family, before he thinks of marrying. I will gladly bestow my daughter upon you, as soon as you are in the way of earning a maintenance; and that with your youth and strength, you will find easy. Meantime she is but seventeen, and can wait for you."

"Enraptured with this encouragement, I now

paid into the old man's hands all my wealth, three hundred guilders, the savings of my salary, which I begged him to appropriate to the purchase of a small piece of land. I should soon, I hoped, be able to increase it.

"Here Gabrielle joined us; and her father, wiping a tear from his eye, for he had been much affected by my earnestness—addressed her with a smile of arch humor. "Gabrielle, my daughter, M. Hen insists that you alone, of all the world, care nothing for him. On account of this he is going to leave us, and go where he can find people to love him."

"The poor girl turned pale, and clasping her hands, let them fall down before her; but said not a word. "Why do you not speak?" said her father.

"Did you really say so?" she asked, in a trembling voice, glancing at me.

"No, dear Gabrielle," I replied; "your father is only joking."

"The color came back somewhat hurriedly into her cheeks, and she said bashfully, "You know very well how much we all esteem you."

"And you?" asked M. Stroh.

"She cast down her eyes and murmured—"You know I do, father."

"But if he will not believe it?" persisted the provoking invalid.

"What can I say more?" said she, with a half smile; but I saw that her eyes were moist as she raised them for a moment.

"Now, Gabrielle, do not be silly, "cried the old man; "but tell us frankly what you would do, in an extreme case, to convince him of your friendship."

"But I thought it unfair to pursue such catechising, and therefore put an end to it by acknowledging how deeply I was interested in knowing that I possessed her regard. My declaration of love had not the effect of lessening the fair girl's confusion; but she was too candid to deny that she heard it with pleasure. I pressed my lips to her white forehead, and thus sealed our betrothal.

"I had been, after this, but a few days in the cottage, when I received a letter from my friend, requiring me to present myself as speedily as possible to Madame von Kasten. I did so; and received an appointment in her services, on a salary of seven hundred guilders. I could not, however, see my beloved so frequently as before; for the place of my new abode was nearly a day's journey distant from the dwelling of the invalid.

"My new mistress, the widow von Kasten, a lady proud of her wealth and station, received me very graciously. But I found my duties very numerous and complicated. I was private secretary, steward, majordomo, chamberlain, musician, reader, and man of business in general. I was obliged to perform even menial offices, to which the thoughts of Gabrielle, alone, induced me to submit. On the other hand, Madame von Kasten exacted these services from me more as a confidential friend, than as a servant. She also made me little presents from time to time, and these reconciled me to her exactions.

"She was but a little over thirty; and on account of her wealth—for she had no claims to beauty—had many suitors. At the time I entered her establishment, the one most favored was the president of the judicial court, Baron von Grob. This man seemed to conceive an aversion towards me at first sight, which was increased when he saw the condescension of my mistress. He was evidently jealous, though Heaven knows he had no cause to be so. He was a thin, sallow, hypocondriacal looking person, and, I could not help thinking, envied me because of my better figure. But I had nothing to do with him; and the difference of rank between us, rendered it improbable that there would ever be any intercourse beyond a passing glance.

"I had been some months in my situation, when Madame von Kasten herself spoke to me of the violent dislike her lover entertained for me, and his apparent unwillingness to believe any thing in my favor. She had often, she said, disputed with him about me; the bilious Baron insisting that I had a villanous expression about the mouth, and something wicked in my eyes; that I was just the sort of person to steal behind a man and stab him; etc., etc. He prided himself on his skill in physiognomy. My mistress was good enough to defend me; which circumstance only served to augment the suspicious hatred of her suitor. He could say nothing, of course, in contravention of her assertions, but he was confident I had a secret grudge against *him*, at least. Madame von Kasten, in answer to my deprecations of her displeasure, promised me that even the Baron's hatred should not induce her to dismiss me, so long as I continued to merit her confidence. And she kept her word so well, that when at length her engagement with the president was concluded, it was stipulated that he should never interfere in the choice of her domestics.

"Notwithstanding this assurance, I saw well that I should eventually be forced to give way before the ascendant influence of the future hus-

band. This troubled my thoughts; or that it may be that I met the president, when he came to the house the day after his betrothal, with a face expressive of my chagrin. He glared fiercely upon me; and soon after, my mistress came into the antechamber, and reproached me for my sullen deportment towards the Baron. "Go, now," said she, "and order the cook to send him immediately a cup of coffee."

"Gracious madam," I replied, "the cook is gone out."

"Then make the coffee yourself," was the answer.

"I obeyed; I took from the cupboard where the cook usually kept her portions of coffee wrapped in paper, a paper of the form and color of what she was accustomed to use. I made the coffee, and carried it to the boudoir where the lovers were.

"It was not long before I heard a succession of shrieks. The servants ran from every part of the house; I was first in the boudoir; where I saw the Baron leaning out of the window, crying, "Help, help—murder!" Madame von Kasten stood seemingly petrified with fright. As several men entered the apartment, the Baron turned round; his sallow visage was pale as death, and convulsed. "I am poisoned," he cried—"there is the murderer; hold him fast; help, help!—a physician!" I was instantly seized. They summoned the watch; and while they were leading me away, I learned from the clamor of the people that I had poisoned the president in a cup of coffee. On the steps of the house I met the cook returning, and asked her what had been in the paper I described as having found in the cupboard. She answered—"It was my three ounces of snuff'" Here the mystery was clear, and I hoped my innocence would be established.

"I was lodged in the city prison; taken out in the evening to be examined, and again the following day. I saw that my story, truthful as it was, had not produced any change in my favor; that my adversary was bent on my destruction; it might be from enmity towards me, it might be because he would not be made ridiculous by the discovery that all his clamor had been for nothing. I heard them talk of the house of correction, of hard labor, etc., and despaired of acquittal. One rainy night I let myself down from the narrow window by means of my bee-clothes, and escaped out of the gate in the morning. I reached the forest and was saved; remained all day hid, and all night travelled on. I stopped at a farm-house to purchase food; and thus continued wandering about for nearly three weeks—in the woods during the day, and passing the night in some mean tavern or shed. At last my strength began to fail, and I resolved to cross the boundary. I entered your dukedom; and here I received conformation of what I had accidentally learned in one of the taverns where I lodged—to wit—that advertisements had been circulated, offering a reward for my apprehension. I wrote to M. Stroh, informing him of my misadventures; and then formed the resolution to throw myself at your Sovereign's feet, and solicit his protection. I heard of you, Roderic; I heard with astonishment that you were prime minister, and next in power to the Duke. You know how I came to you.

"Confess, now, that I am a living example of a man with the most honest intentions, with knowledge sufficent to carry his good purposes into effect, destined by birth to act a distinguished part in the world—who, without ill desert of his, has been reduced to the lowest penury and abasement, by "small causes!" For me, my ambition is now at an end. I desire only rest—employment;—that is, a place where my labor may comfortably maintain myself and family;—and the restoration of my betrothed. You will say, a union between the Baron von Henwen, and the daughter of a broken soldier, is a misalliance; I will remain plain Thomas Hen, and as my friend observed, hay and straw will suit well together."

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When Baron von Henwen had finished his singular story. Count Roderic and his wife took his hand cordially. "You are no longer forsaken, dear friend," said the minister; "fortune, weary of persecuting, will henceforth smile upon you. I rejoice that Providence has appointed me to fulfil the vow of our early friendship, which would in any distress have led me to you. We seem both of us chosen to illustrate, in opposite ways, that *fate* makes man what he is in outward circumstance: fate, which spared not the heads of kings, nor the dignity of wisdom. It is the god of this lower world!"

"True," replied the Baron, "man can never overcome nor control his fate; but still less can fate conquer the strong spirit. They are in perpetual conflict. Destiny rules the outer world, but cannot step beyond the circle of the earthly; man, as an immortal spirit, is lord of the spiritual kingdom. Fate may tear life from him, but never consciousness; it may rob him of wealth, but never of his heart serenity, his inward happiness; it may spoil him of honor, and make him

despised of his fellow men, but secure in the approval of God and his own soul, he can smile and triumph still. *He* is not the Sovereign who wears the crown and bears the sceptre; but he of the free heart and the noble spirit, who spurns the fetters of appetite or passion! Roderic, I was not happier on the summit of prosperity than in the depths of poverty; not prouder amid the flatteries of a court, than when pursued as a fugitive."

The Countess smiled. "I understand you, sir philosopher," said she; "but here, among friends, it may be as well to acknowledge that the gifts of fortune are not altogether to be despised; for instance, such as may enable you to live happily with Gabrielle."

"You are right, gracious lady," replied the Baron; "we may carry our contempt too far, since we need those gifts so long as we are mortals. But we should not esteem them so highly as to be unhappy at their loss. I should not be miserable, even if Gabrielle were denied me."

"Go to," cried the Countess; "you are a cold lover. I would not that the young lady heard you."

Henwen, on his being welcomed by Roderic, had written to M. Stroh, to inform him of the change in his circumstances; but had received no answer. After some days he prevailed on the minister to send a messenger of his own to the invalid's cottage.

Meanwhile the Duke, to whom Roderic presented him, appointed him to an honorable and lucrative post in his service. Henwen smiled when his friend brought him the appointment, and said, "I should have been content with far less; but I take what is given me with thankfulness. My chief good is yet wanting."

One day the Baron, on his way with the Count and Countess to their country seat, met the messenger who had been despatched to Stroh's cottage. The carriage stopped, and Henwen eagerly demanded what news he brought. Instead of the expected letter, the messenger brought the information, that the invalid, with his two daughters, had left the cottage, without saying to any one where he was going.

Henwen's countenance fell. "That is the consequence of my imprisonment, and the false rumors spread in regard to me," said he, "or it is a mean revenge on the part of the hateful Baron von Grob. You see, dear friends, how fate still pursues me with her malevolence!"

"Sir philosopher!" cried the Countess, smiling, and raising her finger warningly.

Henwen assured her he would not part with his internal serenity. But he continued silent and meditative; nor could all the gay spirits of the Countess cheer him.

"Come," said she, "you must not play the melancholy with us!" They had arrived at the country house, and Henwen was standing gloomily by the piano, with an absent air running over the keys. "Do you not know," continued his fair friend, "that this is my birthday? We expect some guests; and you must be, as usual, the life of the company. I wish to put your philosophy a little to the proof, and to see if you are really independent of the favors of fortune."

"Ah, Countess," sighed Henwen, "you are even more cruel than fate itself. Can you not suffer human nature to assert its rights? Truly if you were the arbitress of my destiny—"

"If I were, Baron, interrupted she, laughing, "you should not certainly have cause to be gloomy on my birthday. I would bestow on you a letter from Gabrielle; or better still the fair one herself."

Here Count Roderic entered the room with a lady on his arm. Henwen started; he beheld Gabrielle herself, not in her peasant's dress, but the more beautiful for her improved attire. She looked, in his eyes, like an angel. Her father, with his crutches, followed, and also the now bashful Justine. The whole family had been a day or two at the minister's country seat, having been sent for by the Countess, who wished to give her friend a pleasing surprize.

I shall not describe the transport of Henwen at this unexpected sight. Countess Wilhelmina embraced both girls, and turned smiling to the Baron. "Confess me, now," said she, "to be a kind arbitress of destiny!" With that she took her husband's arm, and they retired, leaving the restored friends awhile together.

My story is at an end. I have nothing more to relate, which the reader will not, by this time, have anticipated.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Well being and happiness are not an inheritance of which we take possession from the hour of our birth, and which we are destined to enjoy at our ease; they are to be searched after with unwearied assiduity. We enter into life destitute of every thing but simple existence. All that we enjoy in our passage through life, are *acquisitions;* they are the results and the rewards of our own diligence and care, or communicated by the diligence and care of others.

Original.

AN ESCAPE FROM THE EXECUTIONER.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE, M. D.

"A slumbering thought is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour."—*Byron.*

MURDER! The deep forest, and the far off hills sent back the horrid cry. Thrice I essayed to call, and the agony of my soul formed itself into sound, and the shriek was "Murder!

What was to be done? I had deprived a human being, a fellow mortal of that which I could not restore, and I felt like the fratricide Cain, when he stood over the stiffened corpse of his brother.

There lay the body of my friend, as cold and calmly as the dead warrior, "with his martial cloak around him." My *friend!*—and,—oh, God! I had killed him wantonly, exultingly, premeditatedly! The moon shone down upon his smooth forehead and fair cheek, as sweetly as though he was sleeping only for an hour beneath the hallowed light; and the cool winds that came careering through the foliage, lifted up his light, long tresses, and played amid the profusion of his beautiful curls!

We had "been friends together" from early childhood—had thumbed our soiled primers together in old Ebenezer Birch's log schoolhouse; entered upon the higher branches of education simultaneously, and receiving our *permits* to go forth, the one to "kill and make alive," the other to discourse eloquently upon those apochryphal but important characters, John Doe and Richard Roe—our facetious friends had long since named us "the Siamese twins," from the fact of our being continually together.

Our leisure hours, of an evening, were spent in visiting the few families in our neighborhood, and it was not long after, that chance or Providence threw me in the company of Mary Manderville, the belle of the village, and one of the loveliest of her sex. To say that I *loved* Mary, would be but a feeble description of the refined and lofty passion entertained for her. She became the inspiration of every thought of good, and a fancy of perhaps too extravagant an order, had often made me think Mary Manderville one of those gifted intelligences, sent from a brighter and better land, to woo the erring spirit of man from the devious pathways of its wanderings, back to the skies.

Edward Harley, (the name of my friend,) knew of my attachment to the beautiful girl, and was indeed my confidant in relation to my plans for the future, with regard to my union with her.

She had promised to be my bride, and on the wings of gratified feeling, I flew to Harley to acquaint him with my good fortune, and was congratulated by him on the seemingly fair position I occupied.

It was after the usual importunities to name the happy day, that the first Tuesday in October was decided upon as that upon which our nuptials should take place. Splendid preparations were made for the occasion, and tardily flew the hours as the time drew near for the consummation of my felicity. I had paid the last visit to Mary previous to the one that was to make her mine, and on the wings of happiness flew to my room to ask Harley's advice relative to some trifling articles to be worn on the occasion. As he was not in when I entered, I threw myself on the bed to await his return. I had not been long on the bed, when Harley entered, and threw himself into a chair by the little table near the fireplace. I thought I observed confusion in his looks when I spoke to him, and hastily crumpling a letter which he held, he attempted to put it in his coat pocket, but, unperceived by himself, it fell on the floor under the table.

At any other time this would have passed unnoticed, but at a moment when all my thoughts were running upon Mary, any thing of a suspicious character attaching itself to my friend, involuntarily associated itself with her in my mind.

Though aware of the meanness which prompted the desire, I determined to obtain possession of the letter, and make myself master of the contents. Assuming as cheerful an aspect as possible, I requested him to step out and purchase some segars, as I was too much fatigued to go out any more, and it was too early to think of retiring.

He agreed, left the room for the purpose, and I was in an instant in possession of the letter. I lost not a moment in acquainting myself with its contents. It was from Mary Manderville, my *fancied* angel, to Edward Harley, my professed friend!

Had paralysis seized me, or the withering frost of four score years settled suddenly upon my brow, and chilled the warm current of my young heart's feelings, they could not have produced a more awful blight than that caused by the damning confirmation which that letter conveyed to my mind, of the cold hearted perfidy of my mistress, and the unnatural villany of my friend. The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR HARLEY:—You must continue to impose upon the good natured credulity of ——, by pretending you are rejoiced at his approaching nuptials; I shall not undeceive him as to the termination of our wedding preparations, until the very last moment; I will then tell him, as his *friend* has a prior claim, he must relinquish his. We will laugh at his presumptuous folly, and be united ourselves. Your affectionate

MARY."

And this coarse, ill-written effusion was from Mary! My *sentimental Mary!* as I had so often called her—and that, too, to the man who had "coined his cheeks to smiles" when in my presence, while in my absence, with my cold-hearted, selfish mistress, he was plotting my ruin and disgrace. My soul was stung to its inmost core; that Mary Manderville should have carried on the farce with me while at the same time she was engaged to Harley—and with his sanction, too—playing with and mocking the purest and holiest feelings of the heart—manifested a mutual callousness unparallelled. That Harley should, regardless of the ties of friendship, the duty of man to man, agree to torture the feelings of the man who had never injured him in the least, was a crime of so malignant a character, that no punishment can be found adequate to its turpitude.

I heard his footfall upon the step as he entered from purchasing the segars, and as calmly as I could, I folded up the letter and put it in my bosom.

The dark shadow of a dreadful thought passed over my mind, nor did I seek to dispel it with the voice of reason, or a prayer to Heaven. Harley entered the room, and throwing the segars on the table in a careless manner, flung himself into a chair, exclaiming, "Well, what news to-day from Mary?" He had touched a chord which was still vibrating from the rude strain it had but a moment past received. I made him no reply, but drawing the letter from my bosom, placed it open into his hand.

The smile that had lighted his cheek, died away as he glanced over the letter, and with a scowl of dark and angry gloom upon his brow, he turned upon me fiercely, and asked me "how dare you take a letter of mine, accidentally left in the room, during my absence, and pry into its contents?"

I recriminated, he retorted, until his anger getting the mastery, he pronounced me a scoundrel!

For a moment I gazed upon him as if my ears had deceived me, and in the next, I hurled him from me to the farthest end of the room. I was his superior in physical power, and he knew it. Recovering from his fall, he observed as coolly as he could, "We must settle this with weapons."

"The sooner the better," I replied, "so if you will only name your time and place, and your weapons, I am ready; and settled indeed it shall be, before I close my eyes to sleep."

Swords were decided upon, and wrapping our cloaks about us, we proceeded, without farther arrangements than removing the buttons from our foils, to the spot selected.

It was near midnight ere we reached the place pitched upon for the arena of our combat. It was a skirt of wood, at the side of a hill, whose base was laved by a little rivulet, which wound its way though briars and furze, making a monotonous sound as it beat its tiny waves into melancholy murmurs. The moon shone out in her tranquil loveliness, and the stars, like volumes of bright poetry,* opened their gorgeous pages of living fire, along the blue skies; kindling in any other heart than mine at that hour, thoughts of that better land, "where the wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest."

Throwing off our cloaks, we made at each other with the fury that inflames the tiger and the alligator, when each strives for the mastery. I was an excellent swordsman—Harley only a tolerably good one. I suffered him to exhaust himself with ineffectual lunges, 'till his thrusts became more faint and irregular, and then making a feint as if to parry his attack, I plunged my sword into his bosom, and drew it reeking from his heart!"

A wild and unnatural shriek rose upon the air, startling the bird from her briar, and waking echo into fearful response, as he fell dead! dead! dead!

Never, never shall I forget that one wild cry of agony! Never, never shall I forget that glance which he gave me as his heart's blood spouted from his bosom! that shriek sounded in my ears like the wail of a baffled fiend, that look,—his features unnaturally distorted, upon whose ghastly lineaments the cold moon threw her solemn light,—seemed the picture of hate and despair!

I dropped my sword, and felt about his heart, but no pulse answered to the call. The blood came welling over my trembling fingers, and in the fit of the moment the awful stillness was again broken, as I howled forth my crime to the night winds. A thousand caverns seemed to catch the sound, and run through it with all the variation of echo.

"Murder, murder, murder!" and the welkin rang with the cry! I heard the tramp of horses,

* "Ye stars which are the poetry of Heaven!"—*Byron.*

yet there I stood, heedless of detection, by the corpse of Edward Harley, my mind dwelling alone on the horrid crime I had committed.

But I will not linger. I was discovered, dragged before the officers of justice, sent on for farther trial, tried and *condemned*.

The morning of the day on which I was to be executed, the sun rose with uncommon brightness. I looked from my prison window, the road was thronged with persons who were coming into town to witness the execution—even females had walked long and wearying miles, to glut their curiosity in witnessing the last convulsive agony of the victim. To the present day, I have a distinct recollection of a boy,—a large, red-haired, freckled-faced boy, in boots and a chip hat, with a red calico blouse on, and an orange colored waistcoat. This wretch had caught a little negro right under my window, and like Coleridge's unwilling wedding guest, the little descendant of Ham was trying to get away, but like the Ancient Mariner, the villain "held him with his glittering eye," and with his long, bony, freckled fingers, while he enlightened him on the number of spasms I would have, before, as he expressed it, I should "finish pulling hemp, and standing upon nothing." I dropped a brick out of my window upon his dirty toes, and cut short *his* part of the ceremonies, by sending him away howling in pain.

The bell tolled one! I was carried by the soldiery to the place of execution, was placed on the platform, and preparatory to having my eyes bandaged, turned to bid a long farewell to nature. A tall man in a white hat, and green goggles, who was standing near the scaffold, told me he "didn't like to hurry me, but he had been waiting there several hours, and was getting hungry, and would be obliged to me to get through as soon as possible, as, if I didn't he would be compelled to leave, and he didn't think it would be fair treatment." I made him no answer, the callous wretch!

Oh! never did sweet nature wear a lovelier face than on that day. Far off upon the smooth and tranquil water, lay the frolic boat, its sails lazily flapping the mast; while the dipping of an oar not far off, brought vividly before the mind's eye, the bright and happy scenes of innocent boyhood's happy hours.

I could not give up life without a struggle when all above and beneath looked so invitingly and lovely. With one leap I cleared the platform, and was soon flying across the fields with the speed of thought or sound!

"Away, away, away! Thousands were in pursuit, and the race was for life! They were gaining upon me, and my strength rapidly failing. I could feel the wind of the mighty rush, as they were hemming me in, and pressing around me. A deep ravine crossed my path—its width was fearful, its depth unknown—a moment's pause, and I made the leap!

I heard the shout of horror and surprize that broke from my pursuers, as I hovered over the chasm—I gained the opposite bank, and sought to cling to the bushes which bordered its sides. They bent—yielded—snapt! Down, down I seemed to go, yet as I descended, thought and consciousness were busy in picturing the dreadful fall, when I was *awakened by* Edward Harley tickling my nose with a feather!

Kind reader *I had been dreaming*. Well might the bard say—

> "A slumbering thought is capable of years,
> And curdles a long life into one hour."

Original.

STANZAS.

I GIVE THEE ALL I MAY, LOVE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

I GIVE thee all I may, love,
A heart whose hopes are dead—
A ruined altar! grey, love,
With ashes overspread,
And cold as is the clay, love,
Whence life a day hath fled.

It was not always so, love;
That heart hath had its fire;
But many a day of woe, love,
And many a wild desire
Have quenched its youthful glow, love,
And bade its flame expire.

I am standing all alone, love,
A blighted, blasted tree,
That to the winds doth groan, love,
In helpless agony—
To the winds whose maniac moan, love,
Floats round it fitfully.

It was not always so, love;
That tree was once as green
As thy young way; but lo! love,
No more its pride is seen;
Nor spring, nor summer's glow, love,
Can change its wintry mien.

That shrine again can flame, love,
That heart with hope beat fast,
That tree its blossoms turn, love,
Defying to the blast,
If thou wilt but inurne, love,
The ashes of the past.

Philadelphia, 1842

Original.

LOVE AND TIME.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The Romance of Middle Life," exclaimed Miss Dashwood, reading aloud the title of an article in a new magazine, while she lounged on a sofa, cutting the damp leaves with her fore-finger. (This habit of using one's finger as a paper-knife, is, I am sorry to say, a decidedly feminine trick;—no man, unless he be some distinguished pupil of the *Nimini-pimini* school ever does it; and whenever you see a woman thus wantonly lacerating a book, gentle reader, you may be sure that she is either indolent, slovenly, or selfish,—perhaps all three.) "The Romance of Middle Life," repeated the lady, as she carelessly turned the leaf, which, whatever might have been its classification when it came into her hands, was now a marked specimen of the *serrated* order; "well, I wonder what people will write about next? For my part, I thought romance never outlasted one's teens."

"You were quite right, young lady," said Mr. F——; "in persons of your character, it rarely goes into the '*twenties*.'"

"And pray what do you suppose is the difference between my romance and that of other people?"

"Allow me to answer by asking another question. When you are preparing for a ball, do you dress your hair with flowers from your conservatory, or those which you find at your French milliner's?"

"Oh, I always prefer artificial flowers, because natural ones fade immediately in a heated room, while the others look as fresh when the ball is over as when my toilet was first completed."

"Precisely, and you might add, they possess as little fragrance when first bound about your brow, as when laid aside in exchange for your night-cap. It is just so with your romance; you put on a very good imitation for particular occasions, as you do your most becoming dress, and it probably suits you much better than the real thing, since it always remains the same, while genuine feelings are too apt to *wither*. Besides, true sentiment sometimes makes one blush and tremble at awkward moments, and even is guilty of the enormity of making one's eyes and nose red at times, which certainly has a most unbecoming and unpicturesque effect. It is far more convenient to possess the graceful counterfeit, which is not likely to lead you into any greater indiscretion than that of gazing at the moon, when a tall and whiskered companion is placed in a proper position for admiring the fine expression of your eyes,—or of walking by starlight on the piazza of some ocean-bordering pavilion, at the risk of having the starch taken out of your lawn-dress, by the night air."

"If it were not too much trouble, Mr. F——, I should really rise and make you a low courtesy, for you have certainly paid a high compliment to my good sense, though at the expense of my sincerity. I should hate to be one of your whining, lovesick, romantic girls."

"The term has become almost one of reproach, I allow, because we rarely discriminate between the 'opium-dream of too much youth and reading,' and the romance which gushes up in a heart filled with passionate emotion, and throbbing with the 'strong necessity of loving.' It is the fashion now to talk of the "Ideal," and when people believe that nothing is worthy of regard which does not appeal directly to the *intellectual* nature, then the word, as expressive of the inner life of the soul in contradistinction to mere animal existence, is perfectly applicable. But only the good old term 'Romance' can convey the true idea of a full development of the imaginative and sentient faculties,—the awakening of the heart as well as the soul."

"How can you, my dear young lady, and the thousands of good amiable women resembling you, who act out a little drama of sentiment in early life, and then settle down into quiet, staid, respectable matrons, content to 'suckle fools, and chronicle small beer' for the remainder of your lives,—how can you comprehend a really imaginative and romantic character? And if such a character would be a sealed book to you even in youth, how could you, by any possibility, read the mystic volume when time had set his seal upon its abstruse mystery? I wonder not that you sneer at the 'Romance of Middle Life.'

"Take, for instance, the character of Elizabeth of England, whom grave and unsentimental historians represent, (and, no doubt, truly,) as dying in old age, a martyr to the passion which in youth she had despised. How incomprehensible to you must seem her strange history, and yet what can be more natural than her fate? Gifted with strong passions, and some of them eminently feminine,—(witness her imprudent attachment to Lord Seymour, at the age of fourteen, and her inordinate vanity during her whole life,) yet her stern power of self-control, and the fierce ambition which led her to brook no subjection even to the gentle rule of affection, taught her to spurn with almost vindictive contempt, every leaning towards womanly

feeling. She might like the lover, but she had forsworn the love, and hence her strangely inconsistent conduct towards those who had won her favor. As soon as an affection began to assume actual dominion over her, she crushed it with the iron heel of power, even as if it had been an adder in her path. But when age, and disappointment, and weariness of life had broken the strength of that adamantine will, then the woman's nature rose up in revenge of its long thraldom, and fearful indeed was its retribution. We cannot but tremble before the terrible picture of that mighty Queen,—she who had made her footstool of some of the wisest heads and noblest hearts that ever dwelt on earth,—when, with the snows of three-score-and-ten winters upon her head, and the pent up fires of youthful passion raging in her heart, she lay like a crushed worm upon the earth, 'in helpless hopeless brokenness of heart,'—tortured by the vain yearnings of a lonely spirit, agonized by the 'late remorse of love,' despising pomp and power, while she felt the bitter consciousness that she had been the murderess of her last and best-loved favorite, and finally dying in sullen and melancholy silence, like a wolf within its lair."

"You have made a most impressive sketch, truly, but I need scarcely remind you that although history records this singular instance of infatuation in the aged and powerful princess, yet we should be much puzzled to find any similar instance of antiquated romance within our personal experience."

"Pardon me, madam, if I venture to suggest that your experience can scarcely lay claim to sufficient 'length of days.' It was my fortune, not many years since, to watch beside the death-bed of one, who, though she had long since left those summer bowers of youth, where such tempest clouds are most to be dreaded, yet fell beneath the lightning-stroke of passion, even on the confines of the wintry region of old age."

"You have heard me speak of a young German who was my travelling companion in Europe, and with whom I became acquainted in England whither he had gone to perfect his knowledge of the language. Rosenwald was an artist of fine talents, and his enthusiastic temper, his warmth of feeling, and nobleness of character, soon endeared him to me. He was the most excitable creature I ever knew. A picturesque bit of scenery, an old baronial castle, a fine painting, a lovely child, or a beautiful woman, could at any time throw him into raptures. But his susceptibility to the power of musical sounds was the most remarkable trait in his character. I have seen him excited to rage, and melted to tears,—wrought up to a pitch of almost delirious exstacy, and again plunged in the most profound sorrow,—in short, he would suffer, during the performance of a fine opera, all the emotions which music could express. His keen perceptions of the beautiful and the good, and his vivid susceptibility to all lovely things both in the moral and physical world, together with his strong conscientiousness, produced a combination of noble traits, such as I have never seen equalled. Highly intelligent, thoroughly educated, possessed of fine talents, which were indeed his only fortune, eminently handsome, and just five-and-twenty, he would certainly have been the object of my envy if he had not so soon acquired my love. He was a most agreeable travelling companion, for while his indomitable good temper found subject of mirth in every annoyance during our journey, his poetic fancy and artistic eye enabled him to detect every object of interest on our route.

"We had visited France and Italy, and embarked in the steamer which was to carry us up the Rhine, when a quarrel arose between two of our fellow passengers, which threatened to end in "coffee and pistols for two," as soon as we should reach our destination. One of the parties in the dispute was a middle aged German, the other, to our surprize, we discovered to be an American. It is necessary to spend some time in a foreign land in order to understand how one's heart warms toward a countryman, and as Rosenwald's knowledge of both the German and English languages enabled him to get at the true grounds of the difference, which were of the most trifling nature, we were enabled to effect a reconciliation, without compromising the dignity of either of the combatants. The American, whose name was Charleton, was a mere boy of nineteen, full of frolic and hair-brained mirth, but frank-hearted and generous. He was rejoiced to find in me a countryman, and, grateful for our interference in a matter which might else have resulted most unpleasantly for his whole party, he soon offered to make us acquainted with the ladies under his charge. We were accordingly introduced to Mrs. and Miss Charleton, but as the ladies wore close bonnets and thick veils, we were but little wiser than before, especially as from the vague and careless manner in which we were presented, we were left to identify as we best might, the matron and the maiden. Both were rather undersized, attired precisely alike, in dark travelling dresses, and closely veiled. A voice of exceeding rich-

ness and sweetness issued from the vague mistiness of one of these provoking veils, and a hand of exquisite whiteness and delicacy partially lifted its heavy folds; but beyond this we knew nothing.

"It was not long, however, before one of the ladies, whose gleeful tones had already led us to conjecture her youthfulness, threw aside her envious concealment, and never did I see a lovelier creature. She was perhaps three or four-and-twenty, but with one of those brilliant, sparkling faces, which seem actually to flash like a sudden sun-burst upon the sight. I shall never forget those laughing hazle eyes, the noble bend of her beautiful brow, the straight nose, with its arched and flexible nostrils, whose rapid dilations, when she spoke, gave so spirited an air to her countenance, and that bewitching mouth, the upper lip curving like a half-strung bow, while the other, full, rich and velvety, was like the inner leaf of

"That rosy bed
That a bee would choose to dream in."

"We had become quite intimate with them, however, and had held long conversations on every subject from "predestination to floss-silk," before we saw the unveiled features of her companion. Strange to say, we never could detect the epithet by which the young lady addressed her, and while I came to the conclusion that she was the mother of the two young people, Rosenwald, who had been perfectly fascinated by her musical voice, insisted that she must be a widowed sister. Indeed, it was difficult to listen to the thrilling melody of that delicious voice and yet believe that time and the cares of maternity had ever weighed upon the spirit which poured itself forth in such eloquent language, and in such harmonious accents. There was a singular fascination about the veiled lady. Her freshness of feeling, her earnest enthusiasm, her almost impassioned admiration of the beautiful in nature, her poetical fancies, and the vague, dreamy speculations which she unfolded with all the *naiveté* of extreme youth, yet with all the eloquent utterance of mature and full-hearted womanhood, made her one of the most extraordinarily gifted persons in conversation, to which I have ever listened. Rosenwald was like a man in a dream. The beauty of the one, and the music and poetry of the other, exerted a powerful influence over his susceptible nature, and he seemed perpetually in a state of mental intoxication.

"As soon as we discovered that the Charletons proposed spending some time at the warm baths of ——, we determined to change our course so as still to continue in their company. Mr. Charleton, whom we early discovered to be the brother of the young lady, was the most unfit of all men I ever knew, to be entrusted with the charge of ladies. Utterly ignorant of society, and "affected," as a friend of mine would say, "with an extraordinary degree of youngness," he was continually getting into some scrape, or forgetting something essential to their comfort. Indeed, I soon perceived that the whole party were very inexperienced, and that interest which they had awakened in Rosenwald and myself, induced us to feel as if we were, in a manner, the self-constituted guardians of those who were quite unconscious both of our cares, and of the need of them. We accordingly aided Charleton in procuring comfortable lodgings for them at ——, and having provided apartments for ourselves in the neighborhood, we determined to make our sojourn as agreeable as possible, by continuing our intimacy with our new friends.

"It was not until after we were all domiciliated in this much frequented watering-place, that we were first permitted to see the features of the veiled lady. I believe Rosenwald was severely disappointed when he discovered that the musical voice which had so enchanted him, proceeded from lips which Time had kissed until all their brightness had faded beneath his touch. The utmost stretch of courtesy could not bring her within the limits of youthfulness, but whether we should count her years by lustres or by decades, we did not care to guess. With the remains of great beauty, she possessed a delicacy of complexion, and roundness of outline which might belong to a much earlier period of life. Time had wrought his changes most tenderly, yet there was no mistaking his presence.

"One evening, soon after our arrival at ——, we were engaged to walk out with the ladies, and leaving Rosenwald to follow when he should have finished a letter he was writing, I sauntered towards their abode. As I entered the saloon, one, whom I took to be the elder lady, sat near a window, with her back towards me, and wearing the poke bonnet and veil, as if waiting for her promised attendants. Quietly approaching, I took a seat beside her, and inquired 'whether her daughter did not intend to join us in our walk.' A merry laugh, that seemed to bubble up from the very depths of a pure and joyous heart, was her only reply; and throwing back her veil, she disclosed to me the features of the young lady. I apologized for my mistake, and then asked the same question regarding '*her mother*.' A second, and still merrier laugh,

completely disconcerted me, and I was about stammering out another apology, when the glad creature clapped her hands like a mischievous child, and cried in a voice half smothered with mirth:

'I see it all,—I see it all; you have mistaken poor cousin Anastasia for my mother, and I dare say you consider me a hoydenish miss, fresh from boarding-school. You never were more mistaken in your life, Mr. F——; Miss Charleton is my cousin, and in me you behold the *matron* of the party.'

"My look of blank amazement threw her into another fit of laughter, but at this moment Anastasia entered at one door, while Rosenwald approached from the other, and in a hurried whisper she said:

'Hush, hush! dont' ask any questions now; I would not for worlds pain my cousin by my silly gaiety. Another time I will tell you all about it.'

"We accordingly rose to pursue our walk, but, as I had my own reasons for preferring the company of her whom I now knew to be *Mrs.* Charleton, I left Rosenwald to wander off with the elder lady, well knowing that if they once entered upon their usual half poetical, half metaphysical disquisitions, I should find an opportunity of gratifying my ardent curiosity. It happened as I expected; and lingering behind them, I drew my companion aside to a rustic seat, where she disclosed to me the whole mystery.

When but three years of age, Anastasia Charleton had lost her mother, and her father, an officer in the army, who had then just been ordered to take command of one of the military forts on the frontier, knew not how to dispose of the little orphan. The influence of a friend induced him to place her under the charge of the sisters of St. Mary, in the convent at ——, and the child soon became the pet and plaything of the whole community. Those maternal instincts, which exist in the breast of every woman, led the good sisters to lavish their unspent kindness upon this innocent claimant of their kindness; and never did a little creature grow up under happier influences than those which surrounded the young orphan. Living amid those who loved her, and happy in the possession of a temper which could find sources of enjoyment everywhere, Anastasia knew no other world than that which was bounded by the convent walls. Intelligent and studious, she was carefully educated in all the branches of learning which the discipline of the convent allowed; and, as she grew towards womanhood, her books, her needle-work, music, of which she was passionately fond, the cultivation of flowers, and her many light and pleasant duties, filled up the measure of her time. Influenced by those whom she had loved from infancy, she learned to look forward with dread to the moment when she should be called to enter the world. Perfectly happy in her quiet home, she shrunk from the turmoil of society. Those of the sisterhood, who had been driven by misfortune into the arms of devotion, could each tell her own tale of the deceptions, the trials, the sufferings, which await upon life; and at length Anastasia learned to consider the world as a scene of misery, from which she sought to shelter herself in seclusion.

Colonel Charleton, engrossed in the duties of his profession, rarely visited his daughter, and when year after year passed away without bringing the dreaded requisition for her presence in society, Anastasia learned to hope that he had destined her for a conventual life. But nothing could have been farther from the colonel's thoughts, and when he learned that she had already entered upon her noviciate, his anger knew no bounds. Anastasia, however, with much of her mother's beauty, possessed no small share of her father's determined spirit. She refused to quit the convent, and reminding him of his unreserved abandonment of her in infancy to the guardianship of the sisters, avowed her determination to abide with them to the end of her life. Colonel Charleton, who was at that time suffering from a disease which he knew must terminate fatally, was finally induced to consent, to that which he could not prevent. At the age of nineteen, in all the bloom of youth and beauty, and without one longing look towards the untried world she was thus resigning, Anastasia assumed the black veil, under the name of Sister Agatha. Six months afterwards, the death of her father severed the only tie which yet remained to bind her to the world beyond her convent.

The fame of the Convent at ——, as a school for young ladies has long been established, and it is not strange, therefore, that a younger brother of Colonel Charleton, should have entrusted to its charge his only daughter. Rosa Charleton was nearly twenty years the junior of her cousin when she became an inmate of the school, and the gentle sister Agatha learned to love her young relative with the most earnest tenderness. Hitherto her affections had been of that quiet, calm kind which grow up with us from childhood, but she was now awakened to a new instinct, and in loving the little girl now entrusted to her care, she first learned something of womanly tender-

ness. It was not until Rosa Charleton had finished her education and returned to her father's house that sister Agatha was conscious of any irksomeness in her existence. But the void which this loss made in her heart, first led her to comprehend her own capacity for affection; and after so many years of perfect content amid her monotonous duties, she now began to find her fancy wandering towards the world of realities beyond her prison walls.

The father of Rosa Charleton, was one of those domestic tyrants who nurse the belief that they possess the most unlimited power over the heart and soul and body of all over whom they have been set in authority. His self-will had been increased by the submissive meekness of his timid wife, and Rosa had been brought up in such awe of him, that she dared not even hint at her own wishes in the smallest matter. This petty despot, when stricken down by a fatal illness, as if determined to carry his tyranny to the very verge of the grave, secretly sent for a distant relative,—a man bearing his own name, and numbering nearly as many years as himself,—to become the husband of his young and lovely daughter. Rosa, meanwhile, was kept in utter ignorance of her destiny, until one morning, when she was summoned to her father's room, and informed of his will. The clergyman and the bridegroom were both in waiting; and before the bewildered and terrified girl was fully conscious of what was going forward, she found herself the wedded wife of a stranger. Overwhelmed with grief, the unwilling bride sought sympathy and counsel from her cousin, and sister Agatha, while listening to Rosa's bitter regrets, first learned how many bright and beautiful anticipations had been blighted by this arbitrary marriage.

Perhaps it was this new insight into the mysteries of a young and tender heart, which first awakened the nun to a sense of her own capacities for happiness. Certain it is that a fountain of discontent burst forth in her bosom, which shed its baleful dews over all her former enjoyments; and a yearning after that strange world of joy and sorrow, of passionate emotion and bewildering pleasure took possession of her heart. One of her chief privileges over others of the sisterhood, had been that of selecting her own books of recreation; and although, she had hitherto chosen works of rather a philosophical character, she now resorted to the exciting page of poetry to satisfy the cravings of her excited imagination. Alas! when did poetry ever satisfy the impassioned heart? it may slake the soul's thirst for a brief moment, but the very draught which was meant to quench the pang, only awakens a deeper and vainer longing! Yet, only in the poet's prophetic page can we find a true picture of

> "The thousand things
> That keep young hearts for ever glowing:—
> Vague wishes, fond imaginings,
> Love dreams as yet no object knowing,
> The changeful hopes that come when bid,
> And rainbow joys, that end in weeping,
> And passions among pure thoughts hid,
> Like serpents under flowrets sleeping."

Happy, thrice happy they in whom these varied and beautiful and dangerous impulses have been harmonized into the perfect quietude of a heart loving and satisfied with love! But what must be the fate of her to whom these restless feelings came at an age, when most women have forgotten that they ever knew them? Sister Agatha had counted her thirtieth summer, long ere she dreamed of these spring-time fancies; and what could they now bring but disappointment and misery?

The husband of Rosa Charleton, a fretful, half-imbecile, sickly creature, lived just long enough to spend all her little patrimony; and at three-and-twenty, she found herself free from her revolting ties, but utterly destitute of those pecuniary advantages which could enable her to enjoy her freedom. Young, beautiful and light-hearted, she was resolved, however, to make the best of her position, and among her visions of future happiness, the image of a handsome and gifted lover was not the least prominent figure in the picture. Rosa was not a selfish woman, but circumstances had given her a degree of calculation and a keen perception of her own interest. A most unlooked for source of comparative wealth was opened to her, and as it seemed to identify with her own the welfare of her cousin, whom she really loved, she entered heartily into the scheme. She cherished Sister Agatha's discontent by every means in her power, until at length it shaped itself into a resolve. In a land of freedom there could be no other restraint than that of her own religious scruples to keep the nun within the limits of her convent home. The vigilance of the sisters was evaded, and one winter's night Sister Agatha stood with freedom and safety at the fireside of her widowed cousin. Of course, she was subjected to annoyance and unhappiness from the urgent solicitations, and the powerful influence of those whom she had left behind; but she was resolute in her purpose, and finding all means unavailing to win her back, she was allowed to remain unmolested.

Colonel Charleton had left behind him a large estate, and a will, which seemed most extraordinary, when its provisions were first made known,

though now it assumed almost the character of a prophecy. His fortune was placed in the hands of trustees, who were directed to allow his daughter, a small annual income during her abode in the convent, and at her death, *if she died a nun*, the whole estate was to be divided among certain public institutions. "If, however," (these were the words of the will,) "if the said Anastasia, should at any future time repent her folly and renounce her vows, then the property, real and personal, shall be given up to her free and unlimited disposal." Of course, Anastasia now found herself the mistress of a splendid fortune, and could she have purchased with it a single draught from the fountain of rejuvenescence she would have been most happy. But she had health, and a sense of freedom, while the freshness and purity of her newly awakened feelings, gave her all that sentiment of youthfulness, which sometimes, though rarely lingers in the heart, even when the life has fallen with "the sear and yellow leaf." she was like a free bird; her eye could not be satisfied with seeing all that the world contained of beauty, nor her ear with hearing all that earth afforded of melody; and when her gay cousin proposed a visit to Europe, offering to provide an escort in the person of her brother, Anastasia caught at the idea with all the eagerness of a child.

This strange, but true tale, excited in me a deeper interest for the two cousins. It accounted for much that had heretofore seemed inconsistent in the characters of both. I could now understand the child-like excitability, the girlish timidity, the extreme freshness of feeling, the impassioned enthusiasm which I had remarked in the elder lady; while the thoughtlessness and gaiety, the reckless spirits, the vivid but changeful impressions of the youthful widow were equally well explained by a knowledge of the destiny which had compelled her to waste her early feelings in impatient murmurs over her unwilling thraldom. Both were equally unskilled in that tact which is so necessary to success in society; but Mrs. Charleton possessed infinitely more worldly wisdom than the romantic recluse. It needed little penetration to perceive, that if the interests of the two were ever brought into collision, it would be the creature of sentiment who would suffer most deeply; and a very slight knowledge of coming events sufficed to predict a sorrowful destiny for her who had awakened so late in life to the impulses of a passionate nature.

Rosenwald, who shared the confidence which Mrs. Charleton had reposed in me, was like one under the influence of a spell. I believe that he was positively in love with both the cousins, and utterly unable to decide between them. When the twilight hour drew nigh, or in the calm and quiet evening walk, he seemed irresistibly impelled to the side of Anastasia. The music of her melancholy voice seemed to sink into his heart like dew into the bosom of a flower; and he would gaze upon her pure pale face gleaming out in the dim uncertain light, as if his whole soul were filled with her image. Her poetic and beautiful fancies, the gentle simplicity with which she was wont to utter the sublime truths of a noble heart, the vivid freshness of feelings which were poured out as unconsciously, and, alas! as vainly as the overflow of a well-spring in the wilderness, the pure, yet impassioned earnestness of her every tone and gesture, all wrought upon his sensitive nature, until he would almost melt into tears of mingled pain and pleasure. But in the garish hours of day, or amid the glare of a gay scene,—beneath the blaze of sunshine, or the broad splendors of a ball-room, Rosenwald was a different creature. Then he was a worshipper at the shrine of outward loveliness, and the glorious beauty which emanated like light from the face of the fair Rosa, dazzled and overcame him.

"I cannot understand my own feelings," said he to me, one day; "when I am beside Anastasia Charleton, methinks all my better nature is called out. She is so unworldly and high-minded that she evokes forth all my nobler instincts. I feel as I might do if I could throw aside these fetters of flesh, and, purified from all more earthly passion, give myself up to the affections and sympathies, and spiritual impulses of a higher order of beings. I love her as I think I could do if we were both angels. But Rosa, the beautiful, bewitching Rosa, recalls me again to earth. I behold in her the lovely and loving woman, and in the two-fold nature which God has given us the power of the senses when brought into contention with the impulses of the spirit, is indeed fearful. I would look up to one as the tutelary genius of my nobler life,—the life of my soul,—while the other I would love with the passionate fervor of a wild and wayward heart."

I do not mean to excuse Rosenwald's indiscreet devotion to both these interesting women. The very enjoyment which a man finds in such a sentimental *liaison* should teach him its dangers to the peace of the more sensitive party. But, in this case, when the affair was regarded in a mere common sense point of view, there seemed little danger in a Platonic attachment between a young man of five-and-twenty, and a woman who was almost old enough to have been his mother. We

had forgotten, however, that in matters of feeling the gentle recluse was still in all the freshness of the soul's youth. Her mind had increased in its developement, her personal charms had waxed and waned, but her affections were but just born into life. Her heart was like the enchanted sleeper in the cavern of dreams; years had wrought their changes on all external things, but the slumberer awakened in all the glow of bright and gladsome youth, to find itself, alas! only a wanderer in a land of strangers, or a denizen in a world of shad ws.

The rest of my story is soon told, for though there are a myriad of ways in which love may tread, they are like the winding paths that conduct us through the verdant scenes of Greenwood, they lead but to the memorials of sorrow and of—death. Deceived by her own heart, and by Rosenwald's devotion, which she mistook for a less spiritualized affection, Anastasia gave herself up to the excitement of a first love. They who only know the strength of such a passion in extreme youth, and who have watered the desert of disappointment so often with their wasted affections, that there is little left to freshen life's few remaining flowers, can form little idea of the terrific power of a deep and concentrated love, which pent up for long, long years, finally breaks down every barrier, and pours forth in all its dread and devastating force. In a moment of unreserved confidence, Anastasia betrayed the nature of her feelings to Rosenwald. Aghast at the mischief he had wrought, the conscience-stricken young man disclosed to her the secret of his recent betrothal to her cousin. The details of the terrible scene which followed this discovery, I never learned, for Rosenwald never afterwards could bear the least allusion to it. He returned home that night in a state of agitation bordering upon insanity, and on the following morning we were alarmed by the tidings that Anastasia was exceedingly ill.

A week elapsed, during which time I exerted all my influence to soothe the excitement of Rosenwald, while Mrs. Charleton devoted all her attention to her cousin. At the end of that period I was summoned to visit the sick-bed of the suffering Anastasia, and never did I see so rapid and fearful a change, as had been wrought in that short interval. That calm and gentle face, which had never before known the blighting influence of a strong passion, and had therefore preserved its delicacy of outline and purity of tint, long after youth had passed away, now,—with its sharpened features, its livid complexion, and the strongly marked lines which anguish had traced upon the placid brow, seemed as suddenly and awfully changed as if blasted by a thunderbolt from Heaven. A few brief days had done the work of long years, and all that time had spared had now been rifled by the hand of grief. She looked old, haggard and wretched. Her eyes wore that strange cold expression, which only belongs to those who have looked in the face of approaching death, her voice was tremulous and hoarse, and in nothing, save the delicate beauty of the hand which she extended to me, could I trace any resemblance to her former self.

Her wish to see me arose out of her desire to avail herself of my professional services. In obedience to her wishes, I sat down by her bedside, and there drew up the legal documents necessary to the proper disposal of her vast fortune. She divided it equally between her cousin Rosa, and the church which she had never deserted, even when disobeying its dictates. Not a word of explanation passed her lips, nor did I venture upon a single expression of sympathy; but there were circumstances connected with this last sacrifice which gave to it a character of more than heroism. She had been refused the last offices of her faith except upon the condition of renewing her broken vows, and although, she relied most firmly upon the efficacy of those solemn rites, she had positively rejected the condition. Can you understand the motive for this self-denying obduracy? It was only by this means that she could bestow upon Rosa, the wealth which would enable her to fulfil her engagement with Rosenwald, for she possessed no power over her vast estate "*if she died a nun.*" Talk of the sacrifice of life for another! What is it to the sacrifice of one's hopes of future happiness? Yet, to one who held such tenets of faith as did Anastasia, her self-devotion amounted to no less than this.

She sleeps now in the land of strangers, and her last resting place is marked by a plain slab of black marble, bearing the single word "Anastasia."

It was long ere Rosenwald recovered from the shock of this catastrophe, but his youth, and elasticity of spirits, combined with the fascinations of his betrothed bride, at length restored him. He is now the husband of the beautiful Rosa, and the wealth of the ill-fated recluse, enables them to enjoy all that life affords of comfort and luxury. Yet, if I may judge by the melancholy tone of some of his letters, there are times when the image of his "spirit's love," comes between him and happiness.

Original.

OUR ACCOUNT OF IT:

A SKETCH OF NIAGARA.

BY THE LATE GRENVILLE MELLEN.

A GREAT many people maintain that Niagara has got to be an old affair—and that any attempt to write about it must necessarily be a failure. To this, I by no means subscribe. As a subject, Niagara can never grow old—and as a source, its variety is as exhaustless as its waters. To the poet, or the merely describing traveller, it is alike a fountain of unequalled wonder, and magnificence, and beauty. I know of no subject within the range of the wandering vision of the pilgrim—or within the excited recollection of the bard—that will so readily and amply yield material for the fireside narration of the one, or the extended page of the other. To impart a novelty to the story, may be something for both the characters I have supposed; but if they have the *new* spirit within them, there is no theme on which genius can dwell with so good a chance of finding and giving delight.

With one of the finest of the fine spirits that live like lords in Genessee, I arrived at the Falls about noon of a hot day in August, 1838. It was something more than satisfaction, in such tropical weather as this, to get into an atmosphere perpetually moistened by the clouds that so continually fill it—and I threw me back in our vehicle, and breathed long, as we entered the confines of sprinkling and mist. The roar of waters, as we approached the Cataract, was not that overpowering roar which I had anticipated. We *saw* them, at the distance of three or four miles, leaping on their terrible way—and my heart leaped too, as they broke upon us through the large and clustering trees, while we wound along the gigantic and lofty banks of the Niagara river. But no sound came with the sight. The wind wafted it in another direction. It was during this approach—along a romantic and shadowy road, that we came suddenly upon a spot, known by the not gentle name of the "Devil's Hole"—a frightful chasm, above which, where we stood the dashing waters of the "whirlpool" could hardly be heard, and into which several hundred soldiers and Indians were precipitated during the times of the old French war. I could not resist the inclination, and crept down to the edge of the vast rock which hangs over this abyss, at a height of a hundred and fifty feet,—and from which I could not but observe the deception to which we are liable, from a great elevation. I *thought* to *snap* a small stone, as I would a marble, from the summit into the river as it hurried below me—but I *found* that it required all my muscle to hurl that stone even to the rocky and broken shore. The missile seemed to fall almost beneath my feet. But we were on our way to Niagara—and we will put up our greys, towards that everlasting cloud, now rising before us in the distance.

Our hotel—the Cataract—stood within sixty feet of the waters, and our chamber overlooked the "Rapids," which were now leaping and foaming as far up the river as the eye could penetrate—until the billows were mingled with the horizon. the view of this mass—the great body of the great oceans above the Falls—on their bounding way to receptacles of which God only knows, is one of the noblest that meets the gaze of the pilgrim. Indeed I know not that there is in this place of wonder, a sight that combines more of the beautiful mingled with the magnificent, than this of the Rapids, plunging on like coursers that know not rein or rider.

We were now breathing—panting in the atmosphere of this thundering and boiling world of waters. Yet so heated was it by the scorching sun, that, through an air of vapour, there was no escape. There was no swearing but by mercury here—and Mercury was topping enough. A thermometer at ninety, was nothing to laugh at—and that, too, over the mists and spray of Niagara. But we kicked at all things—to use a holy expression—and issued forth for our afternoon excursion. On the first bridge we crossed—where the sparkling torrent seemed, as it came down, leaping into our faces, we met a bevy of beautiful creatures—[a portion of our party, and without whom, or the like of whom, be it observed, by the way, it would be profanity, almost certainly poor policy, ever to visit the Falls—] of beautiful girls, I say, fresh from Goat Island, and on their return to the hotel, to prepare for crossing to the British side. This was no common incident—coming upon these honies on such hallowed ground—if poor plank can be called such! They wanted but garlands about their brows, to make them all that Virgil presents in the best of his sylvan scenery—beauty roving among the haunts of magnificence! We *screamed* them adieu—for there is no hearing of *whispers* in this latitude—and passed to Bath Isle—as I think the first is called—on a ricketty, broken, melancholy-looking bridge, which any village would be ashamed of, over the meanest stream that bubbles through the land. This crossing is in the immediate vicinity of the Falls, in their majesty. It is in the very midst of the Rapids. The next

bridge—from this to Goat Island, is as sad, rattling, and crazy as the other. The boards spring under you with every step, and you are passing about six feet above the roaring waters, which, in this contracted channel of eighty or a hundred feet, supply the everlasting rush, the mist of which you already begin to feel in your face. We were now on Goat Island—along which we wound, by its borders, until we came upon full view of all the congregated tumbling seas, as we issued from the forest trees that perpetually dip their branches with the regularity of a pendulum, into the waves, within twenty feet of the snowy cataract. Here I left my companion to his book, in a seat of roots, formed directly on the brink, and passing between trees of luxuriant foliage on the right, threw me upon the bank, with my feet touching the gurgling waters of the Niagara, which in half a minute were to spring from the great rampart; and here, after bathing my brow in the clear stream, and with the giant mass of the rushing river, leaping to the awful cauldron below, full in my eye, and almost within reach of a cane, already made mysterious by a process not allowable here to be told of, I brought my paper and black lead into their first contact in this scene of a new glory. What was the consequence of that meeting, I say not. I only hope, that if it was not *reason*, it may turn out something more than *rhyme*. One thing is certain, the turf I was then stretched upon, was no place for that gas-less kind of prose, of which documents and sub-treasury speeches are manufactured.

I joined my friend at the head of the path, up which I leapt. He was extended on a jagged and whittled bench, nearly asleep—he was used to these things—with the mist of the Falls curling and gliding just below. We now entered the tower, and descended the "Biddle stair-case" by a line of spiral stairs, of which the end seemed never to be coming. This hexagon monument is built against the rock; and from its loop-holes the view of the American and British cataracts is indeed commanding. We descended nearly a hundred steps—though they seemed countless—and entering the narrow path at the bottom, crept along against the vast black moss, that hung in a great canopy along the whole line. Ten minutes brought us to the point from which the waters took their magnificent leap. Here the rocks were wet and slippery—as they have been for centuries—with the spray, now dashing in our faces. Determined to see *all*, I crawled to the extreme point, where I bowed my head in the mist for the first time, and dared to look up, holding on, as well as I could, by the sadly moth jut-work of the quivering cliffs. In an instant my jacket—of white linen—was drenched, and my hair hung about my face, as lank and lack-a-daisical, as though I had just issued from the sea. I ascended, to escape this. But my companion, a spirit that nothing can daunt or satisfy, while anything remains unexplored or untried, *would* bathe, even here—and in a moment, having committed to my finger a signet ring of inestimable value, he was under me, dimly seen, bowed in that swooping mist. To see him thus just below me, his body literally bathed in the rainbow, as well as in the spray, tempted me once more to that point. I threw off my thin coat, and was at his side. I was again lured to look upward at the white sheet of darting foam, as well as below at the boiling ocean. To do this, was nonsense, and dangerous. As I grasped the jutting crag to support me, and as my fingers curled to secure my hold, that splendid ruby slipped from my forgetful hand—rung on the rock that supported my feet—and in an instant bounded into the thundering cavern that roared beneath me—I saw it pass within one inch of the brink. My first thought was—and a flashing one—to stoop and grasp it, ere it had escaped my eye, but it was gone before I could bend! And *had I bent down*, and thus loosed my frail hold to the cliff, I should inevitably have followed the ring into the Charybdis of Niagara. I turned to my companion, a few feet from me, still bathing in the flood, as well as the rainbow,—and from the mist of that rainbow, now encircling my head with its beautiful light, shrieked to him, in a word, the desperate story of the brilliant. He could not hear me, and I shouted again. A shadow crossed his face—but it was for a moment—and there was nothing of reproach in it. Nothing could throw his noble nature from its centre—and he beckoned me to follow him up, out of this thunder and rain. Judge of my feelings, as I came reeking from that water! A beautifully engraved signet, which fortunes could not purchase—and that too committed to my *care* for safety—snatched from me in an instant—an unguarded one—through want of *recollection*. It was an incident I could not away with. It touched my spirit, and it stirs it now, as it comes up with a thousand associated memories. But enough. All this may seem irrelevant, and an amplification. It is introduced more particularly for its connection with those matters of simple but thrilling interest, to which I have adverted.

Ascending the "stair-case" path, we now followed it on the other side of that tower, down to the water's edge, and gazed upon the Fall from

a new position. Here the view was again sublime, but not equal to that below, the first plunge of the river which we witnessed. I here crept again to the wet black rocks beneath me, over which the waves tumbled and broke as they do upon the Cape Ann lights, or Mount-desert in a storm. As one of the billows receded, I ventured down the shelve of the great fragment which had once formed a part of the vast canopy that shadowed us, but it was only to retreat again at the top of my speed, for the water lashes the rocks here as furiously as the ocean does the shore along which it roars and rages. We next found ourselves literally standing in another rainbow—the arch of which shot out of the cloud at our feet—passed round our heads, and extended over the huge masses that lay piled about, magnificent, prominent, and various, far over this portion of the vexed and groaning crags. Here I picked up a few glittering specimens—and, to crown the romance a dead eel! Some poor fellow of a fish, probably, that had been dashed over the Thunderer above, and died for want of tact in the management of his muscles.

Ascending once more our path and the staircase, we wound round to the extreme western point of Goat Island, on a separate portion of which, led to by Terrapin bridges, stands a huge tower of light-house construction. We toiled to the top of it, from which, standing as the monument does, on the *very edge* of the tremendous cataract, the noblest and most terrific scene is presented, in the falling seas, and the lake of foam, dimly seen through the everlasting mist, and churning and eddying under you. The bridge once continued from the shore, passing at the foot of the tower, until it projected ten feet over the precipice, hanging frightfully, with its frail supporters of timber, in the roaring and tempest-driven air. This portion, from the tower to the gulf, has been carried away. Still, broken beams were left, and I determined to cross upon them to the last rock, and hang over the great cauldron. And I did, in safety; though *one* misstep here sends the pilgrim to a bourne indeed from whence there is no return. While here, a lady of fine mould, fine spirits, and fine muscle, made the same venture, and my cane aforesaid and hand helped her to firm footing. But it is foolish travel for grown and sensible women. We next went on shore again, ascended to the refreshment shanty on the top of Goat Island, and after a proper ministration of lemonade and ice-cream —[questions are not becoming, even of a temperance man, about his bracing with *brandy*, in this terrible journey among these waters!] we made the full circuit of the island before mentioned. The view had of the Rapids in this part of our pilgrimage, was beautiful beyond words, and I place value on it, beyond the common—accordingly. The picturesque is presented here, likewise, in its loveliness—while the grand is breaking round you in all directions, as you peep from the great forest trees and the green sward, out upon the hundred conjoined rivers, rushing in this single channel to the broad embrace of the vast Ontario. In another moment, with another glance, the terrible and awful are had in their majesty, as you turn to the burst and uproar of the Cataract.

Evening was fast closing upon us, as we again crossed the shattered bridges, on our return to the hotel. In a short time there was nothing but the tumbling of the air, and a suppressed roar, to intimate the close neighborhood of the Great Waters. That night was passed in a lullaby that never tires, for the sound of Fall and Rapid is the music in which you sink to slumber.

I was at my window at sunrise, and saw the clouds form and take their first hues in the morning light. This was tremendous, as well as beautiful and unprecedented. The mist seemed to leap to air from the great chasms, and took its thousand shapes and colors, as it rose into the sky, to form the thunder—carriers of all the land! No man, foreigner or not, can point to a more reputable manufactory of the filmy material in which it deals. This was my last view—save one—on this side the Niagara. The prospect referred to, was that of the British side, with its fine hotel—its lawns—its noble trees—and the oriental beauty of the white and scattered tents of the sauntering soldiery, as the encampment stretched along the highland that inclosed the extensive parade. Softened by the distance, this scene, from the American shore, was singularly picturesque and captivating. Then there was, at times, the glance of the gun, and the scream of the bugle, mingling with other sights and sounds, to give to the whole a character at once novel and peculiar.

We were early dashing away for Lewiston. This we reached in the forenoon—and found a nice place and romantically situated. But our destination was Toronto, and we at once took the black British steamboat for that not distinguished capital. Our party was now a fine one, the day in good keeping, and the black steamer aforesaid, without *doubt* named Victoria—for recollection fails on that point—as clean and accommodating as could be had, or desired—and far cleaner, in the upshot, than our Ameri-

can boats. This embarking was on the broad and rushing Niagara River, which had delighted us by its varied and romantic views, as we came down in the morning air. We directly crossed to Queenstown, lying opposite, and of a pretty appearance, with its high banks—picturesque point of embarkation, and the handsome dwellings perched up among the multitude of green hills and frowning rocks. We were here but a moment, but while the snorting steam intimated the delay, during its letting-off, I had time to spring ashore, and set my foot, for the first time, in her Majesty's dominions. Then, away for the wide Ontario! We now swept finely down the river, with handsome residences here and there opening upon us, and Brock's monument towering above the cliffs and trees that looked down into the beautifully blue and eddying waters. Occasionally, red coats, with their glittering bayonets, were sauntering along the heights on the British side, and I was often struck with the resemblance of these highlands to those of the Hudson. Passing Forts George and Niagara—famed in the olden wars—and the latter of which was the image of those cloudy castles we "read of," with its thick walls, embrasures, and whole outline—we were at once upon the bosom of the lake. It seemed as broad as the Atlantic, and my idea of the vastness of these mighty waters, was for the first time defined and understood. The air was brilliant—our party brilliant—our wit brilliant, as may be supposed—all things brilliant about us—and we found ourselves at noon in the rather mean-looking metropolis of Upper Canada. Here we took barouches, and dashed through the unclean streets of Toronto. Sir George Arthur had gone on an excursion, so we had no attentions, "to speak of," from him. But we rode into the barracks, and saw the soldiery in their fortification. All was well enough, but rather dirty and decayed. Even the Government House looked like one of the sad resting-places of Pilgrim in his "Progress." Of course we shopped with the ladies—for no smuggling purposes, however—though we *did* get some gloves *very* cheap—the boat bell rung, and we were obliged, having dismissed our coach, to hurry on board, through an atmosphere of volcanic heat. I had a few hard words with an insolent shopkeeper, but got to no blows, and we entered our ship through files of as sturdy beggars as line the way to any steam vessel in the States. These will be set down as interesting passages, when the patriotism as well as adventure involved in them is duly considered. Escaping from the everlasting military infection that pervades every thing in Toronto, we launched out again upon the lake, and another fine sail brought us once more to Lewiston at twilight. Again through the calm and hot air, was I struck by the romantic aspect of Fort Niagara—with that old sea-wall, built ages ago by the French—and its various antiquities; and the whole of the silent scenery was made still more impressive as we saw it reflected in the deep and rapid stream again, that bears all the upper lakes into that noble receptacle of waters—the mighty Ontario!

We made our beds in Lewiston, at the Frontier House, and a comfortable hotel, notwithstanding; so near, moreover, to Victoria's dominions, that we could occasionally hear the bugle from the barracks, and see lights flash from cabin, cottage, and castle, that lie scattered along cliff and upland. In the early morning we prepared our buggy, and descended in cars, at railroad rapidity, once more to the river. In ten minutes we were in Queenstown. Soldiers were lounging about, on shore and height, always in clean dress, and always red as salamanders. As we drove up the bank, I feared that the fog would deprive us of all prospect—for it *was* foggy—though out of Maine—and so dense was it, that, on the other side, when we started, I had observed that Brock's Monument was entirely hidden—though when I "got up," it towered beautifully in the air above the celebrated battle-ground. But now the clouds were thinning—the sun broke out in momentary gleams. As we rose to the field on the "Heights," all was clear, and the fine pillar rose, too, sharp and lofty into the atmosphere. I was glad to stand on this soil, wet once with the blood of our countrymen—and where Brock fell, in making a second Bunker-hill charge upon our troops. The monument is a noble one, of a bilious looking stone, and of handsome proportions. It has a light-house, dome-shaped summit, and the view from it is said to be grand and extensive. I can believe it, though it was too thick below to admit of a prospect, even had we been at the top. So we asked for no key, and saved time and a winding stair-case. The morning was now brilliant, and we dashed on over Her Majesty's hills and vales, 'till we drew up at the door of the Clifton House—and a good house, too—splendidly situated, and hanging almost over the brink of the Falls—at least, so near them, that I was quick to believe what a venerable-haired man told me on the collonade—that the building was in a continual tremor from the thunder of those billows. This was the "British side;" and the American, where we had been bathing in the

great waters two days before, was in full view directly opposite—three quarters of a mile away—and with the Niagara River tossing and boiling between the awful cliffs of the two shores. The scenery about us now was highly picturesque—and though read about a thousand times, and talked about as many—was still new—startlingly so—and imposing. Great masses of a great deep "broken up," and tumbling over mountainous rocks—crags shooting into the quivering air on all sides—lawns stretching away in various directions—and fine forest trees swaying over broken precipices, or looking gloomily down into that strangely blue and green water, from the quiet of the higher summit towards which they reached. All this, the truth is, will never cease to be new to a man who has any soul in him—and as a subject, it might fill a library, and yet be hardly touched upon, in story or song.

Leaving the Clifton House—[first getting special satisfaction as to the virtues of our ostler—but not even inquiring after Lord Durham!—for we were now, let it be recorded, "putting up" at the same mansion which his Lordship had rented, like a nincum, at a thousand dollars a week, and with half a hundred sad servants, as scandal has it, a short time before]—we toiled up a rude but romantic path to the green, wide, and beautiful parade ground that spreads above. Here, as we issued at the summit, a fine scene broke upon us. It was the encampment of a British regiment. A line of white tents glittered in the sun. It was parade morning—and the bugle was summoning, with its noble music, the troops into line. We had arrived at the very moment. The band now gave voice—and the occasional blast of its instruments, rising above the roar of the Falls, was something peculiar and thrilling. We inquired, and found admission within the line we first stood upon—the stiff sentry nodding as stiff an assent as his tight red collar would allow. Forming into various divisions, the soldiers effected a fair display of manœuvres—which never would have satisfied, however, the "Harvard Washington Corps"—and the young noblemen, mere boys, who commanded the various portions of "the Forty-third," did duty with a good trotting alacrity. And well they might, under so soldierly a colonel as was now in authority, and on the field. This was Colonel Booth—"the hero," as a bystander said, "of a hundred battles,"—and who came into the authority aforesaid in military affairs here, in the absence of Sir John Colbourn. The colonel ordered a few excellent movements—no doubt to gratify us—and our view of him was a near and a good one. The troops did very well for young ones—and the hollow square, to resist cavalry—[this was especially to interest the ladies of our party!]—was capitally formed. On the whole, it was a "nice" parade, and we were in nice time.

The review done, we descended to Table Rock—and now determined upon what we considered our chief and leading adventure, in this excursion to the Falls. Though never thought of, before the moment when the thing was resolved upon, the resolution was formed, nevertheless, at once, to go under the great sheet, let what might be the issue of the undertaking. My companion and myself accordingly descended the winding stairs—first arraying us in fashion to suit our intended effort. This was done in a small room, where blacks were in respectful attendance to disrobe and arrange us in our peculiar and poetic costume. Particulars, usually, in cases of this kind, are apt to be painful; but when facts lead us, as they do here, to a history of such interesting material, to begin with, as a coarse woolen shirt, crash trowsers, bound to the hips with a cod-line, and over all a surtout coat of oil-cloth, fastened with another rope round waist and throat—and a homely, flat, and exceedingly ancient straw hat, pressed manfully and overshadowingly upon the brow—it is by no means a safe thing or a proper, to give such particulars the go by. We were now ready. A moment was naturally allowed for one hearty laugh at each other, in our demure and ridiculous disguise, and to admire the St. Bernard appearance of each pilgrim, as he stood there, with the Moorish looking guide, who, in the matter of dress, was "got up" in the same style with ourselves. We looked, indeed, in one light, like Benedictines—or any other men of holy order—one with a key at his girdle—[the key turned, with great gravity, by the conductor, upon our watches and wallets!] and the other with rope enough at his waist, in the form of a tassel, to represent as orthodox a scourge as was ever "laid on" by monk. Taking a direction from our guide, Charley Brown—one of the blacks aforesaid—and a man too much immortalized on this occasion, not to be brought in here—a direction as to drawing down our ragged and ruffianly hats over the left cheek, if we wanted breath, or felt any decided disposition to suffocate in the tornado and drive of the sleet—we descended, as I said, and passed out upon the narrow pathway that led towards the curtain, and ran now directly under that vast canopy of Table Rock, which frowned far away over us. In a

few moments we began to feel the drift and drive of the mist, and the storm rushed like a whirlwind along that slippery and narrow way—perhaps eighteen inches wide, and formed of the loose material that constitutes the cliff on all sides. We were now *under the fall*—and between that and the rock from which it leaps, and which, along all this line, forms the everlasting wall from the edge of the bank above, to the bottom of the white and boiling waters that for ever foam and roar below you. I looked down. It was all surging sleet—tempest—and darkness—and thunder. I looked up, but it was an attempt which I shudder to think of, and a foolish daring, in which I was instantly almost choked and blinded. My hat flew up—its Quaker brim proving but a frail guardian, indeed—and it was only by a gasp, and turning suddenly to the rock by which we held as we advanced, that I was enabled to save myself. At this moment our guide stopped and bent down. I called—shrieked to him—though without an answer—to know why he didn't go forward—for though I was now as materially drenched as if I had been under the sea for a century—I was in high spirits and strength—and full of a new resolution to follow my companion, even to the death. Our conductor now lifted a portion of the rock that formed our footpath, and I saw what he was intent upon. A large mink was caught under this stone, and struggling desperately to escape. This was not his destiny. In another moment the poor fellow was beaten to the full as much as was necessary to fix him—save skinning!—for Mr. Barnum's museum. This is an incident, worthy of all memory—though not particularly poetical, amid these thickening sublimities. No traveller, we were assured by our "dark man," had ever effected exploit like this—for no mink of these dimensions had ever been known to offer himself *there*, for such a victory. As a question for the natural philosopher, "why the animal came so far for his fish, into this charybdis?" it is one over the gravity and intricacies of which he will smile as surely as Charley Brown will chuckle, for the rest of his life, at his immolation.

Leaving our trophy on a little shelf of a crag, and assured by our guide that this was but "de beginnin', gentlemen," we motioned him again to lead on, and seizing the rope which, passing through rings, was here fastened to iron stanchions inserted into the wall of the mighty cliff, we pressed forward, clinging to this hawser as our only security, now—inasmuch as the rock's formation compelled us to lean *towards* the precipice, from the edge of which we were here separated by the width of a single foot. The spray now dashed over us completely—and so dense, that we could not see each other at the distance of two yards. To shout was in vain. There was no hearing here, unless lips were put to the very tympanum, and used with the full strength of the lungs. It was now nearly dark—from the density of the medium through which we literally *pulled* our way. We had advanced so far, that we could get a look upward, or directly forward, only by *snatching* it—and that but for a single instant—such a roaring, rushing mass of rain and cloud poured upon and around us—now leaping in a great volume against the main rock to which we clung, and now circling in the black air, with a swoop and hiss, only to fall back again into the terrible cauldron that maddened below us. To draw with my left hand my sad straw hat as close to me as possible, and take one glance into that cauldron, was irresistible. To tell of the *look* of that hell of waters, from a point within a few inches of the unknown abyss, would be a useless attempt. It is enough to say that Nature, in the moment of her most awful shouting—her most overwhelming tempest, never presented even the shadow of such a strange and terrific scene to my strained and wondering eye. We made a sign to proceed, but our conductor had "drawn up." We were at the end of our rope—and of all possibility, in this matter—and stood clustered together on "Termination Rock." Human power could take no step beyond this—but into eternity. The vast, shadowy sheet now descended perpendicularly, and the air was like that of a driving, bellowing storm of rain and mist, in a dark night. We were nearly under the centre of the Crescent Fall. To remain here was madness—and it was impossible. To retrace our steps, then, was an affair that admitted of no question. I now led; and with a quick step, a few gasps, and comparative ease, by force of another good grasp and as good a pull, we made our way out of this fearful cavern.

We now dismissed our Charley, who, after collecting, as I directed, a few specimens of the stone of this great crumbling wall, disappeared, mink in hand, at the entrance of the stair tower.

Our intention now was—having been so refreshed by the bath, to descend about sixty or eighty feet, over a mass of loose rocks, to the edge of the eddying and bellowing waters. We did this, in our flapping and heavy dress—and with one leap over a narrow chasm, we stood upon a fragment of Table Rock, which fell but a

few years ago into the foaming surge that is to dance and dash here for ever. Here we lay on our backs, and gazed upward upon the magnificent ocean that sprang, in its cloud and thunder, apparently from the sky. This was the crowning view of Niagara from *below*. It is not taken by many travellers, from the fatigue and danger of the descent; and as to the passage behind the great sheet, our guide said that not one in a hundred went half way in—and very, very few to the platform of Termination Rock. For my own part, I was not in the least exhausted, in this attempt, strange as it may appear; and felt, by the way, that I had proved, satisfactorily, the soundness of my lungs—for no human creature, with the least disease of this organ, could possibly proceed *twenty* feet behind that awful curtain. The measurement of *our* progress was by *hundreds*.

We now slipped over the rocks, covered here with a sort of gelatine, to a hole in which were thousands of fragments of wood, worn by the friction of the whirlpool and the crag. We were intent upon a *momento*. My antiquarian and curious companion soon picked up the rocker of a cradle—doubtless the swinging, forward-and-back support of some Indian chief of centuries past—or of some wrecked infant, who came over the Fall with his two venturesome parents, in the early days of water excursions! For myself, I was so fortunate as to seize upon a piece of a vessel—unquestionably a fragment of the Caroline, which, after the burning above, found its way over the rapids, and down the glorious gulf! With these prizes we ascended safely—passing divers wondering, smiling, and sometimes very foolish faces, belonging to individuals who had been courageous enough to present themselves just round the jutting rocks that led to the commencement of the curtain-passage. Commending ourselves to the crash friction of our blacks, we were in due time brought back to a Christian appearance, and dismissed from their hands thankful and renovated beings.

Such is a passing history of our chief, our magnificent pilgrimage. And I am free to say that no one has witnessed the pride and wonder of this tremendous scene, who has not passed—facing the very death, as it were—UNDER THE GREAT FALL OF NIAGARA. No comparative, or *contrastive* idea of the Almightiness of God, and of the insignificance of Man, is to be had from any other point of this astonishing region. *Here*, *both* bow you to His footstool.

Taking certificates, from "the man that keeps the place," of our courage or our folly—just as men and women may choose to view it—we strolled to Table Rock, a vast overshadowing canopy of the mainland, from which the principal view is almost ever taken. To me it seemed a small affair, compared with that in which I had just been engaged, body and soul. This platform of lime stone—which is not a small ingredient, here—is now separated in many points a foot from the chief mass; and these little chasms tell of what is to come in a few years. Another jutting crag will leap to join the company from which it has been occasionally separated since 1818.

We now returned to the Clifton House, and after furnishing ourselves with a fine dinner—and Mr. Starkie [if I spell him right] some solicited and solemn "*lines*" for his about-to-be-printed certificate cards—which lines, be it observed by future generations, I was compelled, from want of time, to manufacture *at a heat*, as well as *in* it—but which I could not but hand with great kindness to the bowing and bustling darkey, who was commissioned to dance attendance in waiting for the inspiration—we flung off once more with our greys, intending to pass the night in Buffalo. Lundy's Lane, and the battle-ground of the brave troops who immortalized it, drew us first from the road. Here I looked for a moment at the cemetery, and was presented by a young man, "sitting on a rail," with a flattened bullet, which he had turned up in the field adjacent, after the last rain. This I would send you, as a grave memorial, editors fair, in company with this graver document, were it not so desperately heavy, or the post office department a little less unmerci ul. Our next draw up was on the ground of the battle of Chippewa. But there was little to see here—and we bore away for the teeming and rattling city. Night, however, overtook us unexpectedly, and we found a home for it with a sensible and substantial farmer, directly upon the banks of the Niagara river, along which we had rolled from Chippewa—by a path too serpentine—too near the rushing water—and too often crossed by bridges of no character, to be either safe or satisfactory.

An early hour next morning, found us on the ferry-pier at Erie; and after a delay of an hour, during which we were enlightened by the sergeant of the guard, which the British authorities keep here, with an account of his long service, and his being one of the twelve at St. Helena, who bore Napoleon to his grave—we entered boat and directly landed at Black Rock—once more safe on American ground. Our man of Mars aforesaid, by the way, seeing me "takin

note," grew decidedly nervous. His fingers played about his musket—and his chin worked uneasily in his collar. He began to fear something. He talked apart with his fellows. He then asked the favor of our names—lifting his hat, with all the obeisance of an old soldier—and, having obtained them, dismissed us in peace. Without halting at Black Rock, we set forward immediately for Buffalo, and reached that fine city at noon. We "drove" to the best house in the land—certainly beyond any in New York, in point of splendor—and the view from its dome was unequalled. Here Lake Erie first broke upon me—and the idea of its vast resources, and its marvellous navigation was for the first time realized. Here, with visiting steamboats—the lake side—the ladies; driving one of them round the great town, with my admirable steeds—ever to be mentioned—and looking at the world about us, we continued to pass the day in fine condition. The Buffalo—one of the steamboats before mentioned—and so named, withal, surpasses any I ever entered, for royalty and comfort, and my feeling was strong indeed, to secure a birth in her for Detroit next morning. But the envious season was so late, that even the panting wish to meet again the best Di Vernon with whom I ever cantered through the green lanes of the beautiful Batavia, and to dive into something of the wilderness of the West, could not overcome the sorrowful difficulty.

Original.

SWEET! ALONG THAT CHEEK OF SORROW!

(WRITTEN FOR THE GUITAR.)

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN U. S. A.

I.

Sweet! along that cheek of sorrow,
W p the tell-tale drop away:
If the skies *must* cloud to-morrow,
Let the sun-light shine to-day.
Tho' the world esteemeth lightly
Souls that seek a truant shrine,
Thro' the heart's deep chambers nightly
Shall my spirit roam with thine.

II.

Oft the mind's mysterious finger,
Shall recall thee with its touch,
Oft the thought creative linger
O'er the smile it loves so much,
Sweet! along that cheek of sorrow,
Wipe the tell-tale drop away:
If the skies *must* cloud to-morrow,
Let the sun-light shine to-day.

Fort Ontario, N. Y.

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Original.

"THE NEIGHBORS."*

A TALE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

These works justly take a high rank in modern literature,—which mingle with an accurate description of the manners and customs of any nation,—those embodiments of character, sentiment or passion, which are common to all mankind. They convey knowledge without the gravity of science,—and confer an amusement which reason approves. History counts them as her allies, and Wisdom need not frown on their accompaniment of fiction, if it break not the harmony of virtue. The wild-flowers that spring up among the corn, do not choke it, and in the day of harvest, the reaper readily separates them from the ripened sheaves.

In works of this class, a two-fold excellence is required,—that the truth should be simply told, and the fiction harmless. A still closer test is applied by the philanthropic and christian critic, —that both their truth and fiction should be of salutary tendency,—that they should aspire to make their readers better and happier, and thus either directly or collaterally, aid the cause of morality and religion.

The books of Frederika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt, one of the sweetest poets of any age or country, bid fair to open almost as distinct a school in the writings of the female sex, as those of Walter Scott did, in the department of romance. Especially does the one before us, evince simplicity, originality,—skill in delineating, and distinctness in sustaining character, with that tact in touching its minuter springs, which appertains only to genius. "Ma chère mère" is as peculiar and prominent in her way, as Meg Merriless was in her's. This mingling of strong passions with weaknesses and eccentricities,—the kindness of woman,—with a majestic, masculine, and terrible prowess, required, one would think, more than the energy of a female pen. Yet in the sweet touches of domestic life,—indeed, in the whole intercourse of Franceska and her Bear, looks forth the woman's nature in such weakness, constancy and truth, that we are fain to bless it.

Of the fidelity of Miss Bremer's pencillings of scenery and manners in her native clime, we are assured by competent judges. That they leave a vivid impression, we are confident. Indeed,

* By Frederika Bremer.—Translated from the Swedish, by Mary Howitt.—Philadelphia, James M. Campbell.—New-York, Saxton & Miles.

we half fancy that we have been guests and denizens at Rosenrik,—seen Lars Andus amusing himself of an evening with his joiner's tools, or inhaled the smoke from his pipe;—or heard at Carlsfors, the mighty violin, or set speeches of the General in Mansfield, to her well disciplined dependants.

What can be more pleasing, or full of naiveté, than the first approach of the bride to her new home, at the former place.

"There, on that hill, from whence I first looked into the valley where Rosenrik lies,—behold a dust-covered carriage, within which sits the Bear and his wife. That little wife looks forth with curiosity, for before her gleams a vale, beautiful in the light of evening. Green woods stretch out below, and surround crystal lakes;—corn-fields in silken waves encircle grey mountains, and white buildings peer out with friendly aspects among the trees. Here and there, on wood-covered heights, pillars of smoke ascend to the clear evening heaven, from the burning turf-fields. Truly, all was beautiful, and I was charmed. I bent myself forward, and was thinking on a certain happy natural family in Paradise,—one Adam and Eve,—when suddenly, the great Bear laid his great paws upon me, and held me so tight, that I was near giving up the ghost,—while he kissed me, and besought me to to find pleasure in what was here."

In pathos, Miss Bremer is as powerful as in the frank and discursive epistolary narration of little things. Witness the scene, where ma chère mère, after long contending with, and striving to conceal the increasing malady of blindness, announces it to her assembled children.

"Are you all here?" inquired ma chère mère, with a firm voice. We replied in the affirmative, at the same time gathering around her. "My children," she began, with a strange mixture of strength and humility, "I wished to be alone for a moment, in order to prepare myself as becomes a christian, to appear before you, and reveal to you my misfortune. Chagrin has had its full dominion,—it is now time that reason should resume its own. My dear children, the hand of the Lord lies heavy upon me. He hath smitten my eyes with darkness."

A smothered expression of grief was heard, and the echo spread itself around. "My dear children, you must not distress yourselves about me. I myself grieve no longer. At first, I acknowledge that it went hard with me; and for a long time I would not believe that it could be so with me, as it now is. No! I would not concede to it. I murmured in myself. But it grew darker and darker. The calamity became more certain. To-day, it can be no more doubted, and now I have humbled myself. Ah! my children, let us reflect that it is in vain to strive with our Lord God. Also, we are short-sighted mortals, and know but little what is best for us, or others. On this account, my children, it is good for us to bow ourselves down beneath His hand, and to be obedient to Him, for He well knoweth what He does."

I could stand quietly no longer. I threw myself, with tears in my eyes, on her neck, exclaiming, "Bear will help ma chère mère,—he will restore her sight again to her."

Drawing near, he seized her hand, and looking keenly at her, said, "It is the cataract. It can be cured. In two or three years it will probably be matured, and then an operation can take place."

"Lars Andus," said ma chère mère, while she pressed his hand, "I will believe you, and in this faith I live happily. I will wait patiently until the day comes, when I may again behold the Lord's sun, and should it never come for me on earth, still will I sit in my darkness, in resignation."

This submission to one of the severest inflictions, is exceedingly striking when contrasted with the proud, passionate, and somewhat over bearing spirit, which mixed with the better elements of this strong and unique character. The introduction of Bruno, who is probably intended as the hero of the work, seems its most exceptionable part. He can scarcely be considered as the representative of any large class of persons, in the simple and almost primitive state of society, which prevails in Sweden. Viewing him, therefore, as purely, or principally imaginative, we ask, why it was necessary to plunge him so deeply in vice, and then to reward him with the hand of a lovely young being, refined to an almost ethereal sublimation. It has been a favorite object with some of the poets, to represent corsairs,—bandits and others whom the laws of mankind condemn for crimes—as peculiarly fortunate for winning the heart of woman—and there is beauty in that constancy of love, which adheres when all the world forsake. Yet, a female writer, being supposed to have intimate knowledge of the secret springs of the female heart, should not represent it as naturally sympathizing, and eventually choosing what was with that delicacy and virtue which throw a barrier of protection around her own sex, and around society. We are aware that some of the strongest writing in the book is bestowed on Bruno,—his grandiloquence is fine,

and the tones of his organ still vibrate on our ear,—nevertheless, he is still the lawless—the base—slaughtering, the terrible Bruno; and we wish that Miss Bremer, for her own sake,—and the sake of women in general,—had been content either to have made him somewhat less savage, and less wicked, or to have placed Serena, his lady-love, a "little lower than the angels."

We now turn with pleasure to that part of the book, where the test of tendency may be the most triumphantly applied, viz:—its sweet domestic spirit. For young matrons could not read the frank and varied letters of Franceska, without borrowing some profitable hint for their own conduct, or some lesson how to avoid those lesser and lurking dangers which vex the current of conjugal duty and happiness. We think now, of a well-depicted scene, occurring after her return from a visit, where every thing had gone wrong, and when her nervous excitability was still further heightened by her husband's introducing his pipe into the parlor,—notwithstanding, some previous promise to desist from the obnoxious habit.

"I was out of humor with myself, with my husband, and with the whole world, and more than all this, Bear sat silent through the whole ride,—never seemed to trouble himself at all about my head-ache,—for after he had just asked how I was, and I had answered '*better*,' he did not speak another word. When I came home there was something in the kitchen to see after, and when I returned to the parlor, lo! there had Lars Anders seated himself on the sofa, and was blowing tobacco-smoke in long wreaths before him, while he read the newspaper. He had not, indeed, chose a suitable time for the breach of our compact. I made a remonstrance, and that truly in a lively tone, but in reality I was angry. I took as it were, a bad pleasure, in making him pay for the annoying day I had passed.

"Pardon!"—exclaimed he, in a cheerful voice,—but still continuing to sit with the pipe in his mouth. I would not allow that, for I thought the old bachelor might have indulged himself fully enough, during the whole afternoon. He prayed for permission only this once, to smoke in the parlor. But I would admit of no negociation, and threatened that if the pipe was not immediately taken away, I would go and sit for the whole evening in the hall. In the beginning, he besought me jokingly, to grant him quiet,—then he became graver, and prayed earnestly, beseechingly; prayed me at last, "out of regard for him."

Extract 42 lines further, to the words,—"I felt for him real love." Page 6th, 25 lines from the top.

Those who know the care requisite to make Love a permanent guest in the married state, and how often slight causes tempt him to spread his wings for a returnless flight, will rejoice in this self-conquest. We will close our remarks on this interesting volume, by a sentiment of its accomplished translator, Mrs. Howitt. "It is calculated to do immense good, in domestic life. Whenever we make home loved and beautiful, we do more for society than if we gave heaps of gold and silver; and this power, Miss Bremer's works pre-eminently possess."

Original.

WE SHALL ARISE.

BY HENRY B. TAPPAN.

Resurgamus! from the long sleep of death awaking,
This flesh shall burst the fetters of the tomb;
The resurrection morn, o'er earth in splendor breaking,
Shall, with its sun-light, chase away the gloom.

Resurgamus! from the cold grave where, still unbroken
Perpetual silence kept its marble spell,
When the Arch-angel's trump hath awful fiat spoken,
Calling the world to judgment—Heaven or Hell!

Resurgamus! the spirit passed thro' death's dark portal,
No more by flesh and sense and sin opprest—
Shall, with a nature, holy, spotless and immortal,
Rise from an earthly to a heavenly rest.

If, at thy cross, Redeemer, won by mercy proffered,
I've knelt and gazed with streaming eyes on thee,—
If, by the merit of thy death, Oh, Lamb, once offered
A sacrifice for man on Calvary.

I, washed from every stain of guilt, thy grace receiving,
Robed in Immanuel's righteousness alone,
Do, with sweet confidence and hope, on Thee believing,
Trust in thy merit, made by Faith my own.

Oh, shield my helpless soul, when, round thy throne assembling,
The dead throng upward from the bursting tomb;
And man, with guilt and terror, speechless, shrinking, trembling,
Stands in thy presence to receive his doom!

THE SABBATH.

A hallowed radiance gilds the orient sky,
And shed its lustre o'er this sacred day;
Before its light the morning shadows fly,
And in a sea of glory fade away.
To man, the vile and erring heir of sin,
God's holy temples ope' their portals wide;
Mercy, with smiles, invites the wand'rers in,
For whom the meek, benignant Saviour died.
Oh! may these hours be spent in praise and prayer,
And prove a foretaste of that endless love,
Which the redeemed in Christ at last shall share
In brighter realms of peace and joy above!
Almighty Father! bless a child of thine,
And from each stain my sinful heart refine! W. G. H.

Original.

THE DELIGHTED GRAND-FATHER.*

It was one of those delicious evenings that will occasionally interrupt the burning and oppressive monotony of the sultry month of august. A cooling shower from the west had laid the dust, which was floating in clouds through the air, and diffused its refreshing influence around; while the soft wind, laden with fragrant odors, regaled the senses, and bathed the fevered temples. The rain-drops, which sparkled like tears over the gladdened earth, were soon absorbed in the brilliant smiles of the sun, as he emerged in splendor from the shadows that enveloped him.

As soon as the clouds had dispersed, and nothing was visible above but the arching, bright blue sky, a young lady, who was just blooming into the fullness and maturity of virgin loveliness,—whose every look and action awed while it charmed, might have been seen conducting her aged and decrepid grandfather to a pleasant seat upon the balcony. He was a man distinguished in his earlier life for the active and ennobling qualities of a superior nature, but the frosts of fourscore winters had settled on his brow, and his strength was rapidly declining under the incessant tortures of an acute disease.

Of a once numerous family, to each of which he had been most tenderly attached, one by one had sunken into the cold bosom of the grave; and not an individual of the interesting group, that, in days gone by, clustered fondly around him, now survived, to cheer the close of his weary and painful pilgrimage, save the beautiful being so admirably represented in our exquisite engraving. In the village church-yard, a green and retired spot, dotted over with the flowers, with which affection and nature had combined to decorate this quiet abode of man's sleeping dust, were reposing, in the hope of a glorious resurrection, his amiable consort and all their children. Thither, as long as his health would permit, he had daily resorted with his sole earthly relative, that he might instruct her, amid the solemn mementos of the shortness and vanity of life which there abounded, in the ways of virtue and religion; point her through the tomb to the blissful realms beyond it; and thus prepare her, when he should be torn from her embraces, for a re-union in that world of light and felicity, where no partings ever occur, and no farewell tears are ever shed.

This venerable man was constantly cheerful, and never in his hours of secret agony, lonely or unhappy. For his lovely grand-daughter was always at his side, endeavoring by every method to alleviate his distress, and assuage his sorrows. And it seemed to be her highest delight to devote herself in this way, by day and by night, to his welfare. Well did he often say of her, in the depth of his inexpressible gratitude for her unremitted kindness,—that his merciful "Father in Heaven," had left her behind as his guardian angel, to smooth his rugged passage to the "narrow house." But there was another and a stronger reason, why he could rejoice in the very furnace of affliction—he was a humble and devoted Christian. He was fully sensible that the troubles to which he was subjected, bitter though they might be, were intended for his good, and, if rightly improved, would "work out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." It was this that illumined his countenance with joy, when his body was withering under the most excruciating anguish.

The intense heat which had prevailed throughout the entire section in which he resided, during nearly two weeks, had completely prostrated this aged saint, and its longer continuance threatened, by the increasing languor it hourly produced, to completely exhaust his feeble energies, and destroy his life, The approach of the shower, therefore, to which we have alluded,—the gathering, thick and fast, of those black and ominous clouds, which were to cool and purify the atmosphere, was hailed with inexpressible delight by the *old* and the young. And so invigorating were the immediate effects of the lightning and the torrents of rain, that this "relic of a former age" was able to proceed into the open air, and while his brow was fanned by the delicious breezes that were on the wing, to listen to the exstatic strains of the pure and guileless creature before him as she fingered her light guitar, and poured forth from the lips, in the richest melody, the following simple and touching lines—

"When summer winds are sweeping
In playful murmurs by;
And the bright waters sleeping,
Reflect the jewelled sky:
When the green trees are flinging
Their shadows o'er the lawn;
And morning larks are singing
Their welcome to the dawn:

When wintry storms have shaded
The earth with wing of wrath;
And each sweet flower has faded,
That bloomed along my path:
When suns are coldly beaming
Upon the snow-clad plains;
And watery wastes are gleaming
Unloosed from crystal chains."

* See second plate.

Original.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS.—NO. I.

BY SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

"Quid rectum, sit apparet,
Quid expediat, obscurum."

LIB. TRAN:

What is plain to be seen
Has no curtain between.
(A very judicious remark.)
What is very obscure,
(A fact equally sure)
Remains, as it were, in the dark.

FATALITY—A CONDENSED NOVEL.

CHAPTER I.—NIGHT.

"Oh! the summer night
Has a smile of light
And she sits on a sapphire throne,"—*Barry Cornwall.*
"Words, words, words."—*Shakspeare.*

THE moon in tranquil brilliancy shed a soft spiritual light upon the picturesque and happy village of Oakstown, which, like an innocent child steeped in guiltless slumber, reposed upon its grassy couch, that small low musical reverberation which fills the air in calm summer nights, rising and falling on the ravished sense like the undulations of some fairy minstrelsy, broke sweetly the intensity of silence, whilst ever and anon the clear sharp bay of the distant watch dog came ringing on the ear with startling emphasis.

It was midnight, the last peal from the village clock had from the ivy-covered tower tolled forth the death of yesterday, the mocking echoes caught up the sound and to the hills repeated it in myriad voices, then died away and left the scene again to silence; soft balmy slumber closed the eyes of all,—all, save one pale watcher, he, for 'twas a man, with anxious gaze peered thro' the doubtful light, listening eagerly and with bated breath to every passing sound. For one whole hour had this poor pallid listener without speech or motion stood, within the half-opened window of a mansion, you would have thought him lifeless, or a statue, so little evidence of vitality did he present, and yet a close observer would have seen by the deep corrugations on that brow, by the strong compression of those lips, by the strong steadfast gaze with which those eyes were bent in one direction, that something uncommon had brought that midnight watcher to the open casement, when all around was stillness.

But see, his ear has caught a distant sound, his eyes dilate, he scarcely breathes as his head is cautiously stretched forth to catch its import, a signal is heard, almost imperceptible, but to the patient listener full of certified assurance, 'tis returned, a figure is seen slowly nearing the window, he reaches it, the recognition is mutual, in a low and all but voiceless whisper the now smiling watcher murmurs in the strangers ear. "Is that you, Bill?" a nod and squeeze of the hand was the reply. "Damn your eyes I thought you were never coming," said our friend within. "Hallo Jim, none of that ere," replied the new comer, "I had to establish a crack on my own account, and a jolly good swag I got, so no more palaver—business is business, let us go to work, and *stash all jaw*," "well, come on then, have you got the barkers?" "to be sure I have, you don't suppose I'd try a knobby crib like this, without the persuaders, do you think the gallows, old cove, will run rusty?" inquired Bill the housebreaker, exhibiting an enormous pair of horse-pistols; "he might;" returned Jim, "so its best to be careful—if he stirs, shoot him, it's your only security." "Oh never fear me," said the other with a significant grin. "Jim, blowed if I stand a chance of being *lagged* or *scragged* if I can help it, here," he continued, cocking his pistols as he spoke, "here's my best friend in an argument, he doesn't speak very often, but when he does, he generally has it all his own way; so now for it." "Hold!" interrupted Jim, "there's one thing I bargain for before I admit you," "what's that?" growled the robber. "The valuables are in the pantry locked up, the key is in the housekeepers pocket, should she wake and resist——" "the knife," savagely whispered Bill, "the knife is a silent arguſyer." "Villain! murderer!" exclaimed the former, energetically seizing the ruffian by the arm, "not for your life, know man of blood," continued he, dashing the tears from his eyes, and trembling with suppressed agitation as he spoke, "I love that woman, do with the others as you please, but as you are a man, I charge you to spare her life,"—there was a pause, at length the housebreaker gave the required assurance. "Heaven, I thank thee," fervently ejaculated the other opening the casement —they entered.

Oh, holy and inscrutable NATURE, who dost in every being plant the imperishable germ of affection, laud be to thee, even this guilty butler, who leagued with highwaymen, betrays his trust and yields his master to the murderous blade, has within his inmost heart, corrupted tho' it be, one humanizing influence. CIRCUMSTANCE, thou daughter of the sky, twin-born with DESTINY, creation hinges on thy unerring fiat, the WILL, must coincide with thee, the ACT be regulated by thy inclination, thou stretchest forth the hand of man, thou puts't his very tongue in motion, VICE attends thy bidding, enveloping the unrighteous with the attributes of ILL, while virtue at thy summons speeds to earth, and in holy vesture clothes the BEAUTIFUL and the GOOD.

CHAPTER II.—MORNING.

"There's no place like home."—*Clari.*
"He hath a lean and hungry look."—*Shakspeare.*

The village of Oakstown, bathed in the sunlight of a summer morning, showed lovely as the home of everlasting joy, the merry woodland quire upraised their song of thankfulness, the gladsome sun-ray danced on the wavelets of the tiny stream, and rained a flood of softened warmth like breath of seraphs on the fresh cut grass with which the morning's labor had bestrown the meadows, scattering its sweetness on the breeze, and making the morning air one sweet and grateful perfume, the happy villagers thronged the various avenues, seeking their respective homes for food and rest from the first instalment of the days pleasant toil, faces embrowned with ruddy health, and all a-glow, looked gladly forth upon the liberal free air,—their sole inheritance, poor serfs of custom, hapless slaves circumstance, did they but know their misery, shut out from scientific knowledge, far from the inspiring converse of the intellectual, and in melancholy ignorance doomed to wear out life in factitious happiness and unreal comfort.

The breakfast room in Oakleigh hall, presented a beautiful picture of that homey elegance which characterize the family houses in England. Lord Elderberry the hereditary owner of some score of miles, of which he formed the noble nucleus, reclined in his velvet chair, surrounded by all those luxuries which custom has interwoven with the wants of life until they have become necessary to the high in station. He was a tall graceful aristocratic looking man, his age was about fifty, but he was so carefully toiletted, that a transient observer, would hardly suppose him to be more than thirty, his fair and ample brow, well chiselled, though slightly exaggerated nose, small hands and arch-instepped feet, proclaiming at once the inheritor of noble blood; his beautiful child, the sole surviving daughter of his house, bearing also, in her very turn the unmistakable evidences of gentle birth, sat near him, they, with a taciturn governess, and one male friend of his Lordship, made up the party. It was unusually late, yet breakfast was not yet served, indeed the table was but partially laid, and each began to wonder what could possibly have caused the delay. His Lordship was slightly but not perceptibly annoyed, to the careless observer no change could be seen, but MacBrose, his accommodating distant relation and humble servant, with the experienced eye of a toady caught the shadow of an ungracious expression, and exerted his utmost to avert the coming storm, ere its arrival should oblige him to seek shelter in retirement, "Remarkable fair day this, my lord," insinuated he in his blandest manner. "Very," drily responded the Earl. Hem! said Mac Brose, confidentially to himself. "He is vexed, that tone is sufficient, the *deil* take their laziness," for inasmuch as his annoyance proceeded from the long protraction of the matutinal meal, he supposed the cloud upon his Lordship's brow was produced by the same cause.

The Earl sighed heavily, so heavily as to cause the Lady Emily, his daughter, to raise her head from her usual mornings occupation, that of tending her favorite exotics, when perceiving the sadness which had mantled over her father's face, she approached him affectionately, and kissing him, exclaimed, "dearest Papa, you are looking quite pale."

Oh! amidst the thorny paths of LIFE, its pangs, its privations, the *pointed rocks*, the *perilous obstructions*, fate flings before us as we whirl along the troublous tide of DESTINY, how sweet a comforter art thou, FILIAL LOVE.

His Lordship smiled, but 'twas as a transient sun-ray, on a tomb, showing for one bright instant, the external semblance of joy, while all within was dark and dismal, and yet that insubstantial gleam, sufficed to calm his daughters agitation, and when the Earl kissed her peachy cheek, and with parental fondness soothed her apprehension, she cheerfully resumed her task, her happy young heart pure and unsophisticated.

CHAPTER III.—THE APPARITION.

Morte la bête,
Morte le veuin.
"Can I believe my eyes."—*Anon.*

Better than an hour had passed, and yet no sign of breakfast; the intervening time having been spent by MacBrose in mentally delivering over every servant in the house, to the hottest place your memory can suggest, casting furtive glances ever and anon towards Lord Elderberry, and wondering from the inmost recesses of his epigastrium what could possibly have caused this unusual apathy.

He was *Hungry*—uncommonly HUNGRY—.

At last the Earl broke silence, exclaiming suddenly, "MacBrose," after a slight pause continuing. "What's your opinion with regard to Apparitions?"

"Why, my Lord, I—that is to say—upon my word—appar*ee*tions—*gude*ness me, the study of demonology, is one of *on*questionable ant*ee*quity from the earliest stages of the world, up to the present time. History is rife with illustrations, Pol*ee*bius maintains that—"

Lord Elderberry stayed him in his learned peroration, by saying with solemnity, "I saw one last night." MacBrose forgot his very appetite in more absorbing curiosity. The Lady Emily arrested in the act of trimming a lotus, caught her father's words, and timidly crept forward to listen.

"You know, MacBrose," continued the Earl, his voice rendered nearly inarticulate from agitation, "you know the details of my early life—the mysterious loss of my first-born, my only son, the heir to my name the last of this noble house."

"Alas! unhappy destiny," sighed forth Mac Brose, making liberal use of his cambric, and inwardly exulting that distant relationship, by the circumstance was lifted a thought nearer to the broad lands of Oakleigh.

The Lady Emily tried to speak, but could not, so burying her face within her hands, she knelt on the footstool at her father's feet, and nestled herself in his breast. "My child," faltered he, "my own, my only child," and the Earl, stern, cold as was his nature, wept. The grief of father and daughter was sharp, but silent. Not so that of MacBrose, he sobbed aloud, and what's more, felt the full acuteness of his sorrow, for he was hungered even to anguish.

After a space, the Earl resumed his natural calm dignity, and continued, "'tis now just fifteen years since my boy was lost, had he lived he would have been of age to-day; after the three years which I employed in ceaseless search, believing him dead, I endeavored, as you know, to school myself if possible, into christian-like resignation."

"Sore blow! *sore* blow! good man! *excellent* man," sobbed MacBrose, seeing that there was a pause, and he was expected to say something.

"Time, at length, the great softener of human suffering, began to blunt the edge of my anguish, and what was at first a maddening thought that ever stood up stark and plain before me, sank into a settled melancholy. But as this day comes round, the anniversary of his birth, the greatness of my loss obtrudes itself upon my imagination with renewed violence; overpowered by such feelings, it was very late last night ere I retired to my bed, and with my thoughts full of my lost one, fell at last from very weariness of limb into an uneasy broken slumber, from which I was awakened by a sudden noise, and on looking up, —Great Heavens, what was my astonishment upon beholding the apparition of my son,—not a sweet smiling boy, as when I saw him last, but with his manly form developed, his mother's angel face changed into masculine severity—just as it has been my pride to picture, what he might have grown to had he lived, slowly he seemed to near my couch, and then I saw that he was meanly clad, and had a haggard fearful look,—a knife was in one hand, and the semblance of a miniature in the other, I knew it at once, 'twas similar to one in my possession, a likeness of his mother set in brilliants, his attention seemed to be directed alternately towards it and me, fear had hitherto fettered my tongue, and froze up the very current of my blood. But in the faint hope of receiving a reply, I determined to address the spectre, for that purpose I raised myself gently, and had just ejaculated, 'In the name of Heaven'—when a flash of lightning seemed to break from his very hand, a loud clap of thunder instantaneously followed, and the apparition vanished."

CHAPTER IV.—RETRIBUTION.

"Do I merit pangs like these,
That have cleft my heart in twain?
Must I, to the very lees
Drain thy bitter chalice, Pain?"

"Revenge is now the cud that I do chew."
Beaumont & Fletcher.

Scarcely had Lord Elderberry finished the relation, when a confused murmur was heard approaching the apartment, and several voices exclaiming, "bring him along,"—"we've caught him,"—"villain, robber," etc.,—the hubbub growing louder and louder, until Simkins, the housekeeper, bounced into the breakfast-room.

"What's the matter, Simkins?" sternly demanded the Earl.

"Why, don't you know that you've been robbed, my dear lord," she returned, "but we've caught 'em—that villain, James, to go for to have the impertinence to make up to me too,—oh! the wickedness of the world!"

"Robbed," replied the Earl.

"Robbed?" anxiously exclaimed Mac Brose, for inasmuch as his posterity *might*, in a century or two have an interest in the property, it behooved him to be personally concerned.

"And by that rascal, James, too," said the Earl, "ungrateful fellow!"

"Horrible ruffian," said Mac Brose.

"Unfortunate wretch!" said the Lady Emily.

"Where is he?" demanded Lord Elderberry.

"The're a bringing him, my lord," whimpered Simkins, who, to the honor of womankind be it said, lamented more at the prospect of the poor fellow's being hanged, and so lost to her and to respectability for ever, than for the imminent danger of his lordship's valuables."

At this moment James, the delinquent butler, was dragged in by several of the under servants, who showed their loyalty for the Earl, and their

detestation for crime, by looking awfully indignant, and grasping James tightly by the collar.

"Release him," said the Earl, in a justice of the peace tone. They did so, and the butler shook off his capturers, and folding his arms across his breast, scowled upon the group.

"Well, sir," said the Earl, regarding the prisoner sternly, "this is a pretty reward for all I have done for you."

"You are right, Earl," replied the fellow in a determined voice, "it is!"

"What mean you?" demanded his lordship.

"Patience, my lord; you'll soon know," replied the butler, casting upon him a glance of concentrated malignity.

"Come, come, fellow," interrupted Mac Brose, who was playing clerk, and noting down the proceedings, "consider where you are, sir—be respectful."

"Peace, fool!" exclaimed the other, savagely. "Mean, crawling parasite, keep to thy vocation; cringe and fawn and flatter, and eat your miserable meal in silence."

"I wish to the Lord I had it to eat," thought Mac Brose, with quiet nerves, for he was one of those humane, milk-blooded folk, who reverence themselves too much to take offence at any thing.

"Now, sir, explain," demanded the Earl, "how have I injured you?"

"How!" replied the fellow with a flashing eye. "How! ha! ha! I'll tell you how, great lord, *you* endowed me with this load of misery, *you* delivered me up to the tender mercy of a cruel fate. Lord—FATHER! *you* gave me life."

The Earl gasped for breath, shuddering from his very soul, as the fellow continued—"Look upon this portrait, most noble lord," tearing an humbly executed miniature from his breast, and flinging it to his lordship.

"Great God! Maria!" muttered the Earl, sinking back into his chair.

"Ha!" exclaimed the delinquent, "you recognize that face; you saw it when in youth, health, innocence and beauty, it beamed like a ray of light, but you saw it not when *vice*, *misery* and *degradation*, had stamped the impress of a fiend on that angelic countenance.—you saw her when she lived the minion of thy vicious passion, but you did not see her die a hopeless death, raving in mad delirium. *I did*, and kneeling beside the corpse of her that *was* my mother, I swore to be avenged upon her soul's destroyer—upon thee—ay, writhe, writhe. I've more to tell thee yet—thy son"—

"Lives," almost shrieked the earl.

"You shall hear," quietly returned the prisoner. "You never even inquired whether there was such a being in existence, as me, so there was no fear of my being recognized. I soon obtained a situation in your household; once there, my first design was to seek your library, upbraid you with your infamy, and shoot you where you sat. Several times did I enter for that purpose, and invariably found you fondling your son—your only *legitimate* son—the heir to the house and *honors* of Oakleigh, then the idea flashed across my brain what glorious revenge it would be to make that much loved boy the instrument of retribution, to nurture him in vice, to steep him in villany, to blot out every attribute of good, *to destroy him utterly, in* LIFE *and in* ETERNITY—a SON'S soul for a MOTHER'S. I stole him, kept him concealed for a time, clothed him in squalid rags, and then found means to have him conveyed to the abodes of guilt and wretchedness; —ha! ha! ha! day by day, week by week, year by year, while you incessantly deplored his loss. I watched him in his progress through all the grades of infamy; schooled in wickedness—tutored by robbers and murderers, the heir of Oakleigh grew up a *fit* inheritor of his father's HONOR."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the Earl, as the suspicion flashed across his mind. "Was it he? was it my son that"—

"That aimed the murderous weapon at his father's heart? it was! ha! ha! it was," triumphantly exclaimed the fellow. I led him on to the commission of this crime. I planned it—pointed out your room, hoping he would have killed—no not killed you, for I would have had you *know* the hand that gave the death wound." At this moment the sound of footsteps were heard approaching. "Now," roared the ruffian, "*noble* father, prepare to meet thy *honorable* son."

Several dependants entered, having in their custody the man whom the reader will recognize as Bill of the first chapter. He gave a savage look at the butler, muttering between his teeth, "So, you precious varmint, the whole of this here vos a plant, they tell me."

"Listen," replied the butler—listen, my lord, to the classic eloquence of your son's language. Honorable Bill, the housebreaker! let me present you to your father; ha! ha! ha!" and the ruffian's face beamed with savage joy.

The Earl groaned, and covered his face with his hands, in speechless agony.

"What's all this nonsense," said Bill; "*my*

father's far enough away; he's bin *transported* this many a year."

"It's a lie," thundered the butler. "There, there he sits in that velvet chair, overflowing with parental love. *Go, go and receive his blessing before you are hanged.*"

"Will any body tell me what the fellow means," replied Bill, looking round the group.

"Why, he asserts," said Mac Brose, finding no one spoke, that you are the undoubted son of his lordship here, whom he, from motives of revenge, stole in infancy, and caused to be brought up in iniquity, hoping, by such horrible means, to involve father and son in one common destruction."

"Oh, that's it, is it," said Bill, "then he'd best have not *hollered* so loud, damn him; I'm glad I can pay him off for getting me into this scrape. I aint no more your son, my lord, than Oliver Crummles."

The Earl started from his chair, while the butler's face grew livid with rage.

"Proceed," said his lordship; "if there be but the thousandth particle of a doubt, you shall be saved—rewarded—go on—go on, in mercy."

"All I got to say," resumed Bill, "is, that every body knows who *my* father was; but there used to be a poor little natomy of a creature, that was sommat like me, among us. We called him Slender Jimmy. Nobody know'd where he comed from, or any thing about him."

"And where is he?" said the Earl, with intense anxiety.

"Why, you see we couldn't make him useful no how; he had no taste for picking pockets, and all the whoppin' in the world couldn't drive it into him, so we let him alone, until he got up to be a youth. We always knew that there was something queer about him, he had such a curious knack of reading books. Why, if you believe me, I stole nigh hand a whole stall of thim cause he liked 'em and hadn't the heart to prig for hisself. Well, at last he guv us the slip entirely, and I did hear that he listed and threw hisself away in the army."

"It must—it must be he. Oh, Heaven be thanked," fervently cried the Earl. Meantime, the butler, frenzied at the destruction of his plans, drew a pistol suddenly from his breast, levelled it full against the Earl's, and exclaiming, "Damnation! you shall never behold him," pulled the trigger; there was a loud report, followed by a scream of agony. The barrel had burst, causing the ball to deviate, which lodged harmlessly in the wall, shattering the hand and arm of the ruffian butler up to the elbow, while a fragment of the steel pierced his forehead, and sank even to his brain. He raised himself with difficulty, and fixing his glazing eyes upon the Earl, opened his mouth several times as if attempting to speak but vainly, shaking his clenched fist, and regarding him with a scowl of malevolence, his jaw dropped, and he fell dead.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

"A fair commencement, better far continuation,
And the winding up the fairest of the whole."—*Knowles.*

"Ne quid nimis."—*Latin Proverb.*

But little more remains to be told. The Earl inserted a cautiously worded advertisement in the various newspapers, which very soon had the effect of discovering the individual mentioned by Bill; every thing conspired to certify his identity. It appeared that after quitting the vile society in which his boyhood was passed, he gained much distinction, earning for himself the rank of ensign in the regiment into which he had enlisted, so that had he not already a name, he would have ennobled one by his own exertions. The interview between father and son was most affecting, and as the latter had passed scatheless through so vitiating a trial as the companionship of his early years, it need not be said that he was in every way worthy to shed lustre upon the high position to which he found himself entitled.

The housebreaker was brought to trial, but inasmuch as this particular transaction was shown to be the contriving of the dead butler, and no other being proved against him, aided by the intercession of Lord Elderberry, his punishment was commuted to a short imprisonment, after undergoing which, his lordship granted him a small farm on his estate, provided that he sincerely promised to amend his life. He did so, and to his honor be it said, most rigidly kept his word. Who shall say that he has a better hope beyond this life than that reformed sinner? Doth not the holy book declare

"THERE IS JOY IN HEAVEN OVER ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH."

B.

NATIONAL REFORMATION.

LET us then obey the times, let us neither obstinately persist in upholding what is already decayed, nor be too eager to establish what as yet is only preparing. Let us every day do that which the day requires; and in consolidating our liberties, the parent of all good, let us be faithful to justice, which is of all ages; and let us not forget that conciliation and indulgence form a part of the justice which we owe to those who differ from us in opinion.

Original.

THE CULTURE AND PREPARATION OF TEA.

The subject of this rare and beautiful engraving,—the first of its kind, that has ever appeared in any of the periodicals of our country,—is replete with interest and importance. And the value of it is considerably enhanced by the intimate relations, that now subsist between China and the United States. There has always been an impenetrable mystery enveloping the history and character of the tea-plant, which every intelligent person has been anxious to unravel; a brief though imperfect solution of this mystery may not be misplaced.

An important preliminary question, and one which has hitherto met with no satisfactory answer, has reference to the country of which this valuable plant is a native. Much learned dust has been raised among a class of philosophers respecting the probabilities on the one side and on the other, but it still remains unsettled whether it is indigenous to China or Japan. The constitution and habits by which it is distinguished, and which are the exclusive arbiters in deciding upon the rank it shall occupy in the scale of botanical classification, are, likewise involved in uncertainty. It resembles so strongly, however, in its general features the "*Camellia*," that, although, there are marked differences between them,—its leaves and its flowers being much smaller and somewhat more acutely formed,—they are both referred to the same genus by men of eminence in this branch of science.

The successful cultivation of this luxury of our tables has been confined, even up to the present day, to a particular and limited section of our globe. But there it has received the most assiduous care, and has yielded, to the patient hand of unwearied industry, a yearly abundant crop. Whether its removal to a less mellow soil, and a more variable climate could be made productive of as favorable results, it is difficult to determine, as the experiment has never yet been fairly made. The thing ought surely to be attempted, and no one is authorized to say but that, if proper skill, aided by money and by labor, be expended upon it, the tea-plant may form the favorite production of other countries, as it has of the central provinces of the Chinese Empire from the remotest antiquity.

The distinctive epithets applied to the different descriptions of tea have originated entirely with the merchants for the purpose of profit, and are wholly unknown among the producers. And not unfrequently are the leaves of the *Camellia* or of the *Olea fragrans* mixed, in measured proportions, with the genuine article to impart to it a delicious and aromatic flavor, and under some one of the appellations known among tea dealers, sold as the unadulterated substance. But the charges that are made, in relation to the numerous methods resorted to by the Chinese merchants to increase the weight of every tea chest, and mingle foreign ingredients with its contents, cannot be all true, and yet there is no doubt the imposition is practiced to a great extent.

We are told by writers who are familiar with the subject, that there are probably but two varieties of the plant upon which we are commenting, and they are distinguished by the names *Thea viridis*, and *Thea Bohea*. To the culture of each of these varieties a separate and distinct district is appropriated, and neither of them is ever allowed to encroach upon the premises of his neighbor. A spacious and fertile tract, "included between the twenty-ninth and thirty-first degrees of north latitude," and sheltered by a chain of lofty mountains at whose broad base it reposes, comprises that portion of the territory where the green tea flourishes while in a lower latitude, and similarly situated, lies the *black tea* district. The entire range within which this plant is cultivated, is comprehended between the twenty-seventh and thirty-first degrees of north latitude. A diminutive province indeed to furnish a world with so indispensible an article of luxury.

"It is somewhat singular," says an elegant writer, "that tea is supposed to have been first employed by the Chinese as a preventive of leprosy,—the precise object of which ardent spirits were first distilled and drank in the northern countries of Europe." Other and more valuable properties are now attributed to its use, and it is often drank by persons especially in ill health with the happiest results. Its effects on the human system are those of a very mild "narcotic and sedative," and when taken in small doses it produces a pleasing exhilaration like any similar medicine. With qualities like these to recommend it, it is not strange that the fame of the tea plant should have spread so extensively, and that other nations should have made an effort to introduce its cultivation among themselves. In the Island of Java, and in Brazil the attempt has been made and with initial prosperity, but either from ignorance, or carelessness, or faithlessness, or a wrong selection of materials, the exertions of those engaged in the business have been suffered to languish.

W. G. H.

Original.

HYMN TO SPRING.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

Welcome once more, sweet Spring!
Ethereal Sylph! whose life is light and love,
Emblem of Heaven's own pure and mystic dove,
We greet thy sunny wing.
When the cold snows lay heaped vast pile on pile,
The thought of thee could our sad hearts beguile,
And now we feel thy warm and loving smile,
And hear the sweet birds sing!

When thy fair form was seen,
Nature awoke to melody and mirth,
And, lovely as at Eden's dawn, the Earth
Smiled, robed in living green.
'The fair young flowers,' all crimson white and gold,
With modest grace their tender leaves unfold;
While the blue skies, most glorious to behold,
In cloudless lustre gleam!

Thou hast unbound the streams;
Down the green hill-sides, glancing in the sun,
Like threads of wavy gold their waters run.
There, every star, whose beams
Deck Night's rich coronal, reflected shines,
And mingling with the rustling of the pines,
Their fairy voices rise in sweet, low chimes,
Like music heard in dreams!

Blessings and gifts for all,
Thou bearest in thy free and open hand,
Rich gifts, and beautiful, for every land,
None miss thy gracious call.
On emerald lawns young lambs in gladness play;
Bright birds are warbling on each leafy spray;
Pure dews by night, and sunny beams by day;
O'er the fair landscape fall!

The young, the fair rejoice;
Thou crownest with thy smiles their golden prime,
Their hearts do homage at thy flower-strewn shrine,
And gladness tunes the voice.
Sweet Spring! thou youngest child of Heaven, I pray,
That thy dear teachings, may from day to day,
Lead them in virtue's blest and pleasant way;
Be holiness their choice!

The aged and the lone,
Whose lives are in 'the sere and yellow leaf,'
Feel long forgotten hopes dispel their grief,
And cease the plaintive moan.
Oh, Spring! most beautiful! the lonely tomb,
Thou makest fair with blossoms, and its gloom
Is lightened by the thought of endless bloom,
And glory yet to come!

And yet thy smile, to me,
Wears not the radiance of the days of yore,
For many a golden dream of bliss is o'er.
Thy voice of melody,
Calls not the dearly loved, the gone, again
From their cold graves; its charms are all in vain;
Nor reunites a broken friendship's chain,
Sweet though it be!

Yet still thy rosy bloom,
And gentle breath, although the tears will start
From drooping, weary eyes, my deep, deep heart,
With pleasant thoughts illume;
For grief hath chastened, purified my breast,
And looking Heavenward from this world's vain quest,
I wait a spring-time of eternal rest,
Beyond the voiceless tomb!

Pass on in joy and light,
Thou gladdener of the Nations! grief and care,
Dispel, like snow-clouds, with thy balmy air.
May no untimely blight
Wither thy delicate blossoms, may the skies
Arch o'er thy temples with transcendant dyes
Of amethystine splendor; make all eyes,
With hope and gladness bright!

And when thy smiles, no more
Fill the wide earth with beauty, hushed thy voice,
Whose silvery accents bade all hearts rejoice,
And thy blest reign is o'er;
May none to Earth's decaying treasures cling,
But all aspire to soar on tireless wing,
To the bright realm of undecaying spring,
The upper Eden's shore!

Original.

THE SPIDER'S SONG.

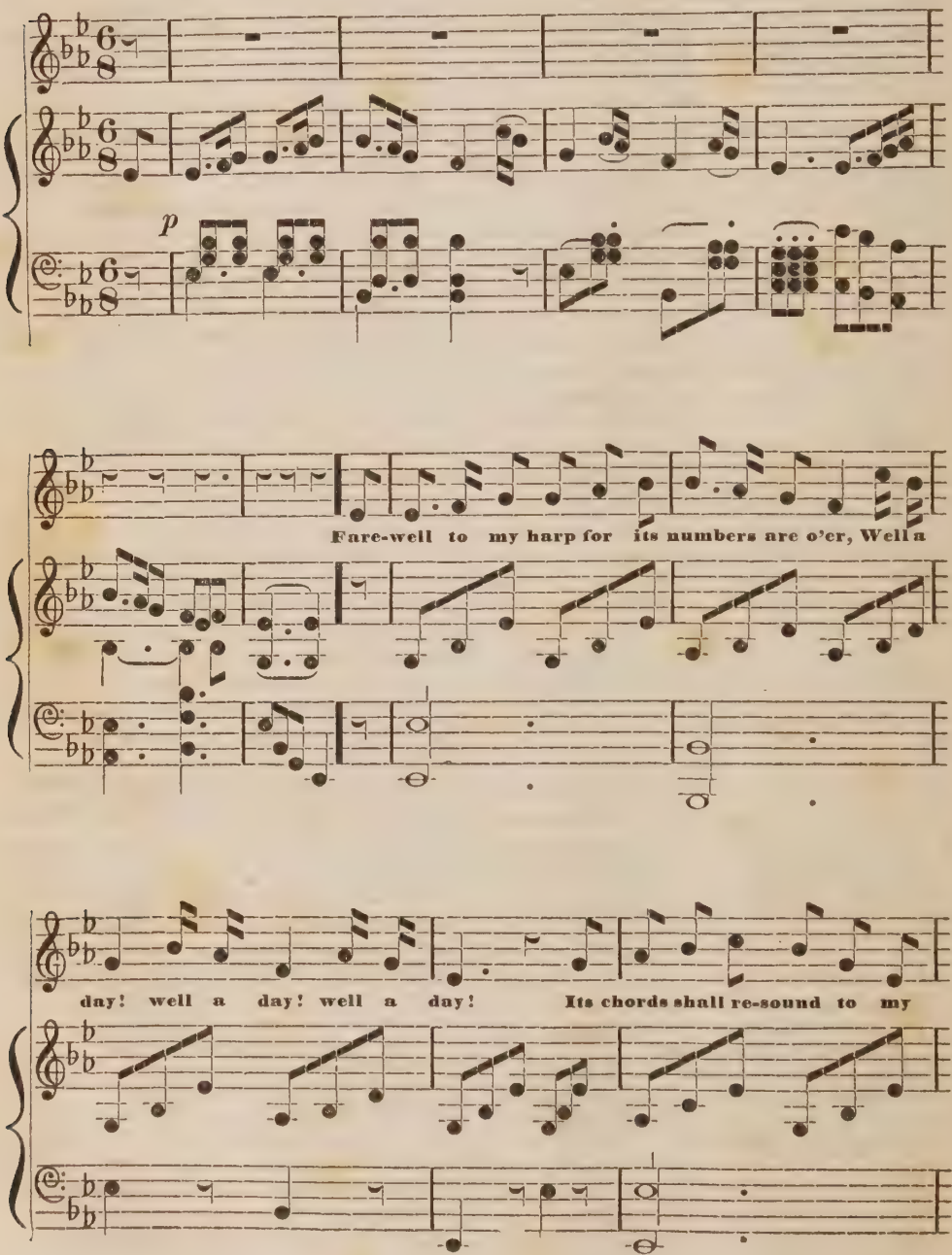
BY G. G. FOSTER.

I weave my web in gorgeous halls—
On the dewy grass ere the sunlight falls—
In the chamber where bashful Beauty reposes—
In the bower where the moon-beams play with the roses;
In the tomb, in the temple, in prison and hall,
I silently weave my web on the wall.
I've lived with philosophers, pored o'er their pages—
Am familiar with heroes, priests, doctors and sages—
And many a volume of law and divinity
Has grown grey with neglect in my "immediate vicinity."
Last night in the curls of a lady I wrought
A web more beautiful than her own thought—
And those ringlets disposed round her beautiful eyes
To catch beaux, served me in the catching of flies.
Nay, be not alarmed—she'd no fear of my bite—
Put on in the morn, they were put off at night!
I wove me a dream o'er a poet's nose,
As he took on a pallet his healthless repose;
But when he awoke to his dreary day,
I pitied the wretch and stole softly away—
For I knew that, unlike me, the web which he spun
Would not purchase him bread when his work was done!
But most I delight in the soft summer morn,
When the dew-drop the wild flower's face doth adorn,
To swing on my silvery net in the air,
And catch the bright things that are hovering there.

* * * * * *

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

COMPOSED BY C. E. HORN—AS SUNG BY MISS GEORGE IN THE OPERA OF JOHN OF PARIS



fin-gers no more, And hush'd is the song that my soul lov'd to pour, The
FZ
song that my soul lov'd to pour. Fare-well to my harp, for its numbers are
o'er, Well a-day! well a day! well a - day.
Espress

2 The roses of life all their sweetness have shed,
Well a day! well a day! well a day!
From the sunshine of hope all the brightness has fled,
And grief on my path her dark shadows has spread—
On my path her dark shadows has spread—
The roses, &c.

3 Farewell—my last song to its close hastens on,
Well a day! well a day! well a day!
Yet it cheers my lone spirit to think there is one
Who will fondly remember the Bard when he's gone—
Remember the Bard when he's gone—
Farewell, &c.

Original.

SONNETS.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING OSGOOD'S PICTURE OF MRS. NORTON.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

I.

Beauty, transcendant Beauty, such as fills
The passion-stricken heart with dreams of Heaven,—
Genius, to whom such magic power is given
That its least word our utmost spirit thrills;—
These, Lady, are thy gifts, and life for thee
Should have sped onward like a summer's day,
Each moment gilded by Affection's ray,
'Till pleasure's sun had set in death's calm sea.
This should have been thy fate, fair Child of Song,
Were happiness the meed of high deserving:
Alas! what skill may paint the griefs that throng
Around thy soul, its lofty powers un-nerving?
Lonely, bereaved and wronged! yet thou dost borrow
A *crowning* grace from Woe:—the majesty of Sorrow.

II.

Where was old England's chivalry, when thou,
Peerless in beauty and in genius, felt
Th' envenomed shaft of calumny? where dwelt
The spirit, that, of old, inspired the vow
To guard the right, and battle for the weak,
When thou didst bow thy glorious head in shame,
As the dark mildew fell on thy fair fame,
And Slander hinted what she feared to speak?
Where were the hearts that should have wakened then,
When thou wert struck down from thy pride of place,
Thou Bird of Song and Beauty? That bright face
In ruder times had called forth gallant men
To champion thy distress:—such times are o'er,
And selfish interest rules where honor reigned before.

Original.

LINES ON PARTING.

ADDRESSED TO AN ESTEEMED FRIEND OF THE WRITER ON HER EMBARKING FOR EUROPE.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Lady, we part—I do not say farewell!
So cold a word my heart will not allow;
'Tis breathed too often when no bosoms swell
With such emotions as oppress me now.
For I remember well when first we met,
And note the years we since have seen depart
By acts of kindness I can ne'er forget,
Graved deeply on the tablets of my heart.

This monitor ne'er sleeps—but I've another
Who hourly breathes her grateful prayers for thee
For kindness to my children—'tis their mother,
Whose blessings will attend thee on the sea.
She prays to Him who stilled the boisterous wave
Of Gallilee, and hush'd the tempest wild,
She prays that his kind Providence may save
The widowed mother and her darling child.

Lady, we part—and here thy friends are doom'd
To mourn in tears thy absence for a while;
But not with hopeless grief, for 'tis presumed
A happy meeting yet will light our smile.
Go, then, where love invites thee—Gallia fair,
Land of the vine and sweet perrennial flowers;—
Thy children's fond embraces wait thee there;
Receive them, then, and fly again to ours.

If prayers can shield thee from each treacherous gale,
Or were this trifle blest with magic power,
Thy venturous bark should have a prosperous sail,
While memory wakened every lonely hour,
Recalling thoughts with us again to dwell—
When rough old ocean turbulently raves—
With us, who feel, but cannot say farewell!
To those we love upon the stormy wave.

Original.

STANZAS, INSCRIBED TO MRS. ———

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

The summer is dawning bright,
And Hope now lights anew her altar-flame;
Fair visions throng to meet th' enraptur'd sight,
From Fancy's realm they came.

And deck'd in sweetest smiles,
The future lures us to her flow'ry way;—
Oh! many a pang that syrene voice beguiles,
And many a weary day.

Yet oft doth boding Fear
Approach, with white and trembling lips to tell
That soon, for all we love most fondly here,
Will sound the mournful knell.

Then shall we faint and fall,
Beneath the weary weight of pain and care?
No! we will trust the ever-present, All,
Whatever be our share.

Perchance for us may wave
The golden harvest of sweet peace and joy,
Love's flowing fountain all our pathway lave,
And bless each day's employ.

Such be thy lot, my friend!
But e'en tho' clouds arise, thou wilt not fear,
For while thy spirit to thy *Father* tends,
Sweet Peace will crown the year.

EDITORS' TABLE.

There has never been a time, in the history of our popular and favorite miscellany, when it was established on a more substantial basis, or conducted with greater energy and ability, with reference to the chaste and beautiful articles, that monthly adorn its pages, or was more richly embellished with costly and elegant engravings, than it is at the present period. In all these respects it proudly challenges a comparison with either of its few competitors in the higher walks of literature and art.

With the improvements already made, it might be supposed, perhaps, that we should repose awhile upon the laurels we have gained, at least, until those, who have been left behind in the eager race for pre-eminence, approximate an equality with us. But to this we could never consent. So long as good friends and true gather around us, as at present, and punctually cancel their obligations, the receipts in full shall be appropriated to still more valuable accessions to the matter and the beauty of our magazine. It is our exclusive purpose to place the "Ladies' Companion and Literary Expositor" in a position more elevated and commanding than has ever been occupied by any periodical of a similar character, and thus to render it worthy, in *all* respects, of the fair beings for whose intellectual and moral improvement it is especially designed.

Our intentions, as evinced by our practice, may be readily perceived in our current issue. The plates are new, unrivalled, and splendid, and particularly that, which represents the "Preparation and culture of Tea." And how brightly the pure rays of genius are reflected from every leaf! And yet, although we are exerting every energy, and applying all our available means, to increase and to gratify the taste of our readers, there are many, among the subscribers to the "Companion," who withhold from us a just remuneration. To such we appeal once more, and urge them by the considerations of simple justice to render us our lawful dues. How can they expect us to lavish upon them the products of our toil and our means without the return of some adequate compensation! "*A word to the wise is sufficient.*"

The Press.—We cannot forbear to express our cordial thanks to those members of the editorial fraternity, who have favorably noticed our new and improved volume. We suitably appreciate the value of their good opinion, and shall endeavor, by a vigorous application to the duties of our responsible sphere of action, always to merit and to retain it. With all those, who are manly and just, we hope to be ever on terms of sincere friendship, anxious to give as well as to receive favors.

The Health of the City.—For several successive weeks our city has been visited by a severe and all-pervading epidemic, known, in common parlance, as the influenza or *grippe*. A very small proportion of the population, perhaps not a tenth part of it, have escaped the inflictions of this general scourge; although, we are happy to say, that its attacks have not proved fatal save in one or two instances, when it ran into inflammation of the stomach. The very late and cold spring, the subsequent immediate and intense heat, and the sudden cooling off of the summer warmth, which succeeded, have all conspired to produce a state of the public health unusually gloomy and depressing. The protracted drought, too, has added its quota of disasters to the rest, and we have seldom seen New York present a more melancholy aspect than it wore during the latter part of June and up to this writing.

The Bowling Green Fountain.—This is one of the loveliest resorts now existing in the city. The efforts that have been made, and the taste which has been displayed in constructing this fountain in its present shape, are worthy of the gratitude and esteem of a liberal community. Superadded to what is grand and beautiful in the simple jet of water, as we see it in the Park, with the tints of the rainbow flashing from its drops in the glancing rays of the sun, an arrangement is effected by which the whole is made to convey to the mind a vivid idea of a natural cascade, with the cool and refreshing waters dripping in showers over a mass of ragged and naked rocks.

The Country.—The travelling season has thus far been improved in good earnest. Hundreds every day are borne from our midst in those magnificent steamers, which ply upon the North and East Rivers, that their languid and fevered bodies may be refreshed with the cool and delicious breezes that skim over the surface of the sleeping waters. It will not be long before all those, whose business and means will permit, will have exchanged the confined atmosphere and burning pavements of the city for the shady retreats, the pure air, the green fields, the exhilarating odors, and the gurgling brooks of the country.

We love to hie away
From dust and heat,
To find a social friend,
And cool retreat.

But the luxury of enjoying a rural landscape, and mingling in the healthful recreations of a short sojourn among the hills and vallies of nature, is not confined to the rich. The modes of conveyance are so numerous, the competition is so great, and the necessary expenses of a jaunt, in consequence are so inconsiderable that the *poorest* of our citizens can participate in these pleasures. Go then, one and all, and with thankful hearts share in the inexhaustible offerings of His bounty, which our benevolent "Father in Heaven" has scattered in such rich profusion around us.

Miniature Painting.—We admire the fine arts as far as our obtuse conceptions enable us to appreciate them. Accordingly, a few days ago, we paid a hurried visit to the rooms of Mr. Fanshaw, in Broadway, to inspect some specimens of his artistical skill, and were exceedingly gratified with the many evidences of his genius and taste, which were submitted to our notice. The form, the attitude, the expression, as exhibited in these products of his pencil, appeared more life-like and natural than ever before met our eye. There was an ease and a grace in drawing, a clearness in coloring, and a fidelity in the likenesses, which are unsurpassed if not unrivalled. Those who are anxious to procure a faithful semblance of their own features, or of the faces and forms of their friends, we urgently recommend to this highly gifted artist.

Signora Castellan's Concerts.—This lady has been throwing into extacies our musical community with a series of concerts at the Broadway Tabernacle, and has acquired for herself a reputation as one of the sweetest vocalists, whose delicious notes ever ravished the human ear. Her style is simple, correct, and perfectly natural, aided by a voice of wonderful compass, great melody, and distinct enunciation. Every one is pleased with the purity and taste of her singing.

Woman.—The *character* of a pure and virtuous female is too tender and delicate to be handled roughly. Like the dew-drop, that sparkles on the bosom of the rose-bud, the first rude breath is apt to sweep it away. Surely, then, it should be guarded with a pious care by her who now possesses it, and should never be sullied by the foul taint of withering calumny. The man who would cast a deadly blight on the reputation of an innocent and unsuspecting woman, by direct accusations or accursed inuendoes, is a vile and heartless wretch, unfit for the companionship of his species.

The *influence* of woman, in the endearing relations of sister, of wife, and of mother, exceeds all conception in its extent and its power. In this respect she is far superior to the sterner sex. How is the wild and wayward brother restrained from a career of vice, and led in the paths of purity and peace, by the mild and persuasive entreaties, the soft and feminine gentleness of his affectionate and confiding sister! How are the asperities of the husband softened, his evil habits corrected, and the nobler and better attributes of his nature developed in their lovely and exquisite proportions, by the captivating graces, the generous and self-sacrificing devotion of the wife of his bosom! And how is the rude and reckless boy met, at every avenue of guilt, by the hallowed form of her who bore him, now, perhaps, in Heaven, as she knelt at his bed-side in

early childhood, and commended him to God, or urged him, amid fast-flowing tears, to emulate the example, and to follow the precepts of his Saviour!

The *sympathy* of woman is one of the crowning excellencies of her nature. This is the golden chain that unites her with loftier intelligences, and with the Deity himself. How brightly does this admirable quality shine in the hour of sorrow and anguish,—by the pillow of sickness and death! Then, indeed, does woman seem like a guardian angel sent from a higher and holier sphere, to cheer our moments of despondence and distress, to smooth our otherwise rugged passage to the tomb, and to prepare the departing spirit for a happy exit from this world of woe. Who then will endeavor, with impious hands, to withdraw her from the position she was destined to occupy, to mar the beauty and symmetry of her character, and to plunge her into the turbid waters of crime,—a loathing to herself, and a nuisance to society?

The rainbow's tints are not so bright
As the rich streak,
That like a beam of sunset light,
Gilds woman's cheek.

Not the glad notes of joyous spring,
Which charm the ear;
Nor morning lark's gay carolling,
Grateful and clear;

Are half so sweet as woman's tones,
In that lone hour;
When sorrow's bleeding bosom owns
Her holy power.

As the last, lovely, lingering ray
Beams o'er the west;
The parting glance of dying day,
Sinking to rest:

So when death's shadows darkly frown,
May woman's eye
Fringe them with brighter hues than crown
The evening sky.

BUNKER HILL CELEBRATION.—The gorgeous pageant that crowned the ceremonies on the seventeenth day of June, has faded away for ever. The voice of the gifted, the eloquent, the patriotic Webster has died upon the ears that listened to its thrilling tones. The dense multitudes that came together from all parts of the country to behold the scene, have gathered to their different, and many of them to their distant homes. The sounds of merriment and exultation that rent the air continually, have become hushed into silence. The whole, event has passed into history. But the memory of that glorious occasion will remain as fresh as ever in the minds of those who participated in its festivities, until the last spark of life is extinguished.

Among the thousands that went on a pilgrimage to Bunker Hill, to assist in paying appropriate honors to the completion of the magnificent obelisk, that adorns its heights, there was one—an old and gallant soldier—who had joined in the conflict which the monument was erected to commemorate, and had mingled his blood with that of his "fellow rebels" in the eventful struggle which occurred on that very spot. At the age of four-score-and-ten years, he prosecuted a journey of five hundred miles, to lay his last offering on the shrine of his country's independence, and to revive once more the affecting reminiscences of his earlier life. It proved with him the closing act of the great drama of his protracted and chequered existence. The day subsequent to the jubilee, he was prostrated by an attack of the prevailing epidemic, and expired after a brief illness, in the blissful hope of a glorious immortality. Noble, patriotic man! May he sleep sweetly now that "life's fitful fever is over." His remains were interred with martial honors, in the verdant bosom of Mount Auburn, and a suitable monument is to be raised to his memory.

An affecting incident is related respecting the visit of this same venerable relic of the revolution to this same place, just eighteen years before, to witness the laying of the corner stone of the majestic pyramid, on whose summit now the earliest rays of the rising sun love to linger. As he ascended the hill to the site of consecration, the immortal Lafayette—his compatriot in arms, and his ardent friend in the "times that tried men's souls,"—gazing upon him for an instant with a searching curiosity, exclaimed, in an exstacy of the most stirring emotion, "Good God! here is Captain Cleaveland!"

THE LATE GRENVILLE MELLEN.—The article appearing in the present number of this magazine, was the *last ever written* by the lamented and never-to-be-forgotten deceased.

NEW BOOKS.—'THE LOST SHIP; OR, THE ATLANTIC STEAMER.'—This is a thrilling and affecting work by the author of "Cavendish," and is as interesting as it is startling in its incidents and details. Every one, who has cherished the slightest interest in the mysterious fate of that magnificent steamer—the President, which left our harbor for the coast of England, in the spring of 1841, and has never since been heard of, will peruse this volume with the deepest attention. "MCCULLOCH'S UNIVERSAL GAZETTEER."—This is a Dictionary, geographical, statistical and historical, of the various countries, places, and principal natural objects in the world. The articles, which it embraces, in relation to the United States, have been greatly multiplied and extended, and adapted to the present condition of our vast country and the wants of its numerous citizens. It is truly an admirable work, and should occupy a conspicuous place in the library of every American. The Harpers are now issuing it in beautiful numbers,—to be completed in eighteen,—embellished with excellent maps and plates, and at the low price of twenty-five cents per number. "ADVENTURES OF HERNAN CORTES, THE CONQUEROR OF MEXICO."—A neat little volume with an engraved portrait of the wonderful man, whose history is its subject, prefixed. It was written expressly to interest and benefit the young, and the author has abundantly succeeded in his laudable design. While the book is unencumbered with useless authorities, which are always tedious and perplexing to the youthful mind, nothing is advanced in it but upon the clearest evidence of its authenticity. It is from the press of D. Appleton & Co. "ALLISON'S HISTORY OF EUROPE; No. 10."—This important and valuable work is rapidly approaching its completion under the enterprise and industry of its indefatigable publishers. Aside from the useful historical knowledge it furnishes, it is written in a polished and beautiful style. Every scholar, at least, should have it in his possession. "THE FALSE HEIR:" *Harper & Brothers.*—This will prove an entertaining and acceptable book to the admirers of James,—and where is the romance reader who is not? The plot is well conceived, and affectively drawn out, and the whole is gotten up in the chaste and charming style of the author. To say, however, that it is equal to some of his former productions would be to speak an untruth, for, in despite of its many splendid passages, were this his only effort it would place him merely in the rank of middling writers. "THE HOME; OR, FAMILY CARES."—There is a vein of stirring incidents pervading this translation, which cannot fail to rivet the attention and delight the heart. It is written with much fluency and simplicity of language, and will richly repay a perusal. There is not a character introduced into it, but what is graphically drawn, and assists in imparting an interest to the story. "THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."—This mirth inspiring production is from the prolific pen of the facetious Charles Dickens. If any one is suffering beneath a severe attack of the *blues*, as they are technically termed, he may find an all-sufficient antidote in this "right merry" work.

THE DRAMA'S CAUSE has so far depreciated in the metropolis of America that the BOWERY is now the only place of public amusement open in New York, save and except *Niblo's*. Even at the Bowery, when the house is crammed, which is nightly the case, the prices are so inadequate to the attractions put forth, that a sufficient sum is not realized to defray the yearly expenses. This fact, we have from an undoubted source.

JESSAMINE.

THE TWINS.

Engraved for the Ladies Companion.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1843.

Original.

THE JESSAMINE.

I LOVE thee,—free and blooming native
Of a kindlier soil! Although a
Softer sky doth bathe thy loveliness
In purer airs. Thou hast a soothing
Charm, that holds each finer feeling
Of the soul, within its gentle sway,
Deeply concealed in thy bright bosom.
That secret spot, where all thy mystic
Power securely lies; no human eye
Hath e'er explored.
In words, replete with
Sweetest sympathy, thy tendrils speak
Of limbs unfettered by oppression's
Galling chain,—a soul in which proud thoughts,
More chainless than the mountain breezes,
Spring,—the mountain wind, whose curbless blast
Breathes in the sighing zephyr now, then
Sweeps, alas! in fearful strife along
The darkened sky.
The captive moaning
In his loathsome cell through many a
Weary month, 'till stern despair has crushed,
Almost, each hope within his tortured
Breast, sees in thy starry flowers, which blush
In innocence and beauty o'er him,
Smiling in sunshine, or sparkling 'neath
The perfumed showers, a type of that
For which his spirit pants. And through his
Grated lattice will he gaze for long,
Long hours, while fresher hopes than he had
Known before, are kindled up within
His dark, despairing breast.
But language
More enchanting still is thine. Over
Each tiny leaf are sentiments more
Chaste and pure inscribed, than man's frail
Intellect had e'er conceived. How
Aptly does each climbing branch, twining
Around the cottage porch, and clinging
With a strong, unyielding grasp to every
Object of its fond embrace, depict
The true and constant heart of woman,
Which knows no change, and sooner breaks
Than yields its love!
Its blossoms, too,
With which thy brow, fair girl, is wreathed,
Short-lived, and delicate, and sweet,
Just blooming on their fragile stem, and
With'ring soon if severed from the branch
On which they grew, are striking emblems
Of that early love, which unreturned,
Corrodes the spirit, and destroys the life.

Original.

THE NORTH COUNTRIE.

ADDRESSED TO D. F. B. OF PENSACOLA.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

THOU art dwelling, oh, my sister!
'Mid fragrant orange bowers,
Where the balmy air is laden
With the scented breath of flowers:
They tell me thou art happy,
And I pray that it may be—
But I know thou thinkest, sometimes,
On the bonny North Countrie.

Thou sittest in the shadow
Of an ever-blooming vine;
Will it shield thee from the tempest
Like the tall and noble pine,
That groweth on the mountain
Where pass'd our childhood free?
Ah! I know thy heart is yearning
For the bonny North Countrie.

Bright waters flash before thee
From marble fountains flung;
Are they sweet as those, cool gushing,
Which by the old rock sprung?
Oh! with a spirit thirsting,
I know thou long'st to be
Once more beside the mossy well,
In the bonny North Countrie.

New friends have gather'd round thee
In thy bright and sunny home—
Will they cling to thee as fondly,
Should dark misfortune come,
As those who mourn'd thy sorrows,
And shared their joys with thee,
Ere thy young footsteps wandered
From the bonny North Countrie?

Thy sky is all unclouded,
Thy pathway strew'd with flowers;
And o'er thy head fly lightly,
Life's golden morning hours:
Yet should its storms o'ertake thee—
Then from their fury flee,
To those whose love will shield thee,
In the bonny North Countrie.

And though the home of childhood—
The valley and the hill—
The shelt'ring tree—the fountain
Whose pleasant murmur still
Thou hearest in thy night-dreams,
Thine, never more may be,
There are kind hearts still beating,
In the bonny North Countrie.

Original.

DONALD FAY;

OR, THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN IDLE MOMENT

A TALE FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'QUADROON,' ETC.

"Each fleeting moment may be that point of time
On which doth hang our destiny for good or ill."

Donald Fay, the hero of our tale of true life, had been, at the time of his marriage, sixteen years before the story opens, a thrifty young farmer on Bergen Hill; no one bade fairer to arrive at independence. His landlord was indulgent, and leased him his house, barn, and forty acres, at a rate that, with industry, he easily paid the first three years, and laid by something for a "rainy day." Sarah, his wife, was an excellent, frugal, and industrious partner, just such an one as a young farmer, in his condition, needed, a "help-meet" truly in every thing he did towards advancing the prosperity of his situation. She had presented him, also, with a little girl, a year after his marriage, and the interesting prattler, as it reached its third year, he felt united him closer to its fair mother, and was an additional spur to his industry. There were many ways by which Donald increased his profits, and turned all his labors to advantage, which are unknown to farmers living at a distance from a great city. His little farm was but three miles from New York, on the south side of Bergen Hill in Jersey, and an hourly ferry, at that time, gave him easy access to the market. Besides butter, eggs and poultry, which Sarah took to market twice a week, he, himself, hired and sent in a man with milk every morning to a large number of regular customers, the receipts from which were no small income at the year's end; besides, he found in the city, a ready cash market for his pork, veal and mutton, for his hay, corn and other produce. Thus Donald Fay was a thrifty farmer, and promised, one day, to be as rich a man as Henry Brevoort and others, who began the world in a small way, like him. Three years he had been thus prosperous, and as he was not intemperate, there seemed no prospect of any check being put to it, so long as he remained in health, and his wife proved so frugal. But Donald was avaricious! The more money he made, the more he loved it; and at length he began to think he did not make it fast enough. He had calculated, and found that it would take him a good many years to get as rich as some of his neighbors; and he was ambitions to be rich! This was the period when lotteries—those curses which are paralelled only by distilleries—filled a large share of the public mind. Every body was talking of them, and every body felt tempted to leave the honest and laborious toil by which they lived, to arrive suddenly at twelve by a lucky turn of the wheel of Fortune. The mania filled the land, and men became discontented with labor, and leaving their benches, their ploughs, their hammers and their anvils, flocked to the lottery-offices to win riches by a turn of the lottery director's hand. But Donald Fay had been too attentive to his farm, and the routine of his daily business, to pay much attention to the subject of lotteries; and if he ever spoke of them, it was without thinking of himself, or of improving his position in connection with them. But it chanced that one day he had sold off the mutton, veal, turkies and geese he had brought to market, a little earlier than usual; when, instead of going directly home, as he should have done, he lingered about the market, idly looking at the other seller's stalls, and proudly, in his heart, comparing them with his own neat stand, clean bench and polished meat hooks. But idleness is a dangerous indulgence; time accidentally gained, should be twice improved, instead of indolently spent. Five idle minutes after Donald had closed his stall, laid the foundation for years of future sorrow.

While he was carelessly lounging through the market, a lively young butcher who had often come out to his farm the year before, to buy of him sheep, and a beeve or two to kill for market, but who, having become intemperate, had, of late, so neglected his business, that he rarely now had money to purchase even a single lamb, came up and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Donald, my man, glad to see you! how do you come on out there to Bergen?"

"Oh, very well, James," said Donald, not feeling quite at ease in the society of his quondam friend, since he had taken to drinking.

"Very well, hey, Donald!" repeated Jim Talbot, with a slight sneer; "I don't call it very well to rise early and go to bed late, the year round, just to get together three or four hundred dollars to put in bank at the end o' the year!"

"I think, for a poor man like me, who am nothing but a small farmer, and a tenant at that, Jamie, I would do well to lay by four hundred dollars clear of the world each christmas!"

"Hoit, man! You will always be a 'poor man,' as you say, and a tenant, too," said Jim, loudly; "you don't know what is for your interest. You want to be a rich man, Donald; now tell the truth."

"Yes I would prefer to be independent," said Donald, his eyes brightening at the thought.

"I know it—I see it in you! You work like a dog! but riches don't come of hard work, nor never did! I have learned that, and so have knocked off, this eight months," said Jim, a little tipsily.

"But I don't see that you are growing any richer the last eight months," said Donald, with a smile, glancing at Jim's old coat, greasy vest, and badly worn trowsers, while a glance a little lower showed him that his shoes were through at the toes, and sadly one-sided at the heels.

"No, not yet; not yet, my boy," said Jim, with a hiccup; "but I am going to be—d——d soon too! I guess you'll stare, Donald, lad, when you are driving along Broadway in your milk-cart, to see me ride past you in my own carriage."

"Guess I should, Jamie."

"You needn't look so incredulous, Donald. But come with me into Burling's cellar, and take a mug of ale. You don't drink, I know, but ale wont hurt you."

"No, Jamie, I thank you. But how are you going to get rich so all of a sudden?" asked Donald, his avarice, which was ever topmost in his heart, roused by his late friend's words—trifling and scarcely worthy of a sober man's attention as they were.

"Come down in the cellar, and I'll talk with you. You'll be glad to learn it, and repent all your life if you don't. I can show you how to get rich without such a slave's life as you have of it. You do work hard—d——d hard, don't you, Donald?" and Jamie hung his arm familiarly over Donald's shoulder.

"Why, I do work—yes, perhaps I work hard, Jamie—but then I have to, or I'd never get along;" answered Donald, already beginning to feel the insinuating temptation to idleness that irresistibly followed Jamie's words. "Let me hear your plan, Jamie?"

"Come along into Burling's," said Jim, pulling him by the arm; "you needn't drink—though a pint of ale wouldn't harm a baby. Come along, and I'll talk with you. I've always been a friend to you, Donald, and I want you to profit by it as well as myself. Come!"

Donald suffered himself to be led by Jim Talbot from the market house to the cellar beneath it, a place which he had never suffered himself to enter during his three years' marketing there; but he excused himself on the plea that Jamie probably had some scheme in view for him to improve his fortune, and which it would not be prudent for him to let pass without learning the nature of it, and seeing what facilities it afforded for enriching himself; in a word, his avarice chose to consider it a matter of business! for as all "business" involves the acquisition of money on one side or the other, so all interviews relating to the acquisition of money are "business engagements." Thus reasoned Donald's avaricious disposition with his conscience, which condemned him for going into a drinking cellar; and so avarice led him into his first temptation.

After Jamie had got into the dark, damp and noisome apartment, with its broken floor, its little dirty boxes, to hold two men placed on each side, with its smoky atmosphere and crowd of topers, swearing, hugging each other, and drinking ,and singing songs, Jim led him to one of the blue painted boxes, holding him the while fast by the arm, as he saw he didn't like the place, nor the company, and was inclined to retreat.

"Come, Donald, never mind these—let's take seats in this snug box; we can drop the curtain, and here, with our elbows on the table between us, talk as we like, and be as private as a lady's parlor."

Donald, now that he had got into the cellar, was by no means sorry to escape from view into the little dark nook, from the front of which Jamie held up a dirty, greasy piece of sixpenny calico, which he had dignified by the appellation of "curtain." A narrow board, which the same personage had dignified by the name of a table, was placed lengthwise within it, and covered with a coarse towel, which, for Jamie's sake, might, in courtesy, be called a table-cloth. It was covered with filthy blotches of all sorts of abominations that had been partaken off it for the last three weeks, and sent up to Donald's nose a compound odor, that, like Paddy Goulan's polecat, had no particular smell—but not a very 'pertickerly swate one.' At the farther end sat black japaned castors, the muddy-looking and broken-nosed cruits containing articles that evidently were meant to represent pepper, vinegar and mustard; near it stood a glass salt-cellar, containing a whity-brown material, with the imprints therein of the fore-finger and thumb of some previous occupant of the box.

Before entering, Jim had tipped the bar-keeper a wink which he understood, from a sometime knowledge of his customer's habits, to mean two brandies; so they had hardly got seated, before he lifted the curtain, and placed on the table a dirty waiter, containing two stiff glasses of brandy and water.

"No; but one brandy, Burling—this gentle-

man drinks ale," said Jim, placing sixpence on the waiter to pay for the two glasses, at three cents each.

"I thank you, Jamie," said Donald, decidedly, "I wont drink any thing. I never do—you know I am a sober man!"

"Oh, yes, the gentleman is a sober man, Tom," said Jim, significantly, to the keeper of the cellar, a little offended at the moral superiority over him the words implied; but never mind, he'll drink with me! Take away the brandy, and give us a mug of Albany;" for Jim had now resolved he should, at all events, drink with him.

"No, no, I don't wish it," said Donald.

The man had already disappeared, and soon returned with the ale foaming white above the lip of the pewter mug.

"Set it down, Tom. Now, Donald, here's your health, and success to our being rich men! Take it, take it up, man—what, wont you drink that toast?"

Donald half-extended his hand towards the mug—colored, hesitated, and then drew it back.

"Now, then, if a man considers himself too good to drink with another," said Jim, setting down, untasted, the glass he had lifted to his mouth, quite offended; "I don't see what he need trouble himself about him for; you may stay poor for all I will show you a way to get rich, Mr. Fay; if I ant fit to drink with, I ant fit to sit with;" and with these words Jim got up to leave the box.

"Stop, Jamie," said Donald, forcing a smile; a glass of ale is neither here nor there, between friends. So sit down, and I'll drink with you for this once, though I don't need it, if ye'll never ask me again."

"Well, this once, then, Donald!" said Jim, mollified, and sitting down; "I hate to see a fellow so stiff up, that he thinks nobody good enough for him just because he keeps sober. D——n such fellows! Give me a boy that'l take his glass with a friend, and grasp his hand over it as if he had a warm heart in his breast. Here, then, is to you, Donald," added Jim, touching Donald's mug, which he had taken in his hand; "and success to our enterprize."

Jim's brandy and water went quickly the way of all brandies and water, in the hands of an amateur like him; Donald's ale disappeared less quickly, but he finally emptied his mug, for the first taste of it inspired a peculiar thirst, which, though he did not intend to drink but little of it, he could not help yielding to.

"That's a friend, now, Donald," said Jim, taking his hand across the board, and squeezing it in a very tipsy friendly way; "I like to see a man come down to a level with his friends."

These words struck Donald very unpleasantly, and he felt uneasy and sorry he had taken the ale; the reflection forced itself upon him—I have indeed come down to the level which he would drag me to! Instead of elevating him to mine, by dissuading him from drink, I have suffered myself to fall to his! and he inwardly resolved never to drink another glass again under any circumstances. Avarice had thus led Donald to take the first step in intemperance!

"Well, Jamie, now you have got me down here, and made me drink with you, let me know what is the way of getting so soon rich as you spoke of."

"Well, you see, Donald, it's a dull life this, to work 'till we are old and worn out, to get rich; and I have made up my mind, as I told you long ago, to quit it! I mean to live like a gentleman."

"But how, Jamie, how?" demanded Donald, impatiently.

"Why, you see, I was yesterday down in Nassau street, and, being thirsty, I wanted something to drink, in course; so finding, you see, I had, somehow, left my purse at home, I hadn't a red cent—no, not a red cent, Donald! A fix, was'nt it for a gentleman to be in that means to ride in his carriage! So, thinks I to myself, I must have a drink if I have to work for it—because, it was a all-fired ways to get at my purse!"

"I dare say, Jamie," said Donald dryly.

"Yes, and so I looked about for a chance to do a odd job, for a minute to get a sixpence; and I saw a fellow ragged as a beggar leading an old worn-out horse with two bags filled with street-pickings across his back. Says he, seeing by my looks I was'nt very particular what I did, 'hold my horse till I jest go up them are steps, and I'll give you three cents.' I did'nt like the chap's looks over much, nor his horse's neither, but when a man's dry, he'll do any thing to get the metal to pay for a drink."

"Water don't cost any thing, Jamie."

"Water don't quench my thirst, Donald; water was only made to mix liquor in—raw water gives a man the cholic. I told the chap if he'd pay me in advance (for I did'nt believe he had three cents, and I knew if he went off his old horse would'nt bring me that—) I'd do it. Well, he launches out the coppers and hands them to me and I takes hold o' the rope to hold the critter—though he looked more like an animal in danger of taking root on the ground right where he stood, than

moving of his own free will. He had'nt been gone up the steps more than two minutes, when he threw up the window over my head and told me 'to let the old horse go to the devil—for he did'nt want to see him or his bags again.' I did'nt stop to be told a second time, but hitting the critter a kick, set him moving, while I stopped and wondered what the fellow had got since he went up. So, thinks I, I'll see; and climbed up the stairs after him. At the top was a door set all round with red and green pasteboard signs, with "Lottery Office" on it large as life. Over the door was, "Wheel of Fortune," "The Mint," "The way to Wealth," "The Ladder to Riches," and all such things. I walked in, and there I saw this ragged chap lolling over a pile of gold and silver and bank notes that two chaps was counting out to him as fast as they could move their fingers, and there was'nt fingers enough at that for all the money heaped up before 'em. Well, the old fellow like a basket full of smiles! He no sooner saw me than he sung out, coming and hugging me round the neck"—

"Hurrah, I've drawn a prize—ten thousand dollars! down cash! Hurrah!" and he run back to his money again.

"A prize," said I, staring at the gold.

"Yes, sir," said a man who had been writing, and came up to me, as perlite as a pair of tongs bowing to a poker, "this gentleman has drawn a prize of ten thousand dollars. He came in here two weeks ago and bought it—saying it was the last money he had and he had been four months getting that; and now to-day he has brought his ticket and finds himself a rich man, as if by magic. You had best purchase a ticket, Sir—Whole's, $16; halves, $8; quarter's, $4; eighths, $2." And he shoved in my face a little pile of blue and red tickets.

"Money down, fifteen per cent off, the very hour the prize is drawn. Best buy, Sir! No way like this to get rich!"

"I tell you, Donald, the sight o' the gold made my eyes water; and when I thought if only I had sixteen dollars how rich I could be, I began to make up my mind to try and raise the wind. While I was thinking about it, and gloating on the money the ragged fellow was tying up in a pocket handkerchief they sold him, I began to think you would like to know this; and as you had plenty o' money and would'nt mind sixteen dollars, you might like to try your luck. So, I said, I'd tell you about it when you come to market this morning; and you see, Donald, I've been as good as my word."

"I thank you, Jamie, indeed and in truth," said Donald warmly grasping his hands; "but then I doubt if it would be right to venture in a lottery. It is a species of gambling I'm thinking."

"No more than if you buy a calf for five dollars, and keep and fat it till it netts you forty as a beeve. It is venturing a little to receive more! Come, let us have one more drink! Here, Burling, give us two more glasses—ale and brandy."

"No, Jamie, indeed!" protested Donald, though fainter than he had done at first, for the one glass he had indulged in had weakened his resolution, and increased his thirst; while, at the same time, it had, from his uniform sobriety, flown into his head, and added to the excited hopes, created by Jamie's narrative, made him a "little happy." Jamie saw this, and felt that he had to make use of but a little more persuasion, after the ale should be brought to induce him to drink a second time with him; for next to his fondness so characteristic of inebriates, of having some one hob and nob within his cups, he felt as degraded drunkards all do, a pleased revenge in bringing a sober and steady acquaintance of better days down to his own beastial level.

"But I cannot venture a lottery, Jamie," he said, after Burling had placed on the table the replenished glasses; "it is a sin, and God would not bless it."

"None of your Methodistical cant, now, Donald; you would over-reach a neighbor in a fair bargain and never think to ask God's forgiveness for it in your go-to-bed prayers. Here you've only got to plank the hard pewter of your own honest earnings, and wait the turn of a wheel to know if you are to be worth twenty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars."

"But I can't play in a lottery, for it, Jamie; it goes again' my conscience. I should never enjoy the wealth come of gambling. It's a great temptation to an honest man, though Jamie."

"And many an honest man hath suffered himself to be tempted and thanked Heaven for it! But never mind, let it go; I only thought to do you a favor, knowing you worked so hard to get money. Come, drink off your ale!" And Jim watching his opportunity secretly poured into it half of the brandy out of his own glass.

"I don't want it, Jamie," said Donald, taking it up, "but seeing it is you, and the last glass, I'll do it to oblige you. Here's to you kindly, Jamie."

"Then here's to you, kindly back again, Donald," answered the plotting Jim, who, having no money himself, had laid and matured this plan to get Donald to buy both for himself and him. He now, that it had progressed so far, resolved

not to be defeated in his own expectations of wealth, the basis of which was to be Donald's purse—the purse which he very probably alluded to when relating his adventure with the ragged chiffonier and his horse. He knew enough of Donald's principles to know that he would be likely to refuse, much as he loved to grow rich, to adventure money in a lottery; he therefore, determined to tempt him to drink, trusting to his avaricious curiosity to lead him into the snare.

"That ale is good, very good—but I think something stronger than the last mug," said Donald, with the tears gushing from his eyes. "I think it has got into my nose! I'll drink no more, Jamie, dear."

"It won't hurt you. It does a man good to take something once in a while. A cold water stomach is like a wet rag. I wonder temperance people don't mortify inside for want of proper keeping! Spirits is the pickle to keep mankind in!"

"Yes, yes, good—pickle—good!" hiccupped Donald: on whose brain the mixed ale and brandy was taking effect. "He, he, he! You're a d——d good fellow, Jamie."

"I knew you'd say so—I knew it, Donald! Now you're coming out! You'd be a gentleman if 'twant for your confounded sobriety."

"So, s–s–so, sobriety?"

"Yes, I said sobriety, Donald," answered Jamie, who saw with pleasure his friend was getting into the condition he would see him; "you are a good fellow, too!"

"A, a–m I—am I! Jamie! I say, Jamie," and Donald put an arm round his neck, "Jamie, I say?"

"Well, Donald?"

"Do you know, I think—I think, you are a good fellow."

"You just told me so."

"D–d–d—did, did I, Jamie?"

"Yes."

"Then you're I devilish good fel–fel–fel—I say—Jamie?"

"What, Donald?" answered Jamie, whose own experience now telling him, the time was come to make his friend do any thing.

"I say, you know where that, that lot–lot—"

"Lottery," cried Jamie eagerly, completing the word Donald drunkenly stumbled at.

"Yes, lottery! I say, Jamie, do you know?"

"I'll go with you there, now," said Jim rising and taking Donald's arm.

"That's a good fellow—did'nt I just say you was a good fellow?"

"Yes—come along!"

"I am coming—I mean to buy a ticket, Jamie."

"Well, let us go," said Jamie persuading and coaxing him as if he feared his game would slip his net, and he led him out of the box, whispering to Burling to order a hackney coach.

Without resistance, but giving his will wholly up to Jem's direction, he suffered himself to be led quite tipsy, to the coach. Jim jumped in after him, and the driver receiving his orders, drove in the direction of Nassau street.

"I—is—is this *your* coach, Jamie?" asked poor Donald, as they drove rapidly along.

"Yes, Donald, my boy," said Jim, elated; did'nt I tell you I was going to ride in a coach of my own?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I recollect! I say, Jamie, I want to buy one of those lottery tickets, hey?"

"You shall, Donald; we are going there now."

"You are a goo–good fellow, Jamie; give us your hand, Jamie."

"Have you any money with you, Donald, lad?" asked Jamie in a low solicitous tone.

"Money! yes, Jamie I always have money; what should I do without money; I never leave my pur–pur–purse at home, Jamie," said Donald with a drunken shrewdness often seen in men in his state, and winking tipsily at Jim.

Jim did not blush, though nature tried to for him, but the mirror in his cheek through which she would have reflected was too thickly coated with vice and hardihood. He felt, however, that Donald had his wits about him, and that he must play his hand with caution. "Count and see if you have sixteen dollars, Donald."

"Sixteen! s–s–s–sixteen dol–dollars," he repeated, taking out his pocket-book, with the kind assistance of the hardy Jim, and opening it; "sixteen—yes—here is ten—five—that's fifteen, an't it, Jamie?" he hiccupped and looking up with a vacant stare.

"Yes, Donald."

"Yes—I thought—thought so! but that a'nt sixteen, Jamie."

"There is a twenty and five, besides," said Jim eagerly.

"I know that, but I only want sixteen—here's a one to—to—to make it!" and he drew a one from between two leaves of the pocket book.

"Oh, but you will buy two tickets, Donald?" said Jim, quickly.

"And what will I buy two for, Jamie?" asked Donald with characteristic caution.

"You will give me one, you know, Donald, dear, for telling you;" said Jim in his most insinuating way.

"Oh, no, man Jamie! Sixteen dollars is much to lose, without throwing away six–six–teen on you, Jamie. What do you want a ti–ti–ticket for, Jamie? You are too poor to want a ticket. You'd get drunk."

Jamie's feelings were hurt, by this unkind cut —in plain terms he was angry at Donald. Donald took out the sixteen dollars, and began to shut up his pocket book, preparatory to replacing it in its customary receptacle. Jim saw at a glance, that he would get no ticket with Donald's leave. He was not so drunk, but his avarice would be sober. He was not "drunk all over." Jim felt that the crisis had arrived for himself; and that unless he could manage adroitly, he would have lost his morning's work, to the sole benefit of his avaricious friend. This disinterested issue was no part of his original tactics.

Donald had began to tie it with very tipsy fingers, when Jim managed, as the carriage jolted in crossing the gutter, to knock himself against him, and throw the pocket book to the bottom of the carriage.

"Oh, confound this hackman! I'll pick it up, Donald," cried Jim, stooping down so that Donald could not have stooped himself, if he had wished to, and while seeming to be feeling for it, he slipped out the twenty dollar note, and concealed it in his cuff, and handed him the book, though not without first assiduously blowing and brushing the dirt off. "Here it is—not hurt a bit;" and he thrust it into his friends pocket and made him button his coat over it, lest, he said, "some rogue should pick it!" What a pleasant circumstance it must be for a drunken gentleman to have at such times, a "friend in need!"

At length, they alighted at the Lottery Office, and Donald, after a little delay, for a man in liquor, invariably makes a slow bargain, the ticket was purchased, and he placed it in his pocket book without missing the note Jim had stolen. They then returned to the cellar, when Jim dismissed the hack after paying the hackman a dollar, leaving nineteen for himself. He could not, nor did he now try very hard, to persuade Donald to drink again; and the friends soon afterwards parted; Donald Fay to go home with a head ache to wake up the ensuing morning late, feverish, and worst of all, with a heavy conscience; Jim to purchase one-sixteenth of a ticket, and spend the night and the whole of the following week, frolicing on his remaining eighteen. Thus, in one of these individuals, intemperance had led to poverty, deception, and finally to crime; in the other, a few idle moments had found the way to dissolute companions, intemperance and gambling; throwing down the bulwarks of principle, and letting in vice and folly to run riot over the moral guerdon of the heart. Suffice it to say that Donald's ticket was a blank, and he himself became a ruined man—a drunkard and an outcast. J. H. I.

Original.

TO CELIA ——.

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL, JR.

As the moon-beam steals softly
At eve o'er the stream,
At the hour when the fairies
In flower cups dream:—

As the star-light rests gently
On streamlet and sea,
While the soft air is laden
With charm'd melody:—

As the brooklet light flowing
Seems blithesome and gay,
While its wavelets of crystal
Bound on their bright way:—

As the dew-drop at morning
Rests on the soft flow'r,
While the zephyr's light whisper
Is heard in the bow'r:—

May thy days be like star-light—
The zephyr and stream,
And as bright—flow as gentle
As youth's rosy dream;—

As the brooklet and dew-drop
Bright, sparkling and free
May each hour clear and sunny
Flow onward with thee!

Oswego, N. Y., July, 1843.

Original.

SONNET.—THE MINDS OF ELD.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

The wise, the learned, and the great of Eld
In iron days have written with pens of iron
Wild histories that, halo-like, environ
Their names with holy glory. Some have held
These sacred relics of these noble souls
As heathen dreams, but then the purely wise
Know that from out the Past great thoughts arise
With might to crumble even the adamant poles.
For me, go bring a goblet all embossed
With flowers and fawns and Hebes ruby-lipped,
Dug out from some old pyramidal crypt,
And from the light of Life for ages lost,
That, with an Io Pæan I may pour
Libation to those Titan Minds of Yore.

Original.

THE SPIRIT-BOND.

A FANTASY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"In immeasurable heights above us,
At our first birth, the wreath of love was woven,
With sparkling stars for flowers."—*The Piccolomini.*

"Those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day;
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make,
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence."—*Wordsworth.*

THERE is, in my possession, a very curious book, published some thirty years ago, of which I have never seen but a single copy. It is entitled, "La Pittura parlante, ovvero, Il Cuore et lo Spirito;" which may be literally translated, "The Speaking Picture, or, the Heart and the Mind." What was the actual end and aim of the writer, I cannot pretend to determine, for the work is extremely desultory in its character, and evidently unfinished in its design. Perhaps there may be a later volume, necessary to the full understanding of the one now in question, but, if there be such a one, I have not yet met with it. The book is filled with graphic sketches of romantic incidents, and reminiscences of impassioned feelings; it is just such a book, in short, as a truthful picture of the heart and mind must ever be,—disclosing many a by-past error, unveiling many a scarce-suspected weakness, and arresting many a speculative fancy. From among the various strange things, which pleased me in the volume, I have selected one, rather because it was quite unconnected with other parts of the work, than from its actual superiority. It seems like an attempt at developing one of the most beautiful of our fanciful theories of a higher state of being; and in thus offering to the reader a literal translation of this "Wandering of the Mind," I would premise that I have left the main part of the work as yet untouched. I would not destroy a fine piece of mosaic for the sake of exhibiting its component parts, but I would not hesitate to pick up a pebble which the workmen had thrown carelessly aside;—and thus have I done with this Glimpse into Pre-existence.

—

In the boundless realms of space,—far, far beyond the blue ether which confines the limited vision of man, lies the beautiful world where abide the spirits destined to inhabit mansions of flesh in this lower sphere. Perpetual spring reigns in that clime of eternal youth. Fadeless flowers, renewed in fresh beauty by the sweet breath of the evening breeze which closes their delicate petals in slumber, enamel the verdant meads;—fruits, such as had their birth in Eden, blush upon every bough;—trees, of rare beauty, wearing every tint of that sweet color, which we mortals fancy to be most symbolic of hopefulness, stand in changeless verdure;—pellucid streams murmur placidly along their grassy banks, or break with pleasant and soothing melody upon the pebbly strand. All things are young,—all things are beautiful. The sweet changes of the rosy dawn, the fervent noon-tide and the dewy twilight relieve by their varied loveliness the sweet monotony of existence. *Night*, alone,—dark, sin-veiling, passion-curtaining night, alone, is suffered not to shroud with its blackness the glorious bowers of juvenescence.

Here, in these scenes of bliss dwell the pure and sinless souls which come fresh from the hand of the Almighty,—the beings of his breath,—creatures made in His image, and bearing upon their unsullied brows the signet of Eternity. Here dwell they in happiness, deep, calm, unutterable, until the moment ordained for their entrance into mortal life,—the moment when the joys of a sinless nature must be resigned for the duties of an early mission. Here dwell they in the perfect peace of love and unity, for never are they placed in solitariness amid these lonely shades. Twin-born, they dwell in pairs, bound together by a sense of inseparable one-ness,—a consciousness of simultaneous existence; and as indissolubly united are those twin-spirits in that fair world, as are the soul and body during their continuance in this world of sin and sorrow.

Two such spirits suddenly found themselves in existence. They knew not how—they asked not whence they came;—*to be* was sufficient for their happiness. They lived—they loved;—for in that pure region, Life was but another word for Love. They had awakened as from a deep sleep to find themselves among creatures resembling their own bright beauty; and a choral hymn of joy had welcomed the advent of the newly-created spirits. From that moment they were sentient beings, and the measure of their peaceful days was mutual Love. They knew no name,—these twin-born spirits: "My Soul:—Life of my Soul:—Light of my Life:—Mine own sweet Self:" such were the epithets which each bestowed upon the other. Alike were they, too, in form and visage,—save that the one had the broad front and noble proportions which, in this world, appertain to stately manhood; while the other was lower of stature, finer in the delicate symmetry of limbs, and wore a meek, up-looking tenderness in her bright face.

Both were fair,—for were they not the untainted, unsullied creatures of God's hand? Both were goodly to look upon,—for were they not sinless and passionless? Happy, thrice happy were those twin souls in that glorious realm of beauty and of love. Few words were needed to express their joyfulness, for they were ever side by side, and the look which beamed from the earnest eyes of one, saw its own reflection in the tender glances of the other.

Alas! why were they allowed to be so happy? Why were beings, already preordained to suffer all the chances and changes of this mortal life,—why were they filled with such unutterable joy? Why were they placed in those regions of bliss, since they were destined so soon to leave those sweet retreats for the bleak, cold wilderness of earth?

Peace, vain questioner! seek not to read that which is wisely hidden from thine eyes. Look into thine own heart, and be still,—for there will be found the response to all that thou canst ask. When the cup of earthly felicity has been brimmed to thy thirsting soul, has not a wild yearning for some bliss unattained and unattainable, made the rich draught almost tasteless? and what was that but a longing for the forgotten Amreeta cup from which thou once didst quaff, and whose sweetness yet lingers on thy unsated lips? When all that earth can give of glory and honor gathers round thy head, does not a vague and undefined vision of something higher still, come before thy mental vision, and with its nobler brightness dim the splendor of thy grovelling pride? When misfortune comes upon thee,—when the blackness of darkness overshadows thee, and no help or hope seems present with thee, hast thou not lifted up thine eye to Heaven, and sought to image the peace which belongeth to the children of God,—the peace which seemeth to thee less a fancy than a remembrance,—the peace which in thy state of sinlessness thou didst once enjoy? Ay, to each and all of us have come these pure aspirations; and how could our dull and blunted faculties have ever been awakened to such lofty visions, if we had not once *known* what "it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive?" How could our grovelling human nature be ever raised from the mire of sensual indulgence, and lifted up to grasp the hope of immortality, if a dim foreknowledge of its joys did not aid our trembling faith?

The time came when the twin-born were to enter upon their mission of duty and of suffering. Ignorant of the future as of the past, and dwelling in sweet enjoyment of present peacefulness, they saw not the approaching sorrow. They had wandered together beneath the noontide glow of sunshine, until wearied with very joy, they sunk to repose beside a murmuring rivulet, which sang its quiet song amid the painted flowers. Clasped in each other's arms, the gentler and fairer spirit reclined her head upon the broad breast where she had ever found protection, and while his lips pressed her brow with the pure, fervent, passionless tenderness of a brother's love, the wings of sleep overshadowed them. Deep and tranquil was their slumber:—no evil thing came nigh those innocent and loving creatures;—no prophetic dream sent the image of coming sorrow into their hearts.

At the very hour when these fair creatures reposed in their gentle beauty amid the amaranth bowers of eternal youth,—at that very hour a voice of wail awoke in two of those little communities,—those pretty microcosms of earth,—which we call *families*. The half suppressed moan of bitter anguish was heard, and pale and ghastly with mortal pain, were the faces of those on whom the curse of womanhood had fallen in all its deepest bitterness. But when did the judgment of God pronounce a curse, which His mercy did not convert into a blessing on the children of Adam? The anguish has passed away,—the feeble voice of prayer and praise ascends to Heaven; for passionate and loving human hearts are thanking God for the children which have that day been born unto the world.

Fearful in its agony was the awakening of those twin-born souls to mortal existence. They had closed their eyes in slumber amid all beautiful and glorious things,—they had lain down in peace and joy, happy and united as at the moment of their creation. They awoke to a sense of insupportable pain: a weight was upon their free limbs:—and the wings which had once borne them through the ambient air, were fallen off. Their eyes looked out from dim and narrow loopholes, and beheld objects dark, gloomy and strange. Their voices issued in a shrill and discordant wail from lips distorted by suffering. They were imprisoned in flesh,—bound in the fetters of clay,—and their feeble and impotent struggles to free themselves from these frightful bonds, seemed only the unmeaning gestures of a new-born babe. Their first consciousness was of pain,—bodily pain,—which till now they could not know; but the next sensation,—and it was the most agonizing,—was that of being torn asunder from each other. Their earthly existence was begun;—the twin-born souls were

dissevered;—each was in a prison-house *alone!*—*alone!*—chained down to suffer—to live and to die *alone!*

Oh! what bright and beautiful dreams came to the fancy of these wailing infants, as they lay in feeble helplessness amid those who were henceforth to be their friends and kindred! How many recollections of their prior life brightened their slumbers, and added new pangs to their waking hours! How many a gleam of heavenly light from the Paradise they had left, still lingered upon their enchained souls. Yet each knew nought of the other, for their spiritual nature was now confined within the narrow limit of mortal perceptions. Oceans and mountains,—barriers, which in their pre-existent state would have been overpassed with the speed of thought,—now lay between those twin-born beings, who had once breathed but with one impulse. The weight of an oppressive burden crushed their souls within them;—their very voices seemed strange unto themselves, for how could they utter the dictates of a pure nature through the imperfect organs of feeble mortality?

Well is it that all earthly suffering is subject to earthly changes. Well is it that in putting on its garments of flesh, the spirit learns to love its thraldom. Well is it that human anguish is linked with human fickleness and forgetfulness. Well was it that the remembrances of their beautiful world grew fainter and fainter, as the hues of Paradise faded from their souls; and that, ere they had learned the articulate shaping of their viewless thoughts, the twin-born had forgotten their birth-place.

Time's ceaseless course went on, and the years, which had once fleeted like days in that higher world, now lagged slowly on until infancy had given place to youth. He whom we have called the manlier spirit, was, on earth, known by the name of Ernest,—and goodly was he to look upon, for the spirit within him shone through his noble beauty, and illumined it with Heaven's own light. Gifted with genius and with goodness, lofty in principle, gentle and tender in heart towards every thing that lived, he was also proud, impetuous, wilful and wayward. Yet the frailties of humanity were in him as the rust-spots on his own polished breast-plate,—but for the brightness of the surface, they had never been discovered. To see him was to admire him, to know him was to love him. His words, winged by glorious thought, were borne far and wide through the world; and ere he had reached the maturity of manhood, he had attained an eminence which to others would have cost a life-long travail.

Different, and yet most strangely similar was the character of his twin-sister in the spirit. That which in Ernest was genius, in Ernestine never rose beyond the aspirations after a higher existence. The intellectual power which remained to him of his former state of being, in her was only beautiful remembrance. He sought to create, and thus to add intensity to an existence which he felt to be lower than his own nature,—while she wished only to preserve within her heart of hearts the pure tenderness which makes this life so sweet a scene of ministry to woman. He would fain have made the creatures of his brain to wear the semblance of real and living claimants on human sympathy,—and with him to *will was to do*;—while she only hoped to awaken in other breasts those gentle impulses that thrilled her own. Both were ambitious, but the one sought renown, the other regard. Both were successful, and both lived to feel the vanity of their wishes. Wonderfully alike were they in their strong will, their generous impulses, their impassioned tenderness of nature, their waywardness of fancy, their fine sense of justice, their truthfulness, their pride, and their longings for a higher state of being. But Ernestine was most unlike, in outward seeming, to him, of whom she had once been the mirrored self. Dwarfed and unlovely in person, with a look of habitual suffering in her pale face, she had lost all that glorious beauty which had been her's in her spiritual existence. She was a woman, and deeply sensible of the value of woman's gifts and graces;—she was a woman, and keenly alive to her own personal defects. Can it be doubted that Ernestine was unhappy?

They had counted a score of years, when by one of those strange events which wear to mortals the semblance of chance, the twin-born met for the first time upon earth. All trace of their spirit-bond had long since faded from their hearts, and they were now as strangers to each other. Ernest gazed with compassion, half kindly, half contemptuous, upon the pallid and shrinking creature who stood before him. What could he,—the proud,—the gifted,—the admired,—what could he see in the unlovely being who trembled at his look? His mortal nature was one of passionate emotion; beauty was the very light of his life;—he basked in the smiles of fair women, and quaffed the rich draught of fame from the hands of noble men, until he was sated even to weariness of both. He had nothing but enjoy-

ment in life, and his world-satisfied spirit retained no remembrance of its former life,—so he looked upon the pale maiden and turned away. But she, whose mental vision had been purified by tears,—she who had lived in darkness until her eye had learned to pierce the thick gloom, could see afar off the vague shadows of the past. A dim remembrance of that prior life, and of that broken tie haunted her lonely spirit, until in the deep secresy of her woman's heart she acknowledged her Spirit-bond.

Years again passed on, and wrought out their changes as they swept along. Health had shed its balm upon Ernestine's shrunken frame, and the dwarfed and sickly and sorrowful maiden had now flung off the weight of bodily infirmities which had so cumbered her soaring mind. The thirst of her fevered heart too was quenched. She loved and was beloved, even as mortal beings love. She had won the deep and abiding tenderness of one of the noblest of God's creatures, and sons and daughters were growing up around her in infant beauty.

Ernest too, had passed through the ordeal which so severely tries and refines the character. He had concentrated all the passion of his ardent nature upon one object,—he had poured out the priceless treasures of his heart and mind at the feet of one who smiled upon the votary, while she trampled on his offering. Vanity taught her to rejoice in her triumph over that nobler spirit, but she lacked the soul to appreciate the value of the riches which he proffered. Wearied, disgusted, heart-sick, he gathered up the crushed gifts, and locking them within his heart's most secret cell, he sealed with a fearful oath, his vow that none should ever again unclose that despoiled treasure-house. Time subdued his wild anguish, but it could not restore his trusting faith. Ernest had drunk from the cup of sorrow, and henceforth he looked *upwards* for his hopes of happiness. But opportunity, that double-faced fiend, which sometimes turns on us the features of an angel, and again shows us the distorted visage of a demon,—opportunity and the thirst for human affection which consumes so many hearts, decided Ernest's destiny. There was a fair and gentle maiden, whose lonely and unprotected youth claimed his pitying tenderness. Less for his own sake than for her's—the timid and the trustful—did he woo her to be his bride, and kindly and devotedly did he watch over her comfort and happiness.

Fame and honor, and domestic peace, were now the lot of Ernest; while love, and hope, and happiness, shed their sunshine over the destiny of Ernestine. Yet, there were moments when the *one* turned with weariness from the peace which to his impetuous spirit seemed like listless indolence of soul, and when the *other* felt her heart grow cold and still amid her happiness. Why was this? Alas! those dim remembrances haunted the secret chambers of their souls. A longing after the perfect sympathy which is only found in spiritual existence, wearied their disappointed hearts. Ernest found none to read the volume of his thoughts. His gentle wife would have stood aghast had but a single page of that passion-worded book been revealed to her timid eyes. She might share his kindly emotions, but hidden deep within his bosom were vague desires, half-crushed hopes, wild imaginings, fierce emotions, ay, and maddening passions, which, like the imprisoned winds wanted only freedom to make them devastating in their power.

And Ernestine,—found she not the fulness of sympathy in her heart's deep love? Ah, when did the passion-haunted bosom ever find the sweet repose of perfect sympathy? Rare indeed, is that precious boon, and even when found, rarely is it proffered at the instant when the heart is fainting for its refreshment. They who love with the fervors of earthly passion, are as those who wander in an atmosphere of fog and mist. Objects are seen in false positions; their forms change with the shifting clouds, and while the eyes of one of the loving pair may discern the perfect outline of some distant view, the other can see only vagueness. Things wear often a different aspect to the twain, even as on Hartz mountains, one traveller perceives at early dawn, the Giant of the Hills walking his mystic rounds, while his companion sees in the same image, only an indistinct and magnified reflex of his own person. It has been most wisely ordered that the bond which unites wedded hearts, should be woven of manifold sympathies,—sympathies growing out of differences as well as similitudes of character, even as harmony is produced by a skilful introduction of an occasional discord in the concord of sweet sounds,—sympathies, which, when entwined with our best feelings form a tie which is stronger than the fetter of triple brass. But there is in every heart a 'holy of holies,' unto which earthly passion never intrudes, and when we enter in behind that veil,—when we find ourselves there *alone*—the priest, ay, and oft-times the victim in that secret sanctuary, what wonder if we feel that we would fain find a brother Levite to share our sacred ministry? Even in the most loving hearts there come moments of oppressive loneli-

ness, when we feel that we dwell solitary amid the ruins of our hopes, and thus must it ever be until this 'mortal shall put on immortality.'

Again the twin-born met. The world was around them, and cold eyes looked upon them as hand grasped hand in the cordial interchange of kindly greeting, but a sudden thrill, like that with which the night-breeze awakens the harp-string, was felt in the hearts of both. The ordeal of sorrow had been passed;—the soul was regaining some of its lost perceptions,—the unity of spirit was faintly shadowed forth, and the life of life was for an instant felt, like a pulse in the secret soul.

Why should we trace so minutely the earthly existence of those who were united in this Spirit-bond? It is but a record of those changes and sorrows which belong to all who live. Griefs came upon them, in many and varied forms. The shadow of Death often darkened their threshhold, and their steps became heavy and slow over the dust and ashes of extinguished hopes and affections. Worldly cares beset them, and temptations often resisted, but sometimes too powerful for erring mortal to repel, added the sting of remorse to the bitterness of life. But in proportion as the world lost its hold upon their hearts, did their sympathies in each other strengthen. At first there were brief and blissful meetings, succeeded by intervals of separation,—almost of forgetfulness;—then came anew the 'surprises of sudden joy,' when the delicious thrill of spirit-life, taught them the presence of a kindred nature. The deep heaviness of soul which fell upon them when, in loneliness, they indulged their vain longings and aspirations, at length taught them to respect the close-knit sympathies which united them. But never did the stain of earthly passion sully those pure bonds. The dove-like wings of spiritual love are never folded in a myrtle bower; no rose-wreaths fetter its upward flight. Brooding with protecting care over the wayward hearts which are to be purified by suffering, it awaits the moment when it may soar to a holier sphere, and catch on its radiant pinions the light which emanates from the Tree which standeth by the River of Life in the midst of Paradise.

Through many years did the twin-born spirits fulfil their mission of usefulness. The affections of their earthly nature were made to minister to the good and the happiness of all who dwelt within their influence; while the sense of their higher existence, which grew stronger as the claims of mortal life lost their value, gave them new energy to bear the heat and burden of the day. The world of sin and misery in which they dwelt had sullied, and disfigured, but it could not efface the image of God within their souls. They were weak and erring and sinful creatures, but they were also purified by their ordeal of human suffering. They waited in patient hope the moment when sorrow should have done its work, and when the released spirit should return to its place of birth.

At length the hour came, when, with dim eye, and failing breath, the strong man lay down to die in his old age. Time had dealt kindly with him, and no infirmity had marred his stately form, or weakened his noble mind. Calm as an infant on his couch of nightly rest, lay Ernest on his bed of death. Children and friends were around him; his gentle and loving wife bent tearfully over him to catch the last faint accents of his voice, but all outer things were hidden from his glazing eyes. Suddenly a vision passed before the dying man. He saw the form of one, like himself in lineaments, yet wearing the softer features of womanhood; but the seal of death was upon her brow, and the old man knew that the mighty hand of the King of Terrors had restored for one brief moment to that pale and faded form, its pristine and unsullied loveliness. At that instant his eyelids fell,—a light, like that of a sunbeam,—a sudden flashing, as if an angel's radiant wing had swept the air, gleamed over his pale face; while a voice, sweet as the summer wind whispered in his dull ear, "Come, brother,—come to the better Land."

And the spirit obeyed the spirit call. One bright look beamed from his dim eyes,—then all waxed grey and ghastly.

But high above these dark scenes of sin and misery, rose the twin-born spirits. One glance they cast upon the prison-house they had left,—one sigh they gave to those who wept with unavailing regret beside their senseless clay,—then folded in each other's arms they turned their gaze upward. But not to their glorious birth-place did they wend their way;—not to the rosy bowers of uncreated souls. Their earthly mission was fulfilled,—their spirits had known the bondage of the flesh,—they had found the freedom which belongs to the sons of God,—and now, united in the bonds of unchangeable love, the twin-born soared to the mansions of eternal happiness which await the *Created* and the *Redeemed*.

It is common to men to err; but it is only a fool that perseveres in his error; a wise man, therefore, alters his opinion, a fool never.—*Latin Proverb.*

Original.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS.—NO. II.

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Quid rectum, sit apparet,
Quid expediat, obscurum."
LIB. TRAN:
What is plain to be seen
Has no curtain between.
(A very judicious remark.)
What is very obscure,
(A fact equally sure)
Remains, as it were, in the dark.

KIT COBB, THE CABMAN,

ANOTHER LONDON SKETCH.

INTRODUCTION.

In which the author frankly acknowledges his ignorance.

IT is not in my power to give you the slightest account of my hero's birth, and early experience, indeed it would be very hard if I were called upon to do any thing of the kind, seeing that my worthy friend Kit himself was equally ignorant upon the subject. His recollection did not carry him back further than his tenth year; why it took so limited a retrospect it is impossible for me to determine, perhaps he was a *forward* boy, too strongly imbued with the go-a-headativeness of Yankeetude, to waste time in parthian glances,—perhaps like Swift, and other great geniuses, whose juvenile dulness has become matter of history, he indulged in no precocious draughts upon memory. However, the reader may exercise his ingenuity in establishing an hypothesis, I can't say more than I know, and what's more—I wont, but should you speculate on the subject, you can bear in mind that the probability is, he must have been tolerably easy in his circumstances, for early discomfort makes a notch in the memory not easy planed off, how far that may have been the result, more of a contented disposition, than of the velvet accessories of wealth, can I think be safely deduced from the relation of a simple fact. He wore his first pair of shoes, strong double soled and nail paved, after he had attained his fourteenth year—that is to say, there or thereabout, for poor Kit never had a birth-day but one, and he couldn't even swear to that, for no man can give evidence in a case which concerneth himself. That he had a father, we have only the same circumstantial proof, utterly invalid in a legal point of view, and inasmuch, as no clearer testimony could be adduced to establish the fact of maternity, consequently, according to the unerring dictum of English jurisprudence, he was an absolute nullity; to be sure, he lived, and breathed, and moved, but of what avail was that—*he couldn't prove it.*

Poor Kit, he certainly was a waif upon the road of life, a stray fly in the great sugar-hogshead of the world, a thing of chance, an incomprehensible atom, for aught we, or any, know to the contrary, he might have been "evolved from contingent matter," hatched in the "Eccalobéion" or won at a raffle! No matter, there he was, an inexplicable human riddle, a fine, fat, chubby, laughing, squalling, *hungry mystery!*

CHAPTER I.

Which is to be hoped will give you a better opinion of the author, and of his subject.

A cold, grey, drizzly, uncomfortable November morning began reluctantly to tint the eastern sky with a dull something which might be almost mistaken for light, holding a deadly, lively contest for precedence with sundry pale, sleepy-looking gas-jets, that reeled and flickered in their lamps, with a tipsy up-all-night sort of undulation. Silence brooded over the west-end of the town, broken only by the echoing tread of the ever-watchful (?) policeman, and now and then the sudden rattle of a furiously driven cab, containing some belated son-of-Nox, some titled ruffian, who sheltered by a name and wealth, defies all law, owns no restraint, and breaks through every social tie, upheld by the mean-souled worshippers of mammon. Save those, all was stillness, but in the abodes of wretchedness and continual labor, to which I am about to conduct the reader, all was astir.

Perhaps no other city on the face of the globe can parallel the utter destitution and misery, both apparent and actual, which are to be found in the very core of this great metropolis, surrounded by evidences of superabundant wealth, with the palaces of the nobility bounding it on one side, and the scarcely less splendid mansions of the merchant-kings on the other, stands, or rather rots the parish of St. Giles, the very focus of squalid poverty, the nucleus of disease, the nurse of vice, year after year has it been denounced as the hot-bed of contagion, the "nomal" school of crime. Yet, there it remains, and will remain, unless the hand of heaven, by the purification of fire averts a second plague.

In a wretched stable, in the most wretched lane of this wretched neighborhood, the sound of a merry voice might be heard, in startling contrast to the surrounding scene. The singer is Kit Cobb, now about fifteen years old, and the happy owner of a hack cab, and horse, although the most of his hitherto life had been passed in lounging about, running of messages, pulling down shutters, with intervals of dangerous inactivity,

yet he had curiously escaped the vitiating influence of the society into which "fate or metaphisical agency" had cast him.

About a year previous to this time, a large cab-owner, struck by the boy's frank countenance, engaged him as a driver, and as a reward for his integrity and industry, sold him a vehicle, consenting to receive the amount in small weekly instalments.

Last night the purchase was made, and this morning behold him. Alexander, the Great, when Darius owned him conqueror—Napoleon, when with his own hands he placed the crown of Charlemagne upon his head, were not a whit more happy than poor Kit Cobb, when, in the extravagance of his joy, with eyes streaming, and a choking voice, he cried, "Horse, and cab, all mine, mine!" and then he would laugh, and dance, and sing, with all his might, now squaring up at the horse and punching at him as though he hadn't a greater enemy in the world, now hugging and kissing the brute's long face with most alarming emphasis.

He was fond of the animal; the truth is, it was his first affection, and I'm happy to say the feeling was reciprocated, for as Kit would rub his horse down, pluck his ears, and bestow such like evidences of partiality, the animal would neigh and sniff and wink knowingly at him, as much as to say—

"You're my particular friend, Kit; stick to me, and I'll stick to you."

And Kit held an interesting conversation with his favorite, but inasmuch as they were both rather excited, it's not worth while to relate the substance of it; indeed, it was very well for them that they were not observed by the keeper of a lunatic asylum, for no madman could possibly exceed the extravagance of Kit's demeanor, and if ever a horse deserved a strait waistcoat, it was old Turk.

CHAPTER II.

Which is short, but (for else the author flatters himself) pithy.

Gentle reader, with your kind permission, we jump two years, and find, in addition to his horse and cab, Kit has persuaded an unfortunate little girl that he couldn't live without her; she, with the innocent simplicity of her sex, believed him, and they were married. Our poor friend's worldly store was but little augmented by this procedure, for his bride brought him, by way of dower, one stuff gown, one doubtful colored silk ditto, one imitation French shawl, one Dunstable bonnet, with other smaller matters, not mentioned in the category, and all settled tightly on herself; but no matter, Kit loved her with an overweening love, and when the heart is driver, prudence gets the whip. The result of Kit's domestic arrangement was, in due time, a duodecimo edition, so that there were soon three mouths to provide for, besides that of Old Turk, the most expensive of all, for though Kit might and did stint his own appetite, yet he held it part of his religion that the horse should have no cause to complain for lack of food.

Things began to look gloomy; the outgoings exceeded the incomings, notwithstanding their most stringent exertions; for the first time, Kit had been unable to make up the instalment of purchase-money; he became despondent, and the old horse moped from sympathy.

One morning poor Kit took the last truss of hay and feed of oats, discoursing as was his custom with his early friend, and the person who would have had the temerity to say that the horse couldn't understand every word, would have been looked upon by him as an intensely ignorant individual.

"Come, up, you old brute," said he. "I've had no breakfast myself yet, but here's your's. We've a precious long day's work before us, and if you don't earn more than you did yesterday, it aint much you'll get to-morrow, that I can tell you."

Old Turk sniffed, and pushed his nose out in anticipation of the coming meal.

"What a hurry you're in, you precious old rascal," said Kit, rather offended at Turk's evident want of sentiment; "let me tell you a bit of my mind before you eat a morsel," and he snatched back the sieve of oats just as Turk had licked his teeth round for the second mouthful, a proceeding for which he made his displeasure tolerable evident.

"Oh! I don't care," continued Kit, "you may blow up as much as you like, but it's my belief that you're a selfish old reprobate." The horse gave Kit one reproachful look that went directly to his heart. "There, take it," said he; "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to insult you; pitch into it; it does my heart good to see you enjoy it," and flinging the corn into the manger, Kit folded his arms and watched his pet as he plunged into the welcome food. It was not long before he had nuzzled up every grain.

"Now then," said Kit, stroking down the old horse's mane as he spoke, "I'm going to tell you something that will break your heart—learsways I think it will. I wouldn't say any thing of it before, for fear of spoiling your breakfast; but

things are getting worse and worse, Turk, and if something dont turn up in the course of this very day, we—we'll have to part. You—you and I'll have to part—to *part*, Turk," he repeated sternly, one round big tear settling in the corner of his eye, and gently pulling the horse's ears as he spoke.

The old brute, for the purpose of enjoying the luxury to an extent, placed his head on Kit's shoulder. That was enough—construing it into an appeal to his affection. He could stand it no longer, but burst into a flood of tears, exclaiming through his sobs—

"Don't, don't! Turk, you deceitful old beast, don't you go to take advantage of my weakness. I tell you my mind's made up. I—I have a w-hi-hife! now—I have! and a chi-hi-hild! They've had plenty as yet, but they don't know how I've pinched myself to get it. I can't let *them* want. You wouldn't if you were me, bless your old bones, I know you wouldn't; so let us part friends. I can't pay for you, and I must give you up again. You must go—indeed you must. Come, now bear it like a Christian. I'll give your ears another pull, if you want me. There, there, come."

And poor Kit wept like a sick child, while he harnessed old Turk for, as he thought, the last time.

CHAPTER III.

Which is essential to the story, and contains, moreover, a moral lesson, though inculcated in a curious way.

"Dear Kit, you don't eat."

"Never mind me, Betsey, love, go on—I—I'm not hungry yet; I shall be sure to get something bye and bye."

Now that was a lie—a deliberate lie; he *was* hungry, and would have thought no more of demolishing the entire of that meagre meal, than if it were but a mouthful, but he struggled manfully against his inclinations, and having watched his darling wife and child make a sufficient breakfast, kissed them both with his heart upon his lips, and departed upon his almost hopeless toil.

"God bless and preserve *them*," said he, "whatever may become of me; I can battle with the world's strong arm; I *will*, Heaven help me in the effort; it is not for myself I ask it. No, no; were I alone, like a stray weed on the surface of the waters, I'd make no opposition to the whelming tide, but float along wherever fate impelled me; but while these two helpless and uncomplaining creatures look to me, I *will* work, I *will* strive, for I love them so, that I could willingly give up my life to rescue them; nay, if it would ensure their happiness, I do believe—God forgive me—that I would *sell my very soul to the fiend*."

Who can tell at what time an "idle word" may meet its recompense; or the mental invocation be answered, and the destroyer permitted to fling his specious lure upon the sea of circumstance.

Kit spoke from the very promptings of his heart, feeling sincerely what he said, but without the vaguest notion of supernal aid in this debtor and creditor age; it was merely a common saying, uttered heedlessly, yet even as he spoke the words, the soul-ensnarer had begun his work. He was hailed by a sedate-looking, middle aged, but no further remarkable gentleman, who engaged him for several hours, giving promise of a good day's work, from so favorable a commencement, and poor Kit's heart bounded again with joy at the thoughts of home, and this cheering omen of better fortune. Great cause had he for joy!

At the self-same moment that the stranger entered Kit's cab, two suspicious-looking individuals might be observed creeping stealthily up the rickety stairs which led to his miserable home; as they seem to move slowly and with difficulty, I'll describe them as nearly as I can, while in progression. The first was an apoplectic son of Iscariot, short, squab, and intensely fat, his huge carcass decorated in the very extremity of gaudy show, his capacious chest enveloped in a flaming plaid velvet waistcoat, about which an endless convolution of snake-pattern, imitation gold chain played at hide and seek, now fantastically twining round an exaggerated breast-pin of some red material, then flitting through sundry button-holes, and finally plunging into a side pocket; his continuations or *pants*, to use the Yankee abbreviation, were composed of light, very light blue material, and made so uncomfortably tight, as to give one a sensation of pain, while his—I was going to say feet, were squeezed into French gaiter boots, with patent leather tips. The coat was of that economically fashionable material, generally worn of nights when rows are expected, mostly patronized, though, by ambitious apprentices, in the last year of their time, when they begin to be entrusted with the door-key, and from a laudable anxiety to go to bed early, invariably defer it until next morning. His hands—fins—flippers, or whatever they were, *au naturel*, were surrounded on all sides with kid glove, but where he got the gloves, or how he got into them, when he did, are matters as mysterious to me as Mes-

mer, Hahnneman or Pusey. What *did* those fists look like? Can you fancy a pair of the largest sized boxing-gloves stuffed into kid, that may give you the shadow of a notion how they showed; and then his cane of painted wood, with a magnificent leaden head, electrified into the appearance of gold so completely, as to deceive nobody; you must imagine the *tout ensemble* was *imposing* in the extreme.

His follower, literally, was in every way antithetic, long, scraggy and cadaverous; he looked like a slender and consumptive ninepin by the side of a plethoric ball.

Now these men were characters, though they had none, and I wish I had time to illustrate them more fully. "Phew!" ejaculated Solomon Duggs, our adipose friend, following it up with a series of fatty suspirations. "*Dim* these *dim* stairs." You will observe that he affects a modish drawl, and a singular method of tautologizing his *only* expletive; whether the latter arises from a paucity of ideas or mere affectation, I cannot say.

"Phew!—stop, *le's* rest—*dim* the *dim* thing—how *dim* fatigued I *em*. Why, Badger, you *dim* watery blooded anatomy, how *dim* cool you look."

"I *am* cool," gruffly responded the thin-ribbed follower, I have only myself to carry."

"*Dim* your impudence, puffed Duggs, "do you mean to insinuate that I'm so *dim* fat?"

"Not I; I only thought it would be convenient to be a *shade* smaller," said Badger, the ghost of a smile shivering on his lips.

"You lie, *dim* you, it wouldn't; I like it—phew!"—and Duggs fanned himself with his great fist.

"Oh, very well, I've done. I'm sorry I spoke. If you like it, may your shadow never be less, that's all;" and Badger fairly laughed—a breach of discipline and of decorum, which raised the ire of Duggs to such an extent, that he punched him in the ribs, which was about as much use as flinging putty against iron bars.

"Come, come, no more of this *dim* nonsense, but *le's* to business; phew!" and he fanned faster than ever. "Are you sure this is the *dim* place?"

Badger nodded, for he was an economist in words.

"Well, knock, *dim* you.

Badger knocked a small, crafty, neighbor-like knock—a miserable, mean, *dirty* "summons."

Poor Betsey flew to open the door, and started back again with astonishment and vague apprehension, as Duggs, followed by Badger, waddled in; utterly unable to speak, and gasping from an indefinite sense of dread, she gazed on the intruders.

"Sarv'nt, *mim*, don't be so alarmed; we aint agoing to hurt you," blandly simpered Duggs, flourishing his libellous cane, while Badger, with the practised eye of an appraiser, in one glance round the room, calculated to a sixpence the profits of his brokerage.

"Take a *cheer*, *mim*," continued Duggs; "hem,"—and he cleared his throat for his stereotyped introductory speech. "I'm extremely sorry that so unpleasant a *dooty* should *revolve* upon me as a legal functionary, but laws *is* laws, and *dooties* is *dooties*, and if I *warnt* to do it, *p'r'aps* some one else as is not so tender *'ud* be *obligated*."

"For Heaven's sake," cried the agitated Betsey, "tell me what all this is to lead to." Duggs shrugged up his shoulders, and began fumbling in his pocket, pointing at the same time to Badger, who, seated crosslegged on the bed, was noting down with callous indifference, every article of furniture. The extent of her misfortune struck her in an instant, her brain reeled, the blood rushed upward from her heart, and she fell.

"*Dim* the *dim* thing," gasped Duggs, "she's fainted."

"So she has, I declare," replied Badger, drily, without moving.

"Then *dim* you, come and help." Badger got slowly up, and helped to raise the poor victim, giving her a shake, and saying, grufly, "I hate your fainters; don't put her on the cheer; we'll want that; here, drop her on the mattrass, at once; there, she'll come to time enough."

"Give her some water, *dim* you." He did so; it seemed to revive her a little; she swallowed about half a glass full. Badger threw the remainder under the grate, and pocketing the tumbler, proceeding with his inventory.

"Come, *mim*," said Duggs, "don't take on so; 'taint for much—only a paltry *fip-poun ten; dimme*, I'd pay it myself, only that dooties is dooties. Can't you give it us, and we'll be *hoff*."

"God knows," said poor Betsey, her eyes streaming with tears, "I hav'n't five farthings in the world, but do wait until my husband comes home; he'll give it you, I know he will, for he's as honest as truth itself."

"Why, you see, *mim*, there aint no honesty in the case," replied the amiable Duggs, speaking the truth, by mistake, "the long and the

s hort of it is, if you haven't the *dim* money, we must take the *dim* things."

But why linger over a scene, which, to the disgrace of British judicature, is enacted daily in our christian metropolis. Suffice it to say, Kit had neglected, from perfect ignorance, to answer a summons before the court of requests, summary execution was issued, and amidst the agony of grief and ineffectual remonstrance of that poor lonely mother, the humble apartment was stripped of every article except the bed she lay on, even to the very cradle of her infant, to satisfy the greed of a stoney-hearted creditor, and the more beastly rapacity of a shameful and cruel law.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Kit spurns at Fortune in a most unaccountable manner.

"So, ho! old Turk, we've done well to-day, old boy, ha! ha! I've paid my instalment and have ten good shillings in my pocket. So, ho! good old fellow, who'se afraid, there's life in a muscle yet—there, there, now don't be impatient, you shall have such a feed presently, you'll feel in your stall like a bishop, only you won't have no wine—so much the better. Water's the good wholesome drink that nature provides for all sorts of animals, and how mankind got to like anything else, puzzles me, but the sense is leaving us and going into the brutes—there, you'r unharnessed, now give yourself a shake—that's right—now just wait until I go cheer up my darling Bessie, and kiss that varmint, young Kit."

So saying, with a light step and a joyous heart, Kit bounded up stairs, singing as he went—

"Oh, there's nothing like luck all the universe over,
Misfortunes don't always stay with us 'tis clear
To-day we're in sorrow, to-morrow in clover,
The light follows darkness throughout the long year,
Oh! the light follows darkness——"

At that moment, with a gladsome smile on his very lips, he rushed into the room. Heavens! what a sight met his view, the quick revulsion of feeling almost drove out sense. It was as though one were suddenly to wake fresh from the glories of some blissful dream, to find a devouring flame enveloping his bed. In the confusion of his first dismay, he had a vague conception of some sweeping destruction, and that wife, child and all were lost, but when he saw that they were safe, a deep feeling of relief came over him, the blood flowed on again, and full consciousness returned.

"Great Heaven! Bessie!" he cried in dry husky accents, "what's the meaning of this? who has been here? what has happened?"

"Oh, Kit," she replied, flinging her arms round his neck, and breaking into a flood of tears, "dear Kit! why did'nt you come sooner,—*they* have been here—and—everything is gone."

"Who! who has done this," said Kit, with a savage glance in his eye, but seldom lighted there, but once it was, most fearful to encounter.

"That man, you know; that grocer, dear Kit," said Bessie.

"Higgins!" cried Kit—she nodded.—"The grasping cur, the sneaking dastardly slave, to take advantage of my absence," said Kit fiercely, clenching his hands and grinding his teeth—"May!"—the large tears rolled in streams down his cheeks, burying his face in his hands, he continued, "May God pardon him for this day's inhuman work—forgive me for the harsh words I've used, and avert the strong hate that in my own despite springs up within me towards him. Oh! 'tis hard!—hard to be thus dashed, dear Bessie, with a soul full of hope,—but come, its over now, and we must make the best of it."

"Bless you, bless you," replied the devoted wife, "we will—we will, for your sake, and for the sake of our child, I can endure anything."

"Heaven reward your true woman's love, Bessie, darling," fervently replied Kit. I have enough for present want, here,"—placing his hand in his pocket to take out the piece of gold which he had carefully deposited there, when to his utter dismay he could'nt find it—he hunted through every crevice, but to no purpose, it was gone. "Fool! fool, that I am," he exclaimed bitterly, "I've lost it."

"Never mind, dear Kit," replied Bessie, tenderly, "there's enough for the boy's supper, and I do not want anything."

"What have I done?" pettishly exclaimed Kit. "Great Heaven! what have I done, that every thing should so conspire against me"—At that instant they both started—hearing the peculiar chink of gold. "Ha!" shouted Kit, "there it is," and rushing over to the place from whence the sound proceeded, he saw a sight which made his brain reel, as though he were revelling in some bright dream. Seated on the cab cushions which he had brought in with him, his little boy was playing with a *bag of gold;* he had just managed to untie the string, and the precious metal poured out in a perfect shower. Kit's first thought was one of unmitigated delight, but ere an instant had passed, he and his wife looked intently at each other with faces painfully livid.

"Bessie," said he grasping her hand tightly, and speaking through his teeth with compressed energy. "These walls are naked, you and your

child are pinched by hard want, misfortune dogs our very foot-steps—let us pray that a merciful God may give us strength to battle with this strong temptation." And with clasped hands they knelt in silent supplication.

The mingled aspirations of two hearts as pure as ever tenanted this mortal clay, wended upward from those miserable walls to the throne of HIM who hears, and in his own good time will answer the prayer of the wretched.

CHAPTER V.

In which Kit does an extraordinary thing, and is recompensed in an extraordinary way.

Neither Kit nor Bessie slept a single wink all that night, the consciousness of having so great a sum of money in their possession, which did not belong to them, effectually drove off slumber. Kit had counted it and found there were ono thousand pounds in the bag. How it could possibly have escaped his notice, as he removed the cushions from the cab, puzzled him exceedingly, but he conjectured the string had by some means got twisted round one of the buttons. Having replaced the money, he put it carefully under his pillow, and if he felt once, he felt an hundred times to see if it were safe. Bessie was equally fidgetty and at last far from being inclined to retain any, they both heartily wished it any where, but with them—now would they fancy footsteps were approaching the bed,—now Kit would jump up and put some additional fasting on the door and window, for the first time experiencing the truth of the old proverb:

> "He who has naught to lose,
> Need never his doors to close."

Poor Bessie in the simplicity of her heart exclaimed, "dear Kit, if money makes people feel as I do, I would'nt be rich for all the world."

Long before morning, they were both up, and when Kit cast his eyes first upon his scant breakfast, and then upon the treasure within his very grasp, his heart bounded up to his throat. Bessie guessing his thoughts, with true woman's tact, diverted them into the one broad overwhelming current of paternal love, presenting the laughing boy to receive his father's hearted kiss. "See, see," she exclaimed, "how beautiful he looks this morning, does it not seem as though Heaven had sent one of its own angels to reward us for shunning this devil's lure,—is it not a great thing, dearest, to meet his smile without a blush of shame."

"It is, it is," he exclaimed, regarding his child with the strong emotion of a father's love. "No, no, *you* shall never curse your father's memory. The anger of a just God, who visits the father's sins upon the children, shall never reach you from my misdeeds, if through *His* abundant mercy my soul be still strengthened in the right."

With placid minds, and even cheerfully they sat down to their insufficient breakfast, Kit cheering his wife the while, by saying, "Take heart, love, take heart, I shall take the money down to Somerset House, no doubt I shall see the owner, he will be grateful for its return, and will perhaps reward me with a trifle,—at all events, the greatest pleasures money could obtain would'nt approach the thousandth part of the joy I feel at the anticipation of returning to that old man his, no doubt almost hopelessly, lamented treasure."

Soon afterwards, Kit harnessed Old Turk, and much to the old brute's astonishment, without deigning to hold with him the slightest conversation—nay, he even went so far in forgetfulness or neglect, as to leave his ears unpulled. The horse was evidently annoyed, insulted, he grew sulky, and set out with a vicious determination to kick or bite, or do something equally disagreeable, but the goodness of his disposition overcame his ill-humor, and reflecting that perhaps Kit had something on his mind, sagacious animal! he trotted along with his usual willingness.

When Kit arrived at Somerset House, he found the office for the reception of valuables found in cabs, was not open, so he sat down on the curb-stone to wait, amusing himself by *hefting* the bag in his pocket, and wondering what its owner would give him for the recovery. His cab was standing in the entrance, suddenly he was startled by an authoritative voice, shouting to him to get out of the way, with habitual deference, Kit flew to lead his vehicle into the enclosure, when a splendid carriage driven by a pair of blood horses dashed up the avenue, stopping short with a sudden pull.

In an instant after, one of the liveried servants touched Kit on the shoulder, and upon looking up, in the occupant of the carriage, he beheld the owner of the treasure.

"Come in, come in," said the old man, and poor Kit was handed into the magnificent vehicle.

"Good fellow, good fellow, have you brought it?" said the stranger quickly, and with the slightest possible evidence of agitation.

"To the uttermost farthing, Sir," replied Kit, as untwisting the string from around his neck, he placed the bag in the old man's hands.

"You're an honest fellow," said the latter, "What's your name? and where do you live?"

Kit told him.

"I won't forget; I won't forget, shake hands, I honor you!" and with a hearty grasp, wealth paid homage to honesty. "Now, good bye." continued the old man, "I've business of great importance to attend to." And without any acknowledgment except that unsubstantial handshake, poor Kit was left standing on the curbstone, while the carriage of the ungrateful stranger whirled furiously away.

Stunned and mortified, Kit could hardly believe his senses. "What," cried he, "not a guinea, not a shilling, after restoring that vast sum, mean, miserly! Well, I've done *my* duty, and after all, I had no positive right to expect anything for it." Thus he argued in the endeavor to shake off his annoyance, but vainly, he was bitterly disappointed.

After a few hour's spent in his usual occupation, utterly despondent and almost hopeless, Kit sought his wretched home, scarcely knowing how to meet his wife, or break the mortification to her, he found her in tears, which, when she saw him, she strove to restrain, but could not—in her hand was a large lawyer-like, suspicious-looking letter, with an enormous seal, just such a document as brings a shudder through an individual in straightened circumstances.

"So, so," said Kit, "more wretchedness, more misfortune! Who is this from? some other charitable soul, who fain would help to sink a drowning wretch still deeper."

Seizing the letter he tore it open, and glancing at the contents, he gasped for breath, his eyes dilated, the big tears bursting from them in torrents, he jumped up, shouted, laughed, danced, —kissed Bessie, and squeezed his child, until he fairly hurt it, and behaved altogether in a most mysterious and alarming manner.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried Bessie, a cold shiver running through her frame, "he's mad!"

"He's not, he's not!" shouted Kit, "look here, read, read," and pushing the letter towards her—between laughing and crying they slowly deciphered the following:—

"*I hereby grant to Christopher Cobb, for the term of his natural life, the sum of Two Hundred pounds, lawful British money annually, for which this shall be deemed sufficient instrument, in gratitude for an essential service, and as the inadequate reward of exemplary honesty.* EGREMONT."

—

Reader, art thou in prosperity, be grateful to HIM from whom all earthly good proceeds. Art thou in adversity, remember that HE who rules the thunder, is all powerful to cast from thee the bitter cup. B.

Original.

THE GIPSY GIRL'S PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee."—*Byron.*

THE warm, rich tints of an Italian sunset were mirrored in the unruffled waters of the Parano, and the few snowy sails gliding on its bosom moved so slowly as to heighten rather than diminish the repose of the scene! A young artist, as yet uncheered by the voice of fame, worn and weary and harrassed by poverty, which so often cleaves to genius, left his easel, where rested a picture, which of itself might have given him immortality, and approached an open window where the fresh breeze bathed, as in balm, his flushed brow and throbbing temples. As he marked the harmonious blending of light and shade in the lovely landscape before him, he became more and more convinced, that by a careful study of nature, he could produce the same magical effect on canvass, and his before pale and languid countenance became lit up with enthusiasm and conscious power. So rapt was he, that a low knock, twice repeated at the door of his humble studio, failed to arouse him. The latch was then lifted, and a stranger entered, whose distinguished air and costly apparel indicated him to be a person of rank. He was very youthful, apparently, not twenty, yet his remarkably handsome features, while they showed him to be spirited and impatient of control, wore an air of refinement, which is alone the gift of high intellectual culture.

"Good evening," said he, addressing the painter; "you are, I presume, Antonio Allegri."

"Yes, signor, that is my name."

"Will you permit me to examine your pictures?"

"With pleasure, if the productions of so young and humble an artist can afford you satisfaction, and if the failing light will permit you to do so."

"Ah, this rich, western light, is just the thing to make them appear to advantage," replied the stranger.

He proceeded to examine several pictures which hung against the wall, with evident admiration, among which was an altar-piece, a Madonna, and the Penitent Magdalen. After having stood for some time before the latter, he abruptly turned to the artist, who stood modestly by, hardly daring to hope that his works would meet the approbation of one who, though so

young, was evidently no unpractised connoisseur.

"I have found the right painter, at last," said he. "You are already unrivalled in *chiar oscuro*, and there is a loveliness and grace in your female figures that I have never seen excelled. This Magdalen, in particular, shows your fine conception of female beauty, and that you are equal to portraying on canvass the most beautiful woman I ever saw, or that I ever imagined could exist. Will you undertake the task, Messer Allegri?"

"Nothing, signor, would please me better than to be permitted to attempt to paint a female, so perfectly beautiful as even to exceed your ideal of perfection as well as my own, for I must confess that those are some of the happiest moments of my life, when I behold, springing into life, as it were, beneath the touches of my pencil, the beautiful visions which my imagination has formed, and which alike haunts my waking and my sleeping hours. Direct me where to wait upon her, and I am ready at any moment."

The stranger smiled, partly at the young painter's enthusiasm, and partly at his own thoughts.

"She dwells, at present," said he, "in neither palace nor cottage, which will increase the difficulty of your task. It is Marozia, the beautiful gypsy girl, whom I wish you to paint. You have doubtless heard of her, but never can have seen her, else you certainly would have introduced her into some of your pictures."

"No I never have seen her."

"Can you paint from memory? for wild and timid as a fawn, I wish her still to remain so, otherwise one great charm of her beauty will be for ever lost. The idea of sitting for her portrait, would, I fear, embarrass her, and make her appear awkward. If you have the power of evoking at will, whatever takes a strong hold upon your imagination, and Marozia cannot fail to do so, the difficulty of your task will vanish. I hope, however to be able to conduct you to a spot where you can, without her knowledge, obtain a sketch of her. Should I fail in this, do you think you can depend on your memory?"

"I think I can, but can tell better after I have seen her. Should she take a strong hold upon my mind, she will not be apt to soon leave me."

"To-morrow morning, then, I will call again. Good evening, *Antonio da Corregio*. I predict that the day will come when the town of Corregio will derive its greatest celebrity from having been your birth-place."

—

"Are you ready to commence your task?" said the stranger, as he entered the studio of Corregio at an early hour the following morning. "If you are, take the materials necessary for sketching, and go with me. First, however, you should know that the name of your employer is Giuliano Orsini."

"I am not only ready, but impatient," he replied, and in less than five minutes they were in the street.

They pursued their way at a rapid pace, and soon left the town behind them.

"Yonder is somewhat of a steep hill," said Orsini, after they had walked several miles, "but we must ascend it if you would gain a sight of Marozia at a time when it will be possible for you to make a sketch of her form and features, and when she will appear to the best advantage."

They proceeded up the toilsome ascent in silence, which having gained, Orsini made a sign to Corregio to stop, while he, himself, stepped cautiously forward to a point which terminated so abruptly on the opposite side, as to form a sheer precipice of more than one hundred feet. He approached almost to the edge, and grasping a small tree with roots firmly imbedded in the soil, bent eagerly forward. Having gazed downwards a minute, he turned, and advancing towards Corregio with his countenance lit up with the most brilliant smiles, softly whispered—

"She is there. Now follow me, for you must have a more commodious station than the one I have just left, or your art will be of little avail."

He conducted him along a circuitous path of easy declivity, which terminated in a platform eight or ten feet square, covered with rich mosses, and completely screened from the rays of the morning sun by the overhanging precipice and the luxuriant vines depending from the crags. Here they commanded the view of a most lovely and sequestered spot, on one side reaching quite to the verge of the Parano, and on each of the others, hedged in by wild, irregular masses of rock, over which crept the dark foliage of vines, from the midst of which often rose the almond tree with its profusion of pink flowers, waving gracefully over the stern, dark cliffs, like a brilliant plume over the brow of some savage chief. The slant beams of the sun broken into a thousand gems of light wherever they touched the rippling wave, poured a single stream of golden radiance through an opening into the recess, which, prevented by the surrounding shrubbery from falling directly on her person, formed a kind of halo above a young girl who was so wondrously beautiful, that Allegri,

at first sight of her, with difficulty forbore giving voice to his emotions of enthusiastic delight.

She was seated on the rich carpet which nature had spread over the spot, in such a manner, that one foot was concealed by the drapery of her dress, while the other, with its elastic sandal, and of exquisite delicacy, as regarded both shape and size, was half buried in moss and flowers. Her hair, jet black in the shade, but brightening as if tinged with gold, whenever tinged by a gleam of sunshine, was of surprizing luxuriance, falling over her neck and shoulders in a cloud of soft, rich curls, and descending so low as to mingle with the herbage. She had evidently unbound it with the intention of arranging it anew, for a half woven wreath lay in her lap, and many newly gathered flowers were near, some strown on the ground, and others contained in a delicate wicker basket. She had, however, apparently been arrested in her graceful task, by the sight of a white hare, which, at first, creeping timidly towards her, finally nestled down close to her side, and she was now extending towards it her small, symmetrical hand, in order to caress it. Her large, liquid eyes were beaming with surprize and innocent joy, and a smile broke into dimples round the corners of her beautiful mouth, revealing her pearl-like teeth, as she bent towards the timid animal that had thus strangely sought her companionship.

"You must sketch them both," softly whispered Orsini, "and the picture, when completed, will be a type of innocence."

The platform on which they stood, was so nearly on a level with her own mossy seat, that the young painter found no difficulty in taking an accurate survey of her features; the thick foliage of the vines, in the mean time, while it afforded sufficient opening for the purpose, effectually screening both him and his companion from her view.

The sketch, which was soon completed, was so spirited and life-like, that when Corregio held it up for Orsini to look at, he clasped his hands with a look of so much enthusiasm and delight, that the artist felt more than rewarded for his labor.

It would have been difficult for Orsini himself, to have clearly defined the nature of his intentions with regard to the beautiful Marozia. Wealth, joined to exalted station, had hitherto afforded every facility for the gratification of a refined taste, and a judicious education had prevented any wish to run into those excesses, and to partake of those coarse pleasures which often proved so alluring to the youth of the age. He was naturally haughty, but this trait sometimes yielded to a temperament ardent and impetuous. His imagination, moreover, was extremely excitable, often proving a kind of prism, which invested objects with its own rainbow coloring.

At first, he met the beautiful gypsy girl by chance, but afterwards took some pains to cross her path, and she must have been blind not to have seen that he regarded her with looks of the liveliest admiration. His personal appearance was in every respect calculated to take a strong hold on the mind of an imaginate girl, who had no employment during the long and bright summer days beyond pouring out her heart in some bird-like song, braiding her long, glossy hair with flowers, or otherwise arranging her toilet; for, being the only daughter of the queen of her tribe, she took no share in the labors of those less favored by birth. Orsini had persuaded himself that he should be satisfied with the possession of her portrait, and under the influence of this persuasion, had engaged Corregio to paint it.

"Yes," said he to himself, "she inspires me with the same feelings of enthusiasm as the chefd' œuvres of sculpture and painting. I will place her portrait with my already rich collection, and it will be the gem of the whole."

But the artless girl had neither statue nor picture on which to exhaust those new and sweet emotions which had begun to visit her in her moments of solitary revery, and Orsini more than realized her ideal of manly beauty, even at those times when Fancy hovered over her with her richest dreams.

Orsini watched the progress of the picture with intense interest. Not a day passed that he did not visit the painter's studio. At last he had the satisfaction to find the artist adding those few effective, though almost imperceptible touches which make the figures on the canvass appear to live and breathe.

"These eyelashes," said Corregio, "must be a little longer, or they will not give the eyes the brilliancy and tenderness we so much admired. The lips, too, must be more pensive, and of a richer red, and I must throw a little more light among those curls, for although so dark, they should look as if sunbeams were nestling among them."

"There—not another single touch of your pencil," said Orsini, as Corregio, falling a little back, stood contemplating the picture. "The features, coloring, expression—all are perfect. For a few days, I will suffer it to remain where it is. Here is what will, I hope, reward you for

your time and labor. As for the genius which guided your pencil, it is priceless. Well can I imagine that an artist, with such a work glowing into life beneath his hand, must experience a serene exaltation, which wealth, and even fame, could never give."

As he finished speaking, he laid a purse on the table and withdrew.

Though there was no one to whom his last remark could better apply, for no painter ever loved his art for its own sake, better than Correggio, yet he had maintained a long and bitter struggle with poverty, and when on examining the purse, he found it contained more than double the sum he had ever received for one of his best pictures, every nerve thrilled with joy.

When Orsini left the studio, he directed his steps to the secluded spot, whither, a week or two before, he conducted Correggio, to enable him to take the sketch of the gipsy girl. As he expected, he found her there.

At the moment of his entrance into her favorite haunt, she rose, and uttered an exclamation of almost wild joy. She, however, instantly checked herself, and with the rich and eloquent blood mantling her cheeks, and her eyes cast down so that their dark, liquid orbs were entirely veiled, she drew herself up into an attitude of queenly dignity, and awaited his approach.

"Marozia," said he, taking her passive hand, "why is not your hair braided with the gems I gave you—and the rich robe—why do you not wear it?"

"Giuliano," she replied, in a sad voice, yet rich and sweet as the music which the wind steals from the lute, "I know all, now. You are of noble blood, and not the lowly born wanderer you suffered me to believe. You did wrong. Here are the gems—take them back;—the robe, I shall never wear it more. Nay, take them," she said, perceiving that he was going to utter a refusal. "As I have said, I know all. Preparations are making for your bridal, and I cannot keep them. Their flash would be to me as lightning, to sear and wither my heart. The lute you gave me, I will keep. Its voice is very sweet to me, and I weep when its chords thrill beneath my fingers."

Orsini stood for a few moments without speaking. He felt that he was guilty—that by a reckless obedience to impulse, he had planted thorns in the before flowery path of the beautiful and innocent being before him. The effort he made to cast away these painful reflections, and assume a gay and playful air, was unavailing.

"It is true," he at length said, "that preparations for my bridal have commenced. I have long been betrothed to the daughter of a princely house, and for important reasons, our nuptials are to be speedily celebrated. I would say to you, come and dwell in my palace at Naples—be a handmaid to the fair and noble Alfonsina, did I not know that one, who loves like you the freedom of the breezy hills, and the green and shady arcades of the forest, would pine and droop in the cold shadow of its marble walls."

"Would not your presence be better than the freedom you speak of—better than the light of the sun? But I must not dwell there—I know I must not. To die there is the only boon I ask now. You go to wed one whom you call fair and noble. Giuliano, it is not vanity that tells me that *I* am fair when I bend over the clear fountain, nor is it pride that bids me feel that this heart is as full of high and noble impulses as her's, on whom slaves have waited since the moment of her birth. All this is nothing, I know. The chained bird cannot mate with those that are free. And if I have no right to mate with them, I have no will to serve them. You, Giuliano, would I be willing to serve even to the meanest drudgery—but no—I could not—it would too sorely gall my spirit to wait the bidding of her who, though she may wed you, can never love you with the pure and exalted fervor of the gipsy girl."

"Marozia," he replied, "I know well that your's is a heart worthy to beat in the bosom of a princess, but your own good sense teaches you that it is necessary for us to part. For my own sake, as well as yours, I wish that we had never met."

"Oh, no—wish not that. The dream has been too sweet. It has brooded upon my heart like the celestial bird my mother has told me lives in the Eastern clime."

"Think of it *only* as a dream, dear Marozia. Farewell—be as happy as you are innocent."

He turned to leave her, but with a single, fawn-like bound, she placed herself before him.

"Giuliano," said she, "you will meet me here no more."

"It will be impossible. Early in the morning I start for Florence."

Plucking a flower that grew near, she crushed it in her hand, and threw it at his feet.

"Look," said she—"it is an emblem of Marozia. You will rejoice in the light of many summers, when she, like that flower, lies in the dust."

"Say not so—the thought makes me miserable. I know that I have been guilty of much selfishness, for to purchase the rapture of spend-

ing a few minutes by your side, I risked poisoning your peace for ever. I leave you, but shall never forget you."

Long after he had left the spot, he staid his footsteps to listen to the music of the lute he gave her, which came floating by in strains sweet and sorrowful, which, to his excited imagination, appeared like the notes of a funeral dirge.

Orsini, as he had told Marozia, started early in the morning for Florence, where resided Alfonsina, his affianced bride. On his arrival, he found that the family had made preparation to celebrate the marriage in the most splendid manner. Alfonsina, a dark beauty, with night-black hair, dark, flashing eyes, a haughty lip, and the stately carriage of a queen, met him with a calm smile, which, to those best acquainted with her, seemed to be the mask of some secret discontent. If the bridegroom observed it, he took no notice of it, and contented himself with paying her those attentions exacted by the customs of society, and with these her parents and friends were well satisfied. If she, herself missed the ardor and devotion she had anticipated, she scorned to complain.

On the day of the bridal, she was arrayed in robes of almost regal magnificence, nor were the garments of Orsini less sumptuous. After a few days had been spent in partaking of the festivities in honor of their marriage, they set out for Naples, where was Orsini's family seat. The exterior was remarkable for nothing except its simplicity and dignity, but the inside was rich with the treasures of art, among which were a splendid collection of paintings, many of which had been selected and purchased by the young heir and proprietor.

To the picture gallery he paid an early visit. The portrait of gipsy girl had preceded him and his bride, and it was now his purpose to select a spot for its reception where it would receive the benefit of a suitable light. Phaon, his servant, who stood by, awaiting his orders respecting it, felt tears springing to his eyes as he gazed on the portrait, for there was something in the style of its beauty that seemed akin to sweet and wild music, such as brought back to him the memory of his boyhood, when he was free as the antelope of the hills.

"Place it here," said Orsini, at length—"there is not a better light in the whole gallery."

"Beside this Madonna, signor?"

"Yes, it is not unworthy the place. Holy Mother," he added half audibly, "receive the original under thy protection."

"Already at your favorite employment?" said Alfonsina, who at this moment entered the gallery. "The picture of some saint, I presume," glancing at the portrait.

"No, it is the portrait of Marozia, the beautiful gipsy girl."

"I have heard of her," was the reply. They were unimportant words, spoken in a calm voice, but there was a scornful curl of her lip, and a keen flashing of her black eye, which might have revealed to Orsini, had he observed them, that the sight of the portrait had awakened, or perhaps only revived feelings of bitterness and jealousy.

"A singular contiguity," said she—"the picture of a gipsy girl pressing close upon that of the blessed Mary."

"Were the blessed Mary, herself here, she would not spurn the original of the portrait—fear not, therefore, that I am guilty of profanation in placing together their pictures."

"Surely not," she replied. "I was only thinking that at some time when bending in adoration before the Madonna, your eyes might chance to wander to the more beautiful gipsy."

The same scornful smile as before distorted her beautiful lips, as she turned and left the gallery. This time it did not escape the notice of Orsini, and, perhaps, had the just and full value of domestic peace impressed itself upon his mind, he would have ordered the portrait to be removed from the wall, or, at least, to a place less conspicuous. In the room of it, a feeling of resentment made him determine to suffer it to remain, and the look of deep and mournful tenderness with which the large, brilliant eyes seemed looking into his, had no tendency to shake his resolution.

Months passed away, and Orsini heard nothing of Marozia. He had the generosity to hope, yet could not bring himself to believe, that she had forgotten him, and was happy.

"Is this the Orsini palace?" inquired a youthful female of a gentleman who was passing along one of the principal streets of Naples.

"It is," he replied, slackening his pace, for although the gloom of evening prevented him from discerning her features, there was something so sweet and musical in her voice as to arrest his attention.

The building to which she had pointed, instead of being loaded with an excess of ornaments, as were many of the larger edifices of Naples, was

plain almost to baldness, but the brilliant lights illuminating the interior, revealed glimpses of splendor rarely equalled.

It seemed as if at the moment of his reply, she was assailed by a sudden and sharp pain, for she pressed her hand against her side, and leaned against a pillar for support. The light shed from the palace windows gleamed full upon her face, and revealed features pale, but so exquisitely beautiful, that the person who had replied to her inquiry, involuntarily expressed his admiration aloud. Scarcely five seconds had elapsed, ere she recovered herself, and with hasty steps and a determined air, entered the hall of the palace, unopposed by those in attendance, for they imagined from her unhesitating manner that she had been summoned by the mistress of the mansion. Her steps did not falter as she ascended the splendid staircase, and pursued her way along the corridor.

"I must see him once more," said she, in a low tone to herself, "and if I had asked leave to enter of those I saw waiting in the hall, they would have prohibited me from entering."

A light gleamed from a half open door, and she entered. At first she started back, for she thought herself in the midst of a numerous and motley assemblage of human beings. It took only a few moments, however, for her eyes to become accustomed to the light which filled the apartment, and then she became conscious that she was in a picture-gallery. Orsini had ordered it to be brilliantly illuminated, having invited several connoiseurs to examine a number of pictures which he had recently added to his already rich collection, among which was the portrait of Marozia. The poor girl, sad and weary, sunk down upon a seat covered with damask cushions, and placing a lute by her side, which had been suspended by a riband passed over her shoulders, she supported her head on her pale, wasted hand. The intense desire to behold the owner of the palace, which had nerved and sustained her during a long and toilsome journey, now that she was beneath his roof, yielded for the moment to utter exhaustion, and her eyelids drooped heavily over their dark orbs, so that their long lashes rested on her cheeks, sunk now from the full, soft outline of health, and pale as Parian marble. A few moments of forgetfulness came over her, from which awaking with a start, her attention was arrested by a portrait which hung directly opposite to her. She sprang to her feet, and, with her right hand thrown back so as to grasp the edge of a table standing near, stood gazing at it with an earnestness that absorbed every other faculty. The blood, which at the moment of her perceiving the portrait rushed to her face, almost instantly receded, leaving on each cheek a single burning spot, like the glow of a live coal through a transparent vase, while a mass of dark, rich hair fell back from her uplifted brow, and fell over her shoulders nearly to her feet.

"Yes, it is—it must be my portrait," said she, at length, heaving a deep sigh, her figure relaxing at the same time into a less constrained posture.

Footsteps were on the marble floor, but she heard them not, and a tall, stately lady, clad in a robe of rich silk, with diamonds glittering among her jet black hair, after advancing within a few yards of her, sunk back into the deep shadow of a pillar. The rich blood, which, at her entrance, seemed melting through her cheeks like red wine glowing through a pure, porcelain cup, almost instantly gave place to a ghastly paleness, and the soft brilliancy of her black eyes was changed to a keen, burning lustre that seemed as if it might wither her on whom it fell. The young and innocent creature, whose presence had wrought in her so fearful a change, continued to gaze at the portrait, for the objects grouped around it, were as dear to her heart as they were familiar to her eye, and a sweet, wild air, which she had often sung in that sequestered spot, broke from her lips. Her lute, round which was bound a wreath of flowers, long since faded, for they had been plucked by Orsini as he one day sat near her, and carelessly thrown into her lap, lay on the seat whence she had recently risen. The flowers half concealed a gem of surprizing brilliancy, which, with many others, enriched the instrument. It caught the eye of the lady who stood still shrouded by the shade of the pillar.

"It is the same," said she to herself." "The jewel which hundreds of times, has sparkled in my hair, adorns the lute of a vagrant."

The paleness of her already ghastly countenance fearfully increased, and an icy coldness crept over her 'till her limbs became almost rigid. Slowly, and with a determined air she unlocked a clasp, enriched with diamonds, which fastened the girdle of her robe. A sudden pressure of her finger against the side of the clasp, caused a portion of it to fly back, which revealed a cavity containing a number of drops of a clear, colorless liquid resembling dew. With a steady hand she poured it into a small, silver cup upon the table, to which she added some water, and then igniting with a candle the coals contained in a brasier,

placed it upon them and hurried from the gallery. In a few moments a light wreath of vapor arose from the vessel, diffusing through the atmosphere a grateful odor. A strange feeling of langour began to steal over the young wanderer, and she again sunk down upon the seat where she had rested at her entrance. The thought came into her mind that she was dying. She took up the lute and passed her hand over its strings. The music which her unsteady hand elicited, was broken and fitful, as if the wind had passed over the instrument.

"Yes, this must be death," she faintly murmured, "for *he* taught me the air and still I cannot remember it."

Every moment the feeling of languor increased, weighing down her eyelids, as with a sleep, 'till at last, they entirely closed. All memory of sorrow had passed away, and voices from the free hills and the flowery glades of the forest, where she had revelled like the summer-bird, seemed floating around her soothing and comforting her as she fell into her last sleep. The dream faded to be revived no more. Her left hand still grasped the lute, and the other rested heavily on the strings where death had stilled it, in her last effort to awaken the song Orsini had taught her.

Fifteen minutes had elapsed, when footsteps were heard in the hall, and voices in the cheerful tones of careless conversation. The lady who had recently visited the picture gallery started at the sound, then with a hasty but stealthy step approached a side door of the apartment. Carefully muffling the lower part of her face with a portion of her robe, she threw it wide open that the poisonous effluvia, if any remained, might escape. She then crept cautiously towards the spot where reclined her victim. Her eyes, which glittered with a snake-like brilliancy, sought the pale face, which lay half buried in the crimson cushions and the jet-black curls, that descended so low as to sweep the floor. Death had not distorted the features, which in their repose looked so beautiful, one might have imagined them fresh from the chisel of the same immortal sculptor, that fashioned those of the Venus de Medici.

"I have failed—she only sleeps," said she, and stooping down she raised the hand which rested on the lute. The chill of death was there, and instantly relinquishing it, a slight shudder, at the same time passing over her, it fell heavily back to its former position.

At this moment she heard some one approaching. She bent one more searching look upon the lifeless form before her, and then snatching the silver cup from the brasier, poured water on the almost extinguished coals. This accomplished, she glided through the open door and closed it behind her, just as the person she had heard advancing entered by one opposite.

It was Phaon, the confidential servant of Orsini. The remains of the beautiful girl, whom he at first imagined to be asleep, at once drew his attention, and at the first glance he detected the resemblance between her and the portrait of the gipsy girl. A second look revealed the truth. He saw that she was not asleep, but dead. He sought his master, and in a low voice requested him to accompany him to the gallery alone. Orsini telling his guests that he should return in a few minutes, hastened to comply with his servant's request. Phaon opened the door and pointed to the corpse. Orsini rushed to the spot, for he knew that those long, rich tresses could belong to no one but Marozia. He was prepared by the appearance of his servant, for something painful, and he felt, even before he saw her white, still face, that she was dead. It was with a throb of wild anguish that he thrust a portion of the raven hair aside that veiled her bosom, and which seemed to partake of the fearful immobility of her already stiffening form, that he might lay his hand on her heart and assure himself that its pulses were indeed stilled. And then he thought of the deep wrong he had done her in winning her young, and guileless heart without end or aim, except that he might pass more pleasantly an idle hour. Feelings of tenderness and sorrow and keen self-reproach were all alive in his bosom, not unmingled with those of deep humility; for he was conscious that in moral purity, humble as was her station, she was far his superior.

"Go, Phaon," said he at length. "and tell my guests that I shall be detained half an hour, and that then I will rejoin them and conduct them to the gallery."

When he was left alone, he knelt beside her and wept. They were the first tears he had shed since he had mourned the light griefs of childhood, and they now fell bright and fast on the cold, beautiful face of her his own hand had crushed. Fifteen minutes or more had elapsed when Phaon returned.

"Assist me," said Orsini, "to remove this couch to yonder recess."

The servant obeyed, and his master, throwing over the body his own rich mantle, told him to say nothing of what had happened.

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It was a rich, golden sunset, and Orsini stood in the sweet, sequestered spot on the shore of the Parano, described near the commencement of this story, beside a low mound of earth, covered with fresh sods, on which bloomed a profusion of wild flowers. The breeze had freshened with the coming on of the evening hour, and made gentle music among the green boughs, and awoke the silvery murmurs of the wave. Sometimes it seemed to him that a note like those of Marozia's lute, which were wafted to him after parting with her for the last time, was blended with the low, fitful music. Tears started from his eyes, but they were less bitter than those wrung from him in the first moments of anguish and self-reproach; for he had, ere he slept that night, made a vow, never again to trifle with a loving and trusting heart. The feeling of composure that immediately visited him, made him almost imagine that the spirit of her he had wronged was hovering near and approved of his resolution.

He never suspected the part taken by his wife; but, haunted by her own guilt, she almost immediately retired to a convent. Her dying confession revealed her crime.

Original.

HYMN.

BY HENRY B. TAPPAN.

FATHER! every idol spurning,
Idols, witching, yet unblest,
To thine arms of love returning,
Flies my soul for rest;
In thy promises believing,
Hope makes peace and heaven secure;
I have proved the world deceiving,
Thou, oh, God! art sure.

While in sin no pleasure gaining,
Mourned my soul in hopeless grief—
Mercy for the lost remaining,
Brought me sweet relief.
When in peril from temptation,
Urged by self and sin to yield,
In thy love I found salvation.
In thy strength my shield.

Here, with confidence unshaken,
From my foes I safely hide;
God! if ne'er by thee forsaken
What want I besides!
Living thus—when death shall sever
Fetters which the spirit chain,
Christ with me shall own for ever,
Union sweet again.

Boston, 1843.

Original.

THE HARMONY OF THE BIBLE;

AN EVIDENCE OF ITS AUTHENTICITY AND INSPIRATION.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given."

THE harmony of the "Sacred Writings" is a striking and beautiful evidence of their Divine origin. So far as the agency of man is concerned, they are merely a compilation; for they are not the offspring of a single intellect, but the conjoint productions of many pious and gifted minds—minds whose conceptions and expressions were moulded by the Holy Ghost. They consist of works composed at various periods through the long lapse of fifteen hundred years, in different countries, in widely dissimilar states of society, and by men of every diversity of rank, of talents, and attainments. And yet, in despite of all these conflicting circumstances, what a perfect unanimity of sentiment and of feeling pervades them! Not a single discordant opinion or doctrine or emotion is perceptible from Genesis to Revelation. Like drops of water when brought in contact, all their parts mingle sweetly and smoothly into one consistent whole.

It is very material to our argument to recollect the fact that the subject, which the immortal Penmen discuss, are, in the highest degree, abstruse and difficult,—subjects, which appertain to the duties and character of man, the being and perfections of God. How extremely perplexing, if not utterly impossible it is for men even of splendid genius and unbounded research, to discourse on themes of a metaphysical nature, and have their views agree in the more prominent outlines, especially when questions unusually important and abstract are to be considered and canvassed. Even the most eminent historians, living in the same age, and describing the same event, not unfrequently coming in direct collision with each other. The more we examine the most labored and accurate philosophical and historical treatises, or investigate the most brilliant intellectual achievements in any other department of mere human composition, the more numerous and palpable will discrepancies appear.

How often does it happen, in the discussion of the fundamental doctrines of religion, that the most learned and pious and critical theologians disagree with themselves as well as with one another! The same principles are advocated and denounced in the same production. These

inconsistencies are sometimes so excessively glaring as to subject their authors to the bitterest ridicule and contempt. Survey the writings of the ablest and most distinguished divines that have flourished in both hemispheres, and you cannot fail to observe the correctness of our statements;—they almost invariably lose sight of the great landmarks from which they start; they assume premises in haste, and without previous reflection; and they advance to their task with an utter incapacity to execute their designs. Now all this is entirely natural. It is incident to the infirmities of the human mind. It is all that could reasonably be expected from the weakness and corruption of the purest and noblest intellects. The Bible, on the contrary, exhibits on the face of it, and in imperishable characters, an entire freedom from such deplorable marks of imperfection. Not a discordant note is struck from a single string of this melodious harp by whatever hand it is swept.

To be perfectly fair in instituting a comparison between the volume of revelation and the most erudite and profound productions of mankind, it would be desirable to select the compositions of a number of individuals upon the all-important subject of religion,—compositions produced in different ages, and under every opposing variety of circumstances,—and bind them into a single volume. It would be well, in the meantime, to remark, that these writers have possessed the incalculable advantage of founding their system on the doctrines revealed in the doctrines revealed in the Scriptures. And after it is all accomplished to your complete satisfaction, you will find that you have only collected and combined a heterogeneous mass of incongruous materials. Not only would no two of the writers agree with each other, not one of them all would be found throughout to be entirely consistent with himself.

Notice now, as minutely as possible, the forcible and admirable consistency that blends in one the Old and the New Testaments. They are not made up of defective fragments collected and arranged without any symmetry, and simply to gratify a particular convenience or taste; but they constitute a regular and beautiful fabric, constructed with the utmost precision and skill, and the basis of which includes the acts of duty that man is commanded to perform, with all their manifold attendants and consequences, from the beginning, to the end of time. A wonderful harmony runs, like a golden chain of union, through the whole volume.

But it may be needful to descend to particulars, in order the more clearly to illustrate our position. The sacred writings, then, harmonize in the descriptions they give of the infinite Jehovah. They always invest him with all the befitting and glorious attributes of the eternal Godhead. There is not the slightest discrepancy any where to be found. They are arranged, to be sure, in every variety of style, and are distinguished by various degrees of mental vigor and beauty. The beloved disciple writes in a more tender, but less chaste and elegant style than Luke, the physician. Isaiah is more impassioned and sublime than Ezekiel. And the Monarch Minstrel is sweeter and more glowing than the Wise man. But to all the intents and purposes of our argument, an uninterrupted harmony pervades the complete volume. It is an agreement of sentiment and doctrine to which reference is made.

The most striking and remarkable thing in the Holy Scriptures, is the commencement of a system of redemption. Upon the prophecies, of course, we cannot touch, inasmuch as being partly internal, and partly external evidence, they are not embraced in the scope of our subject. The beginning of this vast and unfathomable scheme is typically represented by the sprinkling and the shedding of blood. An altar is erected, and a lamb is sacrificed for the sins of the people. This costly and magnificent arrangement continued through the long period of the Jewish dispensation, until the faint shadow was merged in the overpowering brightness of the rising of the "Sun of righteousness." The type itself, was utterly inefficacious only as referring to the glorious Antitype. Turn, for an instant, to Saint Paul's Epistles to the Hebrews, and you will there discover, developed in lines of light, *how* the types, in the Old Testament Scriptures so frequently brought to view, were all consummated in the advent of the Redeemer of our race. Every thing connected with the ceremonial law is here unfolded;—all that was dark and intricate is made plain. And the attentive reader will perceive a plan, all of whose parts are in perfect unison, and infinitely superior to the loftiest conceptions of the mightiest human or angelic intellects.

In examining other books, it is even true, as has been previously asserted, that gross discrepancies will spring up before us from almost every page. Not so is it with the "Word of God." It has been subjected by its friends and its foes, in all ages, to the severest criticism; every line and every word has passed in times innumerable, through the fiery ordeal of unspar-

ing analysis; and what, after all, has been the uniform result? The most conclusive proof of its divine source. Even those parts which, at first, might have appeared discordant, have been clearly shown to be perfectly in unison with each other. Not a word or a syllable of its dictates either in their nature or relations, can now be impugned. This is the Deity's indelible impress, and precisely analogous with his exhibition of Himself in the works of nature. The more rigidly they are scrutinized, the more manifestly, like the Bible, do they develope their symmetry and order, and the divinity of their origin. What appeared without form and void, now reflects all the transcendant excellencies of shape and proportion. The more critically you examine the works of art, however, the more conspicuously will their faults appear. Man is their author and finisher, and imperfection is their inevitable characteristic.

But we must briefly advert to another respect in which the sacred writers entirely harmonize, and that it is the *moral* code they enforce upon our observance. The Bible contains a system of laws to regulate our daily deportment, and an epitome of this admirable system is comprised in thirteen commandments, which were given to the "Hebrew Lawgiver" amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sirai. It is broad and uncompromising, and yet pure and holy. It reaches the heart as well as the outward deportment, and aims to purify it from every dangerous defilement, that the streams which issue from it may be sweet and healthful. In explaining and teaching the authoritative dictates of the Deity, which this "searching code of laws" contains, all the penmen coincide from Moses to John, the revelator. There is not a shade of disagreement between them. They all establish with resistless arguments the imperative necessity of pure feelings and a holy life, in order to secure peace and security on earth, and joys unspeakable and full of glory in Heaven. It is delightful to read the glowing and affecting descriptions which inspired men have written, each in his own peculiar style, for our instruction and benefit, and then to notice how beautifully they are all blended in one harmonious whole.

There remains a theme to which we have not yet referred, and upon which it would be still more difficult to write,—the *doctrines* of the "Scriptures." By this we mean the character of God and of fallen man, and the plan of salvation by Jesus Christ. Take as a suitable example, the sovereignty of God. Where can we alight the eye upon a subject more deep and incomprehensible than that? "It is higher than heaven, what can we know, deeper than hell, what can we do? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." And yet, wherever any suggestions are offered on this vast subject, they perfectly agree, and the writers seem, in each instance, to grapple with it, not like unaided men, but as if guided from above. And precisely similar is it with respect to the other attributes of the Godhead. Light from the throne of God illumines the mind when the pen is ranging over the fields of bliss, or attempting to portray the character of Him, who sitteth between the cherubim. Look, also, at the manner in which the character of man is universally represented, and see if you can detect a single clashing sentiment among the multiform descriptions, which are presented on well nigh every leaf of "Holy Writ." Is not man always presented to the view as a depraved, lost, ruined sinner, with no hope of rescue but in the blood and mediation of Him who expired on Calvary. So, likewise, with regard to the glorious plan of salvation,—a plan, which no created intelligence, however brilliant or exalted, could ever, by his proudest efforts, have conceived. One thing comes in here, and another there, to effect the symmetry and beauty of this magnificent edifice, "the top-stone whereof shall be brought forth with shoutings of Grace! Grace! unto it!" The atonement is presented as the only ground of salvation by Moses, and David, and Isaiah, and Paul, and indeed by every writer, who endeavors to unfold it.

Considering then the various authors of this invaluable compilation; the difficult period of time in which its books were written; and the different and intricate subjects discussed in its pages, does not its wonderful harmony constitute internal evidence, clear and convincing, of its inspiration and authenticity? The writers of the volume of Revelation were either good men or bad men. If *good* men, they would never have asserted so solemnly that they were inspired from above, if the assertion was untrue; and if *bad* men, they surely would never have inculcated such love to God and man, such universal benevolence, and such sublime and holy sentiments of the Deity and his relations to us, as abound in the sacred word.

I HAVE always looked upon alchymy in natural philosophy, to be like enthusiasm in divinity, and to have troubled the world much to the same purpose.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Original.

MARY'S MUFF.

A TALE OF CONNECTICUT.

BY MRS. GEORGIANA MAY SYKES.

One of the long evenings of a Connecticut winter had just closed in; under the light of the full moon, all was sparkling and frosty without the house, while an air of ruddy comfort pervaded every thing within it, when the shrill voice of an old lady was heard at the bottom of an old fashioned stair-case, calling, "Mary, *Mary*, Mary."

No Mary made reply, and apparently her ineffectual vocal efforts had any thing but a soothing effect upon the mind of the old lady; for she turned suddenly about with something very much like a jerk, muttering, "Good land of Goshen! where *has* that girl gone now?" and re-entering, what in common parlance was the "keeping-room," she set down upon the table with considerable emphasis the flat-bottomed brass candlestick she carried in her hand, in no wise affected by the inverted, and elongated, and in-every-other-possible-way-carricatured reflections of her perturbed countenance, which the said candlestick, whose lustre had that morning been carried by her own hands to the highest degree of perfection, was now ungratefully casting, she turned to the corner where a placid looking matron sat in her cushioned chair, with a knitting-bag, and long blue measuring stocking hanging composedly on the arm of it, and gave vent to her indignation after this manner:

"Well, I do say, that of all the high-flyers, that ever I saw, your Mary is the beater. If Mary Hallam was my girl, she should stay at home one evening in the week. I'd see if she wouldn't. I'd tie her to the leg of the table but she should."

A young man, who had evidently just come in, here rose and made demonstrations of departure, either because he was not pleased with Aunt Heppy's mode of treating the subject under consideration, or because he saw no further probability of accomplishing what he came for; but the speaker turned round abruptly and said with authority: "Sit still, Ralph, sit still. You can't find her if you do go. When Mary Hallam sets off for a run, there's no telling where she will fetch up. Sit still, can't you?"

"You had better go, Ralph," quietly subjoined Mary Hallam's father, from his seat in the opposite corner, without intermitting his occuparion of twirling his thumbs, and looking into the fire. "It is a good still night, and you can tell where to find her by the noise."

A bright-eyed, but somewhat precise-looking sister, looked up from her work at this sally, and smiled; whereupon Aunt Heppy (some people took particular pains to call old the lady Aunt *Heppy,)* re-commenced a sort of running soliloquy about "girls that would slip off for a run *betwixt day-light and dark*, and easy mothers that let them grow up *real high-flyers*," in the midst of which, Ralph escaped.

As the "high-flyers" may have become rare or extinct during the forty years which have elapsed since the date of our story, it may not be amiss to pause and examine the specimen before us.

Mary Hallam, now and several times every day the subject of Aunt Heppy's caustic comments, had her faults, but we hope that it may bespeak for them some degree of charitable forbearance from our readers, though we doubt if it ever produced any such modifying effect upon Aunt Heppy's judgment, that she was young, and in a good degree beautiful. It was remarked that no one who looked her full in the face ever thought of blaming her very severely. Unfortunately for Mary, Aunt Heppy had that obliquity of vision, commonly known as a cast.

Mary Hallam was indeed a refreshing compound of health and happiness, radiant with fresh smiles that came and went like sunlight on a dimpled brook, and rosy as a June morning, while her dark eyes danced more mischievously than the stars in a clear frosty night. Mary's heart danced with her eyes. She was as buoyant as she looked; and, by the way, looking happy is more than half the secret of beauty.

It was not that Mary had any thing so very particular to make her so, that she was always happy; on the contrary, she had her trials as well as other people. For instance, there was this same Aunt Heppy, who thought admonition a medicine so well adapted to Mary's constitution, that she administered it hourly, without thinking it worth while to measure the doses. Then there was her sister, Harriet Hallam, a perfect pattern of a young woman, the daily rebuke of whose unobtrusive goodness came a great deal nearer reaching Mary's heart than any thing Aunt Heppy could say. If Aunt Heppy had not praised Harriet so much, there is no telling what a reforming effect her example might have wrought, enhanced in severity as it was to Mary, by the fact that Harriet was a year and a half younger than herself. Then there

were the safe and salutary usages and restrictions of a well-ordered New England home, which were sometimes a trial to Mary, fencing and hemming in, or rather damming up her wild spirits, so that when they foamed over, or otherwise found vent, they carried all before them awhile. There was a strict, and at times, very stern father, and a mother not half so lenient to Mary's real faults as Aunt Heppy said she was, though Mary would have been indignant at any one who should count her parents among her trials, for she loved them dearly, and would have done any thing to please them, except being always steady and sensible. What Mary considered as her trials, were the difficulties, little and great, in which her own giddiness was every day involving her, wherein

"Tears and heart-break, and a world of sighs,"

would be her's, for a marvellously short space of time, happiness being with her a plant so indigenous to the soil that it could not be crushed.

Mary lived at a day when household duties were multiform and laborious beyond the conception of the puny ladies of our times. She belonged to a family noted for being *ambitious*, using the word in a sense which has quite passed out of the modern vocabulary. It was an ambition which had reference to the velocity of spindles upon great wheels and small wheels, to preserving and pickling, to the snowy whiteness of kitchen floor and dairy shelf, and to the lustre which waxing and sinewy polishing might impart to ponderous mohogany chairs and tables. It was an ambition, which, emulous of modern science, experimented upon metals, seeking to convert tin in the homely forms of pans and porringers into silver, and brass in its avatar of huge kettles and tall parlor andirons into the red gold and pale gold.

Blessings on the mutability of fashion, which has given carpets to the expanse whereon we tread, and brought us bronze for brass, and denuded our dwellings of the masses of snow-white curtains, with their intricacies of festoon and fringe, and left women free to expend her energies in something better, that this life-long struggle to put and to keep every thing about her house in just that kind of order in which, by the laws of nature, it could not possibly stay.

Little favor, however, would the self-regulating and labor-saving inventions of modern days have found at the substantial mansion of the Hallams; for, as we have said, they were an ambitious family. The mother, though she was delicate in health, abated nothing for that of the rigid exactitude in her housewifery; and least of all, did Aunt Heppy, who was in fact the regulator of the household, ever seem disposed to lower the standard. Mary and Harriet Hallam must spin unnumbered runs of fine linen thread, because she and their mother before them had outspun all competition. They must be able to boast that they could make a shirt in a day, with its full complement of ruffles and stitched wristbands and gussets; or conduct one of their father's long stockings from the incipient stage of setting up through the intricate processes of seaming, and narrowing, and goaring, and slipping, and binding, of heel and instep, to the final toeing off, in the inconceivably short space of one diurnal round. She had done it, and so should they. There should be no deterioration in the descending line of the Hallams.

It is doing less than justice to Mary Hallam to say, that never was a more prompt and skilful hand than her's brought to tasks like these. She entered *cor spirits* into all that was going forward, and worked, when she did work, in a style that just suited Aunt Heppy. It was strikingly like Aunt Heppy's own work, except that the machinery had different motive powers; Mary's being carried forward by singing, and the old lady's by scolding. We regret that it must be confessed in this place, that the more Aunt Heppy scolded, the louder Mary would sing. It is a fact not at all to her credit.

But what the old lady grieved over and complained of most, was, that Mary had no real love for these her daily employments. It was evident to her mind, that Mary Hallam only worked so fast and so well, for the sake of *getting through*. And when all was through, and there was no longer any thing that could be "put to rights," then where was Mary? Ay, where was she? That was the question.

Reader, if you had been wont to go in and out at the hospitable door of the Hallams, you would have understood one of Aunt Heppy's daily recurring "*quandaries*." Unlike every thing else within and about the house, that door had a habit of doing things by halves, being not so much a door as a pair of doors, ranged one above the other. We could never divine the reason for this fashion, occasional specimens of which are still extant in the towns of New England, unless it was the opportunity it gave young men and maidens to prolong their partings at the half-closed door. In addition to this mode of construction, requiring two openings and two shuttings, the upper half of the door was provided with a ponderous knocker, which swung up and down on the hammer principle, and, as

its hinges were well worn, played off a sort of voluntary in honor of every arrival and departure. Was it not strange how Mary Hallam contrived to slip away so quietly as she did?

She seldom came back as quietly as she went. "Troops of friends" usually escorted her back, with whose merriment the walls of the old mansion would ring awhile.

There were few quiet pleasures for the young people of that day. Professor Silliman and the Lowell Institute were not then invented: there were no debating clubs for the young men, no sewing circles for the maidens. Music, beyond Psalm and simple ballad singing, was a rare accomplishment. Books were rare, though even then, Mary found enough of them to call forth censure from her elders. "Bennet's Letters," and "Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women," were allowable books; but almost every thing else was included under the general head of *romances*, and proscribed as having a decided tendency to promote *high-flying*.

The young people of that day were gregarious. Every evening they gathered somewhere, not by stupid, formal invitation, but improvising a party, by dropping in, one after another. Mary Hallam was a leader among them, the circle's very centre, on which its mirth turned; and hence it was that whilst Harriet sat at home, and through the winter evening, sewed up the long seams of linen they had spun, Mary was away, at Fanny Morris', or Ruth Norton's, or Rebecca Bissell's, or any where else where the most sport was to be had.

Ralph Mosely, the young man whom we saw some time since setting out, like knight errant of old, to find, by the light of the moon, the lady of his love, knew well her haunts, and had traced and regained her in a tithe of the time we have taken to exhibit her. A welcome accession was Ralph too, to the merry ring, for though he was a youth of no great comeliness of person, and of remarkably staid and quiet demeanor, there was a twinkle in his eye that all who had been once in his company, knew how to understand. He seldom laughed, preferring to impose that labor upon others. In short, Ralph Mosely was a born wag, and would have played the part assigned him to admiration, if he had not frequently marred it by being so thoroughly good natured and kind hearted. As it was, Ralph Mosely was every body's favorite, and had good reason to believe that he was Mary Hallam's, among the rest. But this evening opened a new chapter in his history.

He soon discovered that one Christopher Ames, cousin of Fanny Morris, who had come from New York on a visit, and appeared this evening for the first time in their company, was bringing the full force of his city graces to bear upon Mary Hallam, and monopolizing her attention in a way that was very distracting to a beholder in Ralph's circumstances.

Mary had a natural turn for coquetry, as had been more than once before proved, and the stylish manners of the new comer, and the novelty of his discourse evidently found great favor in her eyes. Ralph's heart sunk within him, but he sought his opportunity, and told Mary his errand.

It was a matter of some consequence. A grand sleighing-party had been planned for the next evening, and he wished to be the first to apprize Mary of it, and secure her as his special companion for the occasion. Alas, poor Ralph! Mary had not only heard of it, but was already engaged to go as the partner of the dreaded Christopher Ames.

Heroes in poetry and romance are bitter and misanthropic under disappointment. Our hero was too good natured to be moody, so he just turned and sought Nancy Gay, a plain girl, whom other people were too apt to neglect, and found her quite ready to accept the invitation he offered. He carried this kind of heroism still farther. When the company dispersed, he walked home with her and lame Janet Boyd, curbing his impatience to her uneven steps, though he could not help seeing, as he passed, that Mary Hallam was carrying the flirtation with her new admirer to the extent of a prolonged chat at the half-closed door. The city beau's teeth must surely have chattered in the midst of his compliments, for it was a night when true and tried love could hardly keep a man's heart warm in his bosom.

The appointed hour of the next evening, brought a long train of sleighs to the door of the Hallams. Ralph Mosely sprang out first, not with any purpose of interfering with the fair claims of the gallant Christopher, but to try once more to persuade Harriet Hallam to go with the party. While he stood talking with her, he heard, in Aunt Heppy's familiar tones—

"Good land of Goshen, Mary Hallam! do you mean to freeze? There ant no warmth to that habit of yours. It ha'n't the substance of a good fog. Go right back, and put on my homespun cloak, and turn the hood of it up over your bonnet."

Mary laughingly ran up stairs, but Ralph saw, though Aunt Heppy did not, that she returned in a moment, and sprang to her seat in the sleigh, not indeed wrapped in the prescribed cloak, but with the addition to her dress of a very large muff—her mother's muff, which was the admiration of the town, and calculated to give consequence to the wearer in the eyes of even a city beau.

This muff which Mary Hallam wore, belonged indeed to the very aristocracy of muffs, and was regarded with just pride by all who could claim even distant affinity with the family in which it was owned. It was remarkable that Abijah Hallam, a man who ordinarily took uncommon care of his money, should have thought of evincing his affection for his wife by such an expensive gift as that muff. He never was extravagant before in his life, and probably never would be again. He seemed, himself, to regard the muff with respectful fondness, as a costly investment —something several grades above his circumstances, and insisted that his wife should always wear it on the few occasions when she went out. A fine-looking woman was Mrs. Hallam, and she and the muff were mutually becoming. Perhaps her husband, when he sent to foreign parts for that muff, and had it brought home in a case somewhat smaller than a barrel, indulged a secret hope that it might tempt the invalid back to health and society.

And now, our gracious reader, may be ready to inquire what business had Mary Hallam with this precious muff. We are constrained to answer that she had no business at all. It was one of her giddy freaks to borrow it without leave. She saw, in fancy, her own face peeping out from under Aunt Heppy's horrid hood. What would Christopher Ames think? and, with the desire to look well in his eyes, came thoughts of the muff, which she knew he would be able to appreciate. And so, upon the impulse of the moment, she seized it.

Will it uttely destroy the reader's sympathy with our heroine, if we confess that she was very much in the habit of doing similar things?

There is a class of people who are naturally and constitutionally borrowers. Other people's possessions have a charm for them, which their own, equally good, seem to want. Mary was one of these borrowers from taste. Aunt Heppy had long ago predicted that if Mary were ever to be married, they should see her come home for a visit some day, dressed up in her husband's best waistcoat.

Mary was a borrower from necessity, too. She never could spare the time necessary to keep her wardrobe in repair, and it came so convenient for her to borrow what she needed from careful Harriet's nicely arranged drawers. To be sure, poor Harriet sometimes remonstrated, but then her stores were so abundant, that Mary saw no harm in helping herself from them. Why, we verily believe that Harriet Hallam had nearly enough of the soft, white hose of her own knitting, *to fill a pillow-case*—the prescribed quantity, in those days, for a marriageable maiden; and such piles of snowy pocket-handkerchiefs, of which it was Mary's fashion to leave one of her own, as a sort of visiting-card, at every house she entered. How could Mary help borrowing?

We shall permit our sleighing-party to glide away from us, and to take their pleasure in their own noisy way, at the house of entertainment which was their goal,—meeting them again when homeward bound, an hour or two after midnight.

The watery ring about the moon, and the dampness of the wind setting in from the east, which some of the weather-wise ones had remarked soon after starting, had proved true signs. The moon was soon overcast, the clouds gradually gathered into blackness, and it was now, not snowing, but raining in a very sober and business-like manner.

At first, this change in the weather was regarded as a capital joke, and balls, easily moulded of the damp snow, passed merrily from sleigh to sleigh, as missions calling attention to the subject. But nothing that we ever saw, were it soda-water or human spirits, can keep on foaming for ever, and by-and-by the merriment began to flag.

A remarkable and sudden change had come over Mary Hallam;—hardly a word had she spoken for the last half hour. She seemed even anxious and unhappy.

Poor Mary! Amid the darkness and fast falling rain, she discovered that *she had lost the muff —her mother's muff.*

She knew that it would be useles to speak of her trouble, and ask the party to turn back for it. It was so dark, that they could hadly find their way forward—much less any thing which might have been dropped into the road miles back.

She was not without hope that when they reached home, the muff might be found, upon search, in the bottom of the sleigh, but every moment increased her agony of apprehension that it was lost irrecoverably.

When this last hope had to be relinquished, how she longed for an opportunity to speak to Ralph Mosely, and tell him her distress—but he was gone. How cold and heartless seemed Mr. Christopher Ames' polite regrets for the accident, when it was evident all the while that he was hurrying her into the house, that he might the sooner divest himself of his own dripping garments.

How the hot tears—tears of bitter self-reproach—burst forth, as she looked into the calm face of the sleeping Harriet! What resolutions for the future did Mary form, in the calmer intervals of that sleepless night, as she listened to the rain beating against the windows!

Rain, rain, rain—all night, and all day, and all the next night, it rained, rained. The *January thaw* had set in, and it rained 'till the soft, slumpy snow, in which every foot-print filled with water in an instant, had disappeared, patch by patch, and the brown earth, and the dead grass and leaves of last summer, were visible.

The pasture lots in view from the back windows, gradually filled up with water. The father, when he came in, told that a loaded team had broken in, while crossing the river on the ice, and that the river was beginning to rise. Then came word that the ice had broken up, and was floating down the river. The freshet, an annual occurrence on the Conuecticut, was evidently at hand.

Poor Mary! One feeling was constant at her heart,—one vision before her eyes. It was a vision of draggled and dripping fur—of a crushed muff, resting on its side, with its snow white bosom turned upwards to take the pelting weather-stains.

She shrunk away from her mother's looks of tender inquiry, even more than from Aunt Heppy's broad insinuations that she had "lost what little wit she ever had," and was "possessed," if any body ever was.

And indeed she gave Aunt Heppy reason. She wandered up and down like one bewildered. "The Assyrian's camp," Aunt Heppy's usual comparison, did not express half the disorder and confusion her various mistakes caused in the house.

Her temples throbbed, a crimson spot burned in either cheek; she was seized with sudden shiverings, and anon with scorching heat, her dizzy brain reeled, and she yielded at length to the repeated entreaties that she would go to bed and acknowledge that she was sick.

Who now was most eager to nurse and comfort poor Mary? Whose step was lightest, and whose voice most soothing beside her sick bed? Whose hand smoothed the pillow and held the draught? Why, whose should it be but Aunt Heppy's.

If the old lady had one gift, it was a decided natural talent for nursing. It was all but incredible what a change was wrought in her disposition by the air of a sick room, and how patiently she would bear with the most unreasonable whims of the very persons, in sickness, who would not have dared in health, to breathe a thought of contradiction.

To be sure, she was quite addicted to prescribing nauseous doses. Pepper tea, hot and strangling, and a bag of hops, dipped in scalding pepper and vinegar, applied to the throat, was the prescription to which poor Mary had to submit.

Doubtless it did her good, but not half so much as did a little square, closely-sealed note, which, on the evening of the second day, Aunt Heppy put into her hands, telling her that Ralph Mosely brought it, and adding that "she had heard of folks that did not know enough to go in out of the rain, but she never before saw any body quite such a natural fool as to come out such a night as that."

What a messenger of peace was that little note. It simply said:—

"*The muff is found*, and in dryer times shall be restored.
RALPH."

No febrifuge, no sudorific, nervine or narcotic could have produced half so good an effect on Aunt Heppy's patient as those few simple words. She buried her face in her pillow, and while tears from the fulness of her overcharged heart rolled slowly down her cheeks, gentle slumbers stole over her.

The next day brought Ralph Mosely with an uncommonly large parcel, which he was anxious to deliver into Mary's own hands. Failing of this, he entrusted it to the good offices of careful Harriet, and soon the muff was once more safe in Mary's trembling grasp.

No sooner had the door closed upon her sister, than Mary hastened to restore the regained treasure to its accustomed place.

She reached the wardrobe—[a clothes-press, they called it,]—in the adjoining chamber. Her hand was upon the cover of the muff-case, when the door opened, and Aunt Heppy stood before her.

This was the drop too much. Exhausted by her previous exertions, a death-like faintness crept over her, and she fell at Aunt Heppy's feet.

Of what happened afterwards, poor Mary knew nothing. She found herself with her head laid upon her own pillow, and herself carefully watched for many succeeding days.

It might have been a month afterwards, when Mrs. Hallam sat, one bright day, drest for an airing, and glancing down at the muff which lay in her lap, she said—

"Heppy, this muff isn't quite so good a match for the tippet as I thought it was."

"Well, I don't know, Hannah. The ground color is the same, but I should think," said she, glancing at Mary, "that it had rather more of a *watered* look."

No sooner had Mrs. Hallam left the room, than Mary threw both arms round Aunt Heppy's neck, and covered her wrinkled face with kisses.

"Pshaw, child! you have made me spill my snuff," exclaimed the old lady, but there were tears in her eyes. It was the first time for long years that she had been encircled in a loving clasp—and Aunt Heppy had a human heart.

When Ralph Mosely and Mary Hallam set up house-keeping together, as they did before many years, Aunt Heppy went to live with them, and was cherished and borne with to her dying day. She was once heard to declare that "there was no telling how girls would turn out. There was Mary Hallam, now, a regular high-flyer, was every bit and grain as good a manager as Harriet, that never did a wrong thing in her life. After all, may be it was the best way to serve young folks as you do the *emptings*-jug—*keep the cork a little loose 'till the first working is over.*"

Original.

STANZAS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Come to me, Love: forget each sordid duty
That chains thy footsteps to the crowded mart,
Come, look with me upon earth's summer beauty,
And let its influence cheer thy weary heart;
Come to me, Love!

Come to me, Love; the voice of song is swelling
From nature's harp in every varied tone,
And many a voice of bird and bee is telling
A tale of joy amid the forests lone;
Come to me, Love!

Come to me, Love; my heart can never doubt thee,
Yet for thy sweet companion-ship I pine;
Oh, never more can joy be joy without thee,
My pleasures, even as my life, are thine.
Come to me, Love!

Original.

THE THREE LADY-LOVES.

BY MRS. JANE L. SWIFT.

I am now what you might safely call an old man. The seams of seventy years are upon my brow, and time's unsparing hand has done its accustomed work upon my frame. Yet the heart seems to have been left unscathed by its paralyzing influence, and I can look around me with feelings akin to youth. True, these feelings are mellowed, if not chastened by experience; but how few are there among the aged, who have not felt their sensibilities withered by the blighting touch of worldly disappointment, or soured by the daily pressure of fretting cares?

Oh! it is a long, long time to look back upon seventy years! But pity me not, more youthful reader, for I have garnered up many sweet and endearing recollections in my ancient store-house; and as I draw them forth at pleasure, the old man feels young again. Nay, pity me not, for the young love me; and as my grand-children cluster around my knees, my heart yearns towards them with a childish tenderness.

The heart that has outlived many of its sympathies—that has seen its early friendships decay one by one, until no friend is left—that has given to the arms of others the children of their love—that claims only a second place in the affection where once it reigned supreme—age, to hearts that have gone through this, or even less than this, the love of a guileless child is dear. Wonder not, then, if I seek happiness sometimes among the young. The taste for worldly pleasures and exciting amusements has long since passed away; but with my books, my garden, a few companions, and my loved little ones, time never hangs heavily on my hands. But there is one other source of comfort to the old man which can never fail him. It has softened the asperities of a changeful life—it has smoothed many a rugged pathway—it has conducted him to a happy, hopeful old age—it will never leave him nor forsake him; not even when thicker films than those of age shall come over his failing sight. Need I say what that source of comfort is?

But I forget that I am to tell you of my early loves; and this old heart will grow young again, as it looks back upon the inexperience of former years.

All young men, you will agree with me, are apt to fall in love; and when I was young I fol-

lowed that prevailing fashion more than once. Ay, three times was I decidedly the victim of that necessary and pleasing folly. I am somewhat skeptical upon the engrossing and lasting effect of first love, as I suppose all men are, who have not married their first love.

I was in my twentieth year when my first accident of that kind befel me; but, unlike other accidents, it failed to make "the burned child dread the fire." Well, in my own estimation, and I believe, in that of other people, I was a handsome looking youth, with dark eyes, and a profusion of "raven hair." A year at college had advanced me considerably in the theory of the tender passion, but when it was predicted that ere long I should be the victim of some "charming Phillis," I declared myself an unbeliever in the doctrine, and determined to prove myself *love-proof*

During the first vacation that occurred, my indulgent father furnished me amply with pocket money, and I started with a young friend to visit L———. This beautiful place of resort was crowded every summer with persons from every part of the Union. Delightful L———, the invalid—the ennuyé—the fortune-hunter—the waning beauty—all these yearly thronged thy bubbling springs.

I had been there but a day or two, when a large party arrived from the south; and among the number, was a young lady of exquisite beauty. The first time that I beheld her, I felt as if some mysterious spell had come over me. Had I seen *her* before, or some one like her? Was it memory or fancy that made me feel as if I had known her, or had she visited me in my hours of slumber, and been the beauteous phantom of a dream? How lovely she was! In less than an hour every tongue was eloquent in praise of Grace Carroll, and it was with pain that I saw all the young men flocking around her, offering the incense of that admiration to which she had so strong a claim.

I stood aloof in silence—but the influence of beauty came over my soul with its alluring power. I still remember vividly that dazzling loveliness as when first it shone upon me; and never have I since seen any female beauty to compare with it. She was above the middle height, with a beautifully proportioned person, and the most exquisitely shaped neck and arms. Her complexion was dark, but clear, with a rich bloom upon the cheek; and her eyes were black and lustrous, but softened by long eyelashes. Her smile, that winning thing in woman, was irresistible; and completed the charm of a countenance, which, as I said before, I have never seen equalled.

Judge how unprepared I was to resist the influence of such attractions. Young—glowing with the romance and warm sensibility of youth, was it natural that I should daily be in the society of such a being without casting the homage of my heart upon her shrine? In proportion as I struggled to feel that I was too young to give way to an engrossing passion, did that passion strengthen.

Days did the work of months upon my too susceptible feelings; yet so well did I conceal those feelings from the eyes of others, that I was only joked upon my flirtation with the southern beauty. She knew that my "heart was darkened with her shadow," but she was *alike to all*. I strove to discover in her a preference for some one of the many who crowded around her; but the same glowing smile beamed upon all, the same sweet voice welcomed all. I would have given worlds to have seen her look with indifference upon some, and graduate her smiles by the measure of interest she felt in each.

Days wore on—and sometimes I dared to think that the tinge upon her cheek deepened into a blush at my approach; and that her beautiful eyes drooped beneath their fringed lids from a conscious embarrassment of feeling. I hoped that I was regarded at last with some slight preference; and that thought was exstacy. The fading flower from her hair—the passing glance—words spoken low and tremblingly—these tokens of a woman's interest were mine; and I received and cherished them with a young lover's tenderness.

My friend left me, and proceeded on the contemplated journey alone; for I was too completely in love to accompany him. He very meaningly regretted that I felt it necessary for my health to remain at L———; hoped the waters would continue to agree with me, and "Remember, Ned," said he, at parting, "that all is not gold that glitters."

"What do you mean?" said I, as he sprang into the stage; but a knowing smile was my only answer, and in a moment he was out of sight.

My friend's words awoke uncomfortable feelings in my breast for the short time that I reflected upon them; but I felt that if he meant to insinuate any thing against her who was my "bright, particular star," it was an ungenerous way of doing it; and I came to the conclusion that jealousy had prompted the remark.

Three weeks, three eventful weeks of happi-

ness had gone by, and still I lingered like the moth, around the flame that was consuming me. The intercourse between Grace Carroll and myself, became more tender and confidential; but my trembling reserve restrained the words of love that hovered upon my lips. I saw her dark, soft eyes turned on mine, when standing together upon the moonlit terrace, and spoke of every thing but love. Her hand was not withdrawn from mine, when in the dance I gently pressed the slender fingers. Why dwell upon those moments of fervid and youthful passion? I felt that I loved—I felt that I was beloved.

* * * * * *

It was on a calm, lovely night in August, (for I had lingered five weeks at L———,) that I left my own room, and went to that of a friend in another part of the building, to request the loan of a book which he had promised me. That evening I had spent with Grace Carroll, in walking up and down that well-paced terrace. We had spoken of our early youth—of our families—of our tastes—of fate—of the unchangableness of first love—we spoke, in fine, of all that lovers are apt to discourse upon, when a love-affair is approaching its climax. As she left me, I inwardly vowed that the next evening should decide my happiness or misery for life.

I could not think of sleeping; and accordingly went in search of my friend, or rather, of his book. When I entered his room, he was not there; and I sat down at the open window to wait for him. The sky was serene, and its deep blue expanse was covered with innumerable stars. The air blew freshly in; and while my eyes were fixed upon a fleecy cloud that crept over the brilliant heaven, my heart was with her I loved. I sat lost in thought, building those improbable fabrics which find no existence in reality, At length I heard a female voice from the next window speak to some one, and say, "Do come, and sit here, it is so lovely."

"Gladly, dear cousin Nell, if you will not lecture me again as you did last night," replied a voice which thrilled to my very soul.

"How gladly, Grace, would I tell you, if I could, that I do not censure you; but it is so heartless for you to act as you are doing."

I here endeavored to make my unconscious neighbors aware of my proximity, when the next remark sent a shudder through my frame, as if I had been pierced with a dagger, and I became rooted to the spot.

"I have flirted with fifty others, cousin Nell, and you never took their part so earnestly as you have done young Merton's."

"True, my dear Grace, for they were men of the world, who had seen much of society; and although, as I have frequently told you, it lowered you in the estimation of the truly worthy, still, while I thought you would make no one wretched, I could endure it. But here is a young man with acute sensibility, a novice in the world, with pure, high-minded intentions, seeking the love of one he deems worthy of him. Oh! Grace, Grace, flirtation ceases to be innocent amusement, when it perils the happiness of others."

"Nonsense, nonsense, most sweet cousin; every man must begin with love-affairs some time or other, and Edward Merton will have had a dozen more like this before he is five years older. He will not break his heart—men do not so readily break their hearts for a woman."

"How far has this flirtation progressed, Grace, if you will allow me to intrude into your secrets?"

"Why, cousin Nell, it has gone through the several grades—the flirtation preparatory—the flirtation progressive—the flirtation—"

"Oh! Grace, I cannot bear to hear you speak so lightly. You have been fortunate in your own early attachment; and yet I sometimes suspect that you cannot love Robert Seymour as a promised wife should love, when you can take such pleasure in encouraging the attentions of others."

A chill ran through my frame. The mysterious and undiscoverable likeness was explained. Robert Seymour was my mother's youngest brother; and during a visit to the north a few months before, he had showed us the picture of the lady to whom he had become engaged. I strove to leave the spot, but I trembled in every limb, and could not for my life have moved. That was the first bitter drop in the cup of life.

"You do me wrong, Nell, I do love Robert Seymour; and it is only to amuse myself that I flirt a little occasionally. I found young Merton superior to the poor, vapid fools by whom I was surrounded, and I took pleasure in his society—his heart is worth winning."

"Oh! Grace, Grace."

At this moment my friend entered, allowing the door to slam after him, and the voices ceased.

"Why, Ned what is the matter? you are as pale as a ghost—what ails you, man?"

I looked up in his face—tried to laugh—felt the scalding tears rush into my eyes—and exclaiming, "I am a d——d fool," tore out of the room as if I had lost my senses.

No one ever pities a man in love. Like a fall on the ice, it seems to arouse the risible faculties

of all who know of your mishap; and the best way to get out of such a scrape, is to turn round and laugh at yourself. But for all that, the fall bruises you; and the disappointment loses none of its bitterness because no one else considers it a misfortune.

By day-light the next morning I was on my way home, a wiser, if not a better man—having learned this lesson, that he who allows himself to be captivated by a flirt, generally "receives his labor for his pains."

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Two more years flew swiftly by, and my first passion was remembered only to be jested upon; but my vanity had received a sore wound; and when in company, I always avoided a belle as something to be dreaded. The alluring smile—the down-cast eye—the softened tone—the irresistible fascination of beauty—all these were as warnings to me, to fly from danger; for by these my arts, the deepest emotions of my heart had been excited. At first, I resolved never to marry; then, I thought my determination rash; a short time afterwards I came to the conclusion that my inexperience alone had been the cause of my misfortune; and I finally ended by falling in love again, and with one the very opposite of Grace Carroll, excepting that she was handsome.

My partiality for literary pursuits induced me to cultivate the acquaintance of those possessing similar tastes; and in this intellectual circle I met with one, who was its brightest ornament. The mind of Julia Vane was of a high order; and every advantage that education could bestow was lavished upon her. She was dignified, aspiring, and formed by nature to exercise a peculiar influence over those with whom she associated. Unlike Grace Carroll, she never seemed to court admiration; at least, I never observed her encouraging feelings which could meet with no return. Some called her cold; some haughty; and there were times when I thought her more like a beautiful piece of statuary, than like a living, breathing woman. She was very pale; and in repose, the countenance seemed almost spiritualized by thought. There was something I could not fathom in her character; possessing so little of the joyousness of youth, so little of feminine tenderness, she seemed to stand aloof and alone where the interchange of affection was concerned; and wrapped herself up in an indifference impenetrable to all.

She was a new study to me. I saw woman in a different phase; and with eager curiosity I sought to understand her character. Unconsciously I became fascinated by the very peculiarity which at first had chilled me; and in attempting to discover the road to her heart, I laid bare the inmost recesses of my own. Day by day I frequented places where we were sure to meet, until her presence became necessary to my happiness. I thought of nothing else—my whole soul seemed filled with hopes, taking their color from her smile.

At length, I spoke to her of love. I told her of my ardent, unalterable attachment. I told her how the effort of my life should be to make her happy. Tremblingly I dwelt upon my doubts and fears; and in retracing the steps of our intercourse, I proved to her that she had been the leading star of my existence. The hand I held was not withdrawn; and in the drooping head and silent lips, I read an augury of hopes My long suppressed feelings gave themselves vent, and at last I waited for one little word from those dear lips. In a weak, faint voice, and with many tears, she consented to be mine. A vague feeling of disappointment stole over me, for as I gazed upon her at that moment, she looked like a blighted, wilted flower. I went home an engaged, but not a happy man.

Overwhelmed with attentions and kindess from the family of my betrothed, I strove to blind myself to the dejection and apathy, which, from the time of our engagement, seemed to have taken possession of her. Every thing that affection could suggest, or wealth procure, I lavished upon her; but she wore always the same languid, calm smile. A sun-beam upon ice is not more coldly beautiful than was that smile. I knew that she preferred my society to that of any one else, for her parents were not capable of appreciating the high-toned character of her mind; but loving her so deeply, and so passionately as I did, my heart yearned for a similar return. I once said to her, "Oh! Julia, if you did but love me as your nature is capable of loving,"—the tears rushed into her eyes as she answered, "It is the misery of earth to love too well."

Long and painfully did I ponder upon those few words. Could it be that she would not allow her affection full sway until after marriage? Did the fear that my regard might abate, or that my preference might change? Then a thought of agony would force itself upon my mind—could she have loved another better than she did myself? But I discarded it as an ungenerous suspicion; for I felt that such a woman would never have given her heart, where she could not honorably give her hand.

What bright and beautiful day-dreams did I cherish of a life to be spent with her! I knew that my untiring devotion must bind me to her with an ever-strengthening tie; and I felt that as a husband, I might look for an interchange of confidence, which, as a lover, I could not expect. But a dark shadow came over my prospects, conjuring up strange fears and apprehensions. The following letter, which I received a fortnight previous to my intended marriage, awakened a train of suspicions which almost maddened me.

DEAR NED:—

When this reaches you, I shall be upon my way home, after an absence of three years. My uncle Morse died four months since, and has left me sole inheritor of his property; so that I spring at once from a state of comparative poverty, to one of independence. I should not care so much about it, Ned, were it not that I have long loved one of the fairest and best.—Pshaw! you will laugh at me; but why should I keep it from you now, when I hope that the only obstacle which induced her parents to oppose our union is removed. She loved me well, I am sure; but in obedience to her father's commands she broke our engagement without ever giving me the hope, that it might at some future time, be renewed. Misled by an exaggerated sense of filial duty, she will doubtless strive to gratify them in any connexion she may form, although she would never marry any one whom she could not sincerely esteem. They look for nothing but wealth; whereas, with herself, I am sure it could only be a secondary consideration. Oh! these mercenary fathers, and calculating mothers, how often do they part hearts formed for each other. I heard a few months since that she was still unmarried; dare I hope, Ned, that I am not forgotten! I will tell you more when we meet; but why have you been so long silent? The first two years of my absence I heard from you regularly—perhaps you too, are in love—if so, may your lady-love be as fair and sweet as my well-remembered Julia. A few days more, dear friend, and I shall again shake you by the hand. Yours, ever, HENRY TRAVERS.

A mist came over my eyes—suspicions became certainty; and for a time I was in a state bordering upon distraction. As I became calm, my better judgment suggested that I was worse than a madman to make myself so wretched upon suspicion merely. I would go to Julia—I would ask her if she knew Travers—I would show her the letter—I would satisfy myself, for this state of suspense was agony intolerable. At an unusually early hour, being immediately after breakfast, I put the letter in my pocket, and went to see my betrothed. Agitation such as I then felt had been a stranger to my frame; and as I stood upon the steps of the door, I paused before I pulled the bell, that I might assume some degree of composure. Upon being admitted, I went to the library, where I had generally spent part of each morning with Julia; and found her before a table strewed with letters, papers, and various little mementoes of early friendships. She was surprised to see me; looked anxiously at me, as if she noticed there was something unusual in my appearance, and then apologized for the state of confusion I found her in.

"I have been arranging my desk," she said, "and destroying old letters which are of no value. This is the accumulation of years;" she added with a smile, seeing my eye scan the motley collection.

"And this?"—I said inquiringly, placing my finger upon a large package addressed to myself.

She became as pale as death, and answered in a faint voice, "It was not intended to meet your eye, until after my death—there are letters in it which I wish to be returned—and it is out of my power to return them now."

"Why this mystery, dear Julia, am I not worthy of your confidence?"

"Yes, Edward, every way worthy—but this you must spare me—some other time, after we are married—when you feel that I love you as you desired to be loved—then, but not 'till then, would I say more—do not, do not ask it," she added imploringly.

"You love another," I said, in a tone of passionate energy, while I felt the blood rushing to my heart and almost suffocating me.

Her eye kindled—a glow spread itself over her features; and in a voice as calm as I had ever known it, she answered, "I *did* love another; but it was before you and I had ever met."

"You love him still—false woman! you would marry me while every heart-throb is for another. I have marked your gloom, your heavy eye—oh! why did I not know that Julia Vane could be a traitor to herself and to me?"

"Hear me, Edward," she said, "I have been wrong in one thing, and in but one. I could not bring myself to tell you before I accepted the offer of your hand, that I had loved another in my earlier years. I had intended doing so; the words were upon my lips; but I could not speak them; and I delayed from day to day the dreaded communication, while each day only added to the difficulty of the explanation. You shall hear it now. When I was in my sixteenth year, I met, at the house of a mutual friend in the country, a young man of great personal attractions, and of agreeable manners; combined with qualities most engaging to the fancy of a young girl. When we encountered each other subsequently in society, the secret which each had almost unconsciously cherished, was revealed to the other, and we became privately engaged. He had no property to expect from his father who had been unfortunate in business; and the profession upon which my lover was entering, held out no prospect of our being able to marry for some years. This being the case, we thought it best not to acknowledge our engagement; and in the meantime, I received offers, which, in every worldly point of view, were unexceptionable.

They were declined, much to the annoyance and mortification of my father; whose first wish

was to see me handsomely established. When he learned my attachment, for I acknowledged it to him at last to avoid his importuning me to marry, his anger knew no bounds. Dreadful were the scenes I was compelled to pass through. I had exalted ideas of my duty as a child; and when he appealed to me in tones of tenderness, I found it difficult to resist those appeals. Why need I dwell upon the time during which I was alternately swayed by feelings of filial duty, and of attachment to my love. My parents triumphed; and I sacrificed the dearest hopes of my heart, at an age when those hopes are fairest. I rejected, and for ever, the hand of one who loved me as devotedly as man ever loved woman. I felt that it was best to destroy all hope—the rejection was final. He might love, and be beloved again; I believed that I could never know a second preference. He soon after left this country to settle in a foreign land; and then I knew that I should never see him more. My pride induced me to struggle against the melancholy that oppressed me; and in literary pursuits I found a solace and a pleasure. I believe that my character underwent a great change; for I felt as if all the ardor and freshness of youth were gone. I was old, while yet there was not one seam upon my brow; and my heart was chilled, ere the first frost of age had visited it.

"More than two years had passed before I met you, Edward; and the bitterness of my regret had been in some measure subdued. You were superior to any one I knew; you seemed to understand me; my mind could hold intercourse with yours; and from being pleased with, I became interested in you. You devoted yourself to me, you studied to make me forget myself, you seemed to have divined the secret of unhappiness; at least, I thought so. The world was desolate to me; and your love came to illumine the lamp which I thought had gone out for ever. I learned to feel happy in your presence; and in kindred tastes and sympathies I saw that we were suited to each other. You made me the offer of your hand, when I was unprepared for such a disclosure as this; and pardon me, Edward, when I acknowledge that the lover of my youth then rose up before me as if to reproach me for my frailty. Memories of the past, its early joys, its later sorrows—the recent revulsions of my feelings—your devotedness—my need of such a sustaining love—the yearnings of my heart for something which might rouse its crushed and drooping energies—all these overpowered me in that hour, and made me the inconsistent being that I seemed. I determined to tell you all without reserve, for I felt it was my duty to do so; but that night I was not equal to the effort, and unfortunately postponed the communication until the morrow. On that very morrow—the morning after I had plighted my faith to you, I received a letter from *him*, announcing the death of a relative who had left him all his property. The obstacle to his union with me was removed; my parents he knew would consent; he loved me still, his heart had never swerved from its early love. Stunned at first, I could not see my way through the labyrinth into which I was plunged. Ask me not to tell you the struggles, the tearful agony of the hours that followed. I did not wrong you, Edward. I allowed him to believe me the false thing I seemed; and wrote to him immediately of my intended marriage with another—yourself."

"Julia, Julia," I exclaimed, "pardon me; I feel how deeply, cruelly I have misjudged you."

"I thought," she continued, "that I could make you happy; and I resolved that my future life should be devoted to that end. He will cease to think of me; and Julia Vane as your wife, would never sully the purity of her heart by allowing the image of another to dwell for one moment there. You must know it, Edward."

"I do know it, Julia. I have every confidence in your high-souled integrity; but allow not a sense of duty alone to decide in a case like this. Were he here to plead for himself now—could we both stand upon an even ground—were you disengaged, with only your own inclination to guide your decision; which would you choose as the friend and companion of your future life, Henry Travers, or myself?"

She started—did not speak for some moments, but at last faltered, "I have made my choice, Edward."

The iron entered into my soul. I, who had loved her so, that not one hope of happiness in this world existed, but was associated with her; to be content with a shattered, if not a divided heart—the very thought unmanned me. I saw blight already falling upon our domestic joys. Already, suspicions and heart-burnings were gnawing at my vitals; and I felt that that calm pale face would ever be a memento of the early loved. Jealousy, a feeling heretofore unknown, took possession of my soul.

I will not dwell upon the remainder of our interview. We parted in kindness; and I promised to see her that evening; but before night, my mind had so affected my body, that I was really ill; and a severe nervous fever set in, which in a few days threatened my life. While

I was in this state, Travers (not having received Julia's letter,) arrived; to be shocked, poor fellow! with the intelligence that the woman he loved was on the eve of marriage with his friend. He was noble enough not to blame me; and while I was unconscious of his presence, he ministered to my wants, and watched over me as a brother.

I recovered slowly; but Julia's name had never been mentioned by either Travers or myself. No delicate attention that she, or her family could pay me, was neglected; however, my resolution was taken. I felt, that, had I offered myself but one day later, she would have told me all, and rejected me. I suffered deeply, painfully; but I could not stand between the happiness of Julia and my friend; and my pride seconded the resolution I had formed.

Why dwell longer upon my disappointment? All was explained to Travers. When they met, Julia found that I had read her heart more truly than she had done herself; and Travers could understand the feeling, that made me willing to resign her. First, in her heart I should have been a king—second, in that same heart, a beggar.

In less than a month from the time of my recovery, the deep blue waters of the ocean were rolling between me, and the being who had been so dear to me. The second lamp of love had gone out; and left me in a gloom more profound, than if I had never known its ray. But my disappointment left no bitterness in my heart; for I felt that if Julia had deceived herself in thinking she could forget her early love, she had at least been willing to secure my happiness at the expense of her own.

A few months passed away; and I began to feel my interest in life revive. Ah! the hopefulness of youth, how bouyantly does it carry us over the waves of this tumultuous world. I heard, at length, of the marriage of Henry Travers and Julia Vane. A sigh, unnoticed perhaps, but deep, was given to the memory of our unpropitious lovers; and I went abroad again into the world, an unloved, solitary man.

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Time rolled on. I spent some years abroad, and then returned to settle down quietly at home as an old bachelor. Not that my temper had been soured by my disappointments, but having reached my thirtieth year unmarried, I had learned to depend very much upon myself for all my enjoyments. In truth, I was becoming selfish. My home was every thing I could desire it to be; for I was an only son, and my dear mother was ever studying to contribute to my happiness and comfort. I often told her when she urged me to marry, that she had spoiled me by too much indulgence; and that I should never find a wife so anxious to gratify every whim and inclination as she had been.

During my residence abroad, my uncle Seymour and his wife had spent a summer with our family; and my parents' letters were filled with praises of my young aunt, the Grace Carroll of my tale. It was not to be wondered at, for she was an exquisitely beautiful, as well as a highly accomplished woman. But at last there came whisperings of her worldliness and imprudence. It was said, that she sacrificed my uncle's happiness to her love of admiration; and that they were at length content to seek their pleasures each in their own way. Harsher suspicions too were entertained with regard to her, but I believe that those suspicions were altogether unfounded.

A year after my return, we received letters, announcing the intention of my uncle to spend part of the summer again with us; and as I had no desire to renew my acquaintance with my beautiful aunt, I had arranged a pleasant excursion for the middle of June, with an old bachelor friend of mine. As fate would have it, my relatives arrived a fortnight sooner than they were expected; and me, saluting my old lady love with as much sangfroid as if we had never met before; for my first glance at her blasé, although still beautiful countenance, had disenchanted me. I had seen more of the world, I had seen more of women, and it required but one look for me to know, that she had wasted the purity of her heart in an indiscriminate love of admiration—men's admiration—that poisonous incense which cannot but taint the soul that breathes it.

I turned from her to the female companion of her journey, who, leading a fair child by the hand, hung back, to allow the relatives their cordial greeting unobserved. I had seen that face before, but not before she smiled, did I recognize the 'cousin Nell,' who had so bravely taken my part in the conversation I had overheard at the Springs, between Grace Carroll and herself. Being an orphan, she now resided with Mrs. Seymour; for although independent in her circumstances, she preferred living with one who had ever been to her as a sister. I felt the blood rush to my face, forgetting she was not aware of my having ever heard the conversation which so abruptly terminated my stay at L———.

There could not possibly have been a greater

contrast than was presented by these two women. The one, brilliantly beautiful and captivating; the other, without any pretensions to beauty, and unobtrusive. The one, ever conciliating and engaging; the other, affable, but consistent. The one living for the world; the other, appearing to live above it. The one existing for herself alone; the other, for the happiness of those around her. Day by day, in the privacy of our home, did I have every opportunity of noticing the unostentatious attractiveness of woman as she should be, contrasted with the glare and glitter of the spoiled child of the world. It was a dangerous position for me to be placed in; and one which could not but give me ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the favorite tastes and pursuits of Ellen Carroll. She had passed the season of early womanhood, for she was twenty-eight years old; but her spirit was fresh and youthful—it had not been tainted by too great intercourse with a world which could not have appreciated it.

I found myself, when alone, often dwelling upon the requisites of a wife such as I should desire. She must be sufficiently intellectual and cultivated, to make her the intelligent companion of my leisure hours; she must be refined in her tastes, in order to share my pursuits and amusements; she must be sweet, gentle, and yielding in her temper, so as in some measure to soothe the asperities of mine; she must be a lover of home, one who could share my joys and sorrows—one who could bring up her children, as a judicious and christian mother only, can do.

Each of these requisite qualifications I saw shadowed forth in Ellen Carroll. Reader, I did not fall in love, I slid into it. It was not passion, it was not fancy that soon made me cherish the image of Ellen Carroll in my heart of hearts. No, it was a regard founded upon qualities of mind and disposition which could not change. It was affection reflected from the tenderness and loveliness of her own gentle nature. It was an attachment purified by the modest graces which surrounded her.

There was but little romance in this third-love affair of mine. I loved, and was beloved in return. No clouds of suspicion—no jealousies—no distrust threw their shadows across our path. Each looked upon the other, as the being destined to share life's pilgrimage; whether that pilgrimage were bordered with roses, or with thorns. Neither hoped for uninterrupted prosperity; neither expected unalloyed felicity; but as our hearts were joined at the altar, we both felt that every reasonable prospect of happiness was ours.

* * * * * *

The finger of time has written age upon my brow; and the infirm step warns me of an approaching change. The gentle partner who for thirty years bore with me the vicissitudes of life, has descended before me into the shaded valley through which we must all tread. The remembrance of her virtue and her love is with me still—that remembrance comes to me in the lonely hours of night, at mid-day, and when the twilight with its sober charm is round me. I hear her voice again—it whispers comfort for the few remaining years of my uncertain sojourn. I feel her kiss upon my brow, as when in other years it lingered there. I see a fair, white hand—it beckons me towards a brighter resting-place. Her children's children call her blessed; and as we visit in the beautiful summer time the spot where she reposes, I feel that soon I shall be re-united to her, whom in life I loved long, and so well.

Original.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BIRDS.

BY ANNA MARIA HIRST.

They are passing, they are passing,
Their sylvan songs are gone,
And wood and vale, and bosky dale,
Are wailing them alone—
Wailing alone, their leafless trees
Quivering beneath the blast
That bears the dying echo
Of their latest warblings past.

Gone are the murmurs of their wings:
No single sound I hear,
Save one, the falling of the leaves
Within the forest sere—
The low, faint fall, as one by one,
Each sinks to seek its mate
That lies upon the frozen ground,
In ruin desolate.

'Tis sad to bid the birds farewell,
The birds that all the spring
Fluttered among our leafy trees,
For ever on the wing—
That, in the summer, built their nests
Before our very eyes,
And taught us how above all art,
Were nature's harmonies.

But they have passed, and now the blast
Sweeps shrieking through the boughs,
Where, every morn and eve, their sweet
And silver songs arose;
But winter hath its day, and then
Mine ears shall hail the strain
The magic, mellow music
Of my summer friends again.

Original.

APRIL.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Month of the smile and tear! Thou dost inherit
A losing gift from thy precursor's hand,
An unquench'd feud, sustained with lion spirit,
Against stern Winter, and his ruffian band;
The stormy March, whose quarrels shook the land
Left but sad legacy to thee, I ween.
Who like a girl, all mov'd to laughter bland,
Must gird thy tender limbs in armor sheen,
And battle for thy right, upon the changeful green.

And hark! the northern winds, thine angry foes
Sweep from their mountain-towers, like barons bold,
While in their secret nooks, the cunning snows
Entrench themselves, resolv'd with durance cold
Possession for their exil'd king to hold,
But the slant sunbeams waste them, day by day,
And through their breasts, with arrogance untold
The wily brooklets mine their murmuring way,
And 'neath the frelted arch, a thousand gambols play.

Yet doth thy soft hand claim the victory,
Month of the smile and tear,—for here and there,—
The infant grass-blades peering toward the sky
Win that green tint which maketh earth so fair;
And many a bulb, that by the florist's care
Found pillow warm, beneath the sheltering ground,
And many a hardy bud, the blasts that dare,
Have heard God's voice amid the garden's bound,
And from their cradles look'd, and listened to the sound.

They listen, they unfold, to life they spring,
The pallid snow-drop at the violet's feet,
The young Arbutus, with its glossy wing
Shadowing its forehead,—on her queenly seat
The hyacinth, dispensing perfume sweet,
The fairy crocus, all in haste array'd,
The simple daisy, with the cowslip sweet,
Have heard God's voice and the garden glade,
Yet not like Eden's pair, with conscious guilt afraid.

Month of the smile and tear! Thy mild behest
A countless band of choristers await,
The soaring Lark unloads his warbling breast,
The Thrush melodious woos his gentle mate,
The chirping Robin, at the cottage-gate,
Partakes his crumbs and with a song repays,
Up goes the Oriole, bright in kingly state,
God's voice they hear, and tune responsive lays,
Nor like our ingrate hearts, forego the debt of praise.

Nature, all beauteous in the garb of Spring
Then, as a goddess to her temple-shrine,
With budding wreaths and chant of birds dost bring,
And there, with breathing eloquence divine,
Whether in hymns, where wood and waters join,
Or solemn sounds, when sky-crown'd forests nod,
Or spirit-voices, low at eve's decline,
When the lone lily trembleth on the sod,
She doth announce herself, a Teacher sent from God.

The world hath other lessons,—other charms
To stir the selfish, passions. Lust of fame
Goads the stern warrior on to deeds of arms,—
Wealth o'er the crowd maintains a golden claim;
The mournful odour of a mangled name
Lures Slander's harpies, posting on the wind:
Even cloister'd Learning feeds Contention's flame,
But Nature?—holy muse of human kind,
Back to its Glorious Sire, doth lead the ethereal mind.

Original.

TO MY DAUGHTER CLARA.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Though frowns the storm of darksome fate,
And clouds choke up the air,
I turn me to thy mild blue eye,
And lo! the heavens are there!

Though weary throbs this breast of mine,
Worn with its galling chain,
Thine innocent smile refresheth me—
Making me strong again.

Though rude the noises of the world,
That jar upon my ear,
I sleep again 'mid pleasant dreams,
If thy sweet voice I hear.

My daughter! in that gentle name
What spells of magic lie,
To strew my path with flowers,
And light the darkling sky!

Thou knowest not yet, thou blue-eyed sprite,
The love I lavish here,
Nor heedest in thy busy glee,
The meaning of a tear.

But years will come whose sounding wings
Shall startle thee to grief,
And burning tears like rain shall fall,
O'er this unconscious leaf—

This leaf, a father's love has made
A talisman to thee,
Whose every word to thy wrung heart,
A drop of balm shall be.

Cheer up, and nerve thy heart to bear
The countless ills of life—
And, like thy father, struggle on,
Hope on, amid the strife!

There—I have kissed thine angel mouth,
And kissed thy sunny hair,
And o'er those wondrous deep blue eyes,
Have breathed a midnight prayer.

Sweetly thou sleepest in those arms
I have resigned to thee—
Thy mother's arms—oh, sleeping thus,
How beautiful to see!

Sleep on! ye angel of my life,
Whose presence bears me up—
Whose smiles re-nerve my weary arm,
And sweeten life's sad cup!

Original.

THE BLACK BIRDS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE was a twittering in the cherry-trees,—
A sound of gratulation, like the voice
Of some delighted guest. It was more shrill,
And wildly joyous than the Robins' tone,
Who from the time the fruit began to wear
A ruddy tinge, until it clustering hung,
Rich, even to blackness, 'mid the lustrous leaves,
Had been our visitants.
Now, in dense flocks,
The merry black birds filled the loaded boughs,
Clapping their wings, and in the juicy fruit,
Plunging with eager beak.
Methinks ye make
A traveller's meal, my friends. 'Tis a good sign,
When journeying quickens thus the appetite
For wholesome aliment.
Perchance you've come
A weary distance. Have we leave to ask
Where ye have wandered, since we saw you last?
Spent ye the winter where the Rimac flows
Around Pizarro's city of the sun?
Or in the older Orient, where enthroned
'Mid her lone columns, 'neath the silent moon,
Old Balbec sits, and mocks at History?
Or on the fretted harem of the Turk,
Hung ye your nests, unscathed?
Nursed ye your brood
In the rich bosom of the Indian palm,
A princely cradle,—or 'mid spicy boughs
Of beautiful Ceylon? And did ye there
Keep fresh our memory in your loving hearts,
'Mid all that world of fragrance?
Through the waste
Of trackless air, what keen-eyed pilot led
Your rapid course back to your ancient nests
In the far, desolate North? putting to shame
The speed of man, who with his cloud of steam,
Puffing so proudly on, from point to point,
Doth notch his little mile-stone as he goes
From speck to speck of space.
Fain would we know
How far your rate of movement goes beyond
The rail-road, or ballooning principle.
Canst tell us, by what science you compute
Your longitude? or with what plummet sound
The atmospheric deep? or how with skill
Unswerving still, your hidden compass points
To the true pole-star?
Are there isles of rest,
Within the bosom of yon silver cloud,
For the spent voyager?
Ye tell us nought
Of your adventures on your mystic way,—
My black-gown'd people!
Travellers on the earth
Are not so chary, but delight to pour
What they have seen or heard, diffusely forth
When they can find a listener, and when not,
Beset with printed page, the reading eye
Of the kind public.
But perchance ye think
My Yankee privilege of questioning
Is not well-timed;—and so I think myself,—
For he who interrupts the hungry soul
Doth lose his argument.
Forgive, I pray,
This invocation on your dinner-hour,
And feed, and take your rest.
No archer's shaft
Here in our quiet garden shall be aim'd
Against your trusting breast,—nor hideous form
Of mighty scarecrow, with colossal limbs—
Striding the tree, and bowing to the breeze,
Shall mock and gibber at you.
Freely share
What He, who made us both, hath freely given.
And ye shall be our teachers, how to take
Heaven's bounty, with an overflowing song,
And open hand, unto a brother's meed,—
'Till at the banquet-table of our Sire,
The wearied wanderer, from the toils of time
Shall meet, to part no more.

Original.

THE RECALL.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

RETURN, return, the mild warm airs are blowing
Around thy northern home.
Above us, summer skies are richly glowing.
Why wilt thou roam?

The meek-eyed violets are gaily strewing
The pleasant paths we tread!
The streams make softer melody while flowing
To the vast ocean's bed.

From countless chalices what clouds are soaring,
To the down-bending skies,
Of perfumed incense, while the heart adoring
Speaks through the glistening eyes.

The birds that wander from their southern bowers,
To fill our groves with song,
Charm with their melody the twilight hours,
And day's farewell prolong!

From the still temple of our spirit's straying
Love folds thee in its wing!
Affection breathes her prayer o'er hope decaying,
And mourns her blighted Spring!

Return if voices in thine ear are ringing
Through the still, solemn night;
If love's soft radiance round thy home is clinging
Share in its pleasant light!

IN HAPPIER HOURS.

WORDS BY T. H. BAILEY, ESQ.—ARRANGED TO A GERMAN AIR BY WM. STAUNTON, JR.

decres.
In hap - pier hours, my plea-sure all day, Was to rove with the tho'tless
or dance with the gay: Thro' life as I sport-ed no clouds could I see, And the

hearts that were gay-est were dear-est to me; But now in af - flic-tion how
chang'd is the view, Tho' gay hearts are ma-ny Sin-cere ones are few.

2 Though some come around us to laugh and to jest,
In sickness or sorrow they shrink from the test;
Their love and their friendship endure for awhile—
When Fortune is smiling, they also can smile:
Like blossoms that wither when daylight is gone,
And lose all their sweetness when out of the sun.

3 But thou in my sorrow still faithfully came,
And though I'm alter'd I find thee the same:
Whene'er you come near me no pleasure you find,
But always leave something like pleasure behind;
Like the Night-Blooming Ceres which sheds its perfume
And opens its blossoms 'midst darkness and gloom.

Original.

CORRINNA AND IRENE.*

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

——"And it was very melancholy to behold those two graves in the deep wilderness. The rough tombstone, over which the undying amaranth waved its holy leaves, bore these names, '*Corrinna* and *Irene*.' There was no epitaph. The villagers, hard by, informed us that the dead were sisters, from Italy. But why they came to America, they knew not." * * *

Leaves of Travel.

—

They were from Italy, and, like their clime,
Most beautiful. Why hence they came, (the two
So soft, as if they were Love's messengers,
From his bright realm on some sweet errand sent
To our cold land,) I know not. Here they lived,
In glowing loveliness serenely shrined;
But ever in their eyes, (so lustrous yet so dark—
It seemed that Death and Life had hateless met
And made them thrones for each,) a sorrow sat
Despite their bright magnificence.—I see
Them now: in that companionship, which men
See only in their dreams, through whose rose-bowers
Fair seraphs, choral, glide, making their lives
One calm eternity of love and song,—
Employment fit for creatures born in stars,
And cradled by the gods. Thus lived they on.
I said a sorrow sat in their dark eyes;
But scarce Earth's sorrow; holier, deeper far.
What was it? Nor their beings nor their deaths
Have told. At last, along the brow of one
A shadow stole, scarce seen at first: awhile,
Most dreadful and distinct: daily she pined
And paler grew, even as a star which sinks
Gradual into a cloud; so faded she
From earth, and passed away to heaven. * *

* * * * * *

Years painful, "though not many,"—years of wo
And weariness had crept along the sands
Of Time, leaving them, ah! not printless! Still—
The other, when the first low breeze of eve
Like a weak murmur whispered o'er the grave
Of her who died, would bend above the sod
Made holy by a form, Earth, of its beauty
Envious, gathered to her arms.—She died!
Even as she prayed, with white hands clasped and lips
By grief then wasted, kissing the cold turf—
She died. And there we found her, ere Decay
Did preach its terrible lesson to the haught,
Stern heart of manhood. Side by side they sleep—
Children and daughters of the sunny south—
Whose roses make the cold north fragrant. There
The low, pale wind its vigil keeps, with stars,
Most musical in a sad song; and there
Shall many an eye, not tearless, haply read
On their white tomb, by amaranths o'erhung,
Which Immortality do speak, these names—

"Corrinna and Irene."

* See plate of The Twins.

SONG OF THE WIND.

—

I.

I have passed o'er the bowers—
I have sung 'mid the flowers
Ye knew:
I have danced on the waves
With the soft glory bright,
Such as only from Italy
Scatters its light:—
To you
(So true,
In your love deep and tender;)
I bring fragrance and splendor
Caught from your clime,
In the holiest time.

II.

In the North do ye sleep!
Stranger eyes o'er ye weep!
But I
From your South-land have sped,
With a word for the Dead:
For ye lie
Where no myrtle nor hyacinth waves
O'er the sorrow of graves.

III.

The sky
With a chiliness seems
Bending over your dreams:
Then take
What I bear on my tremulous wings—
Brought afar from the land
Where the wild orange springs—
For your own dear sake.

IV.

Sleep on!
In your own quiet rest—
In the heart of the west!
Sleep on!
For it mattereth not
To what far exile-spot
Your forms are given:
The earth may the body hold—
'Till the last trump is rolled,
But the spirit, Heaven!

Original.

SONG.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Let me perish in the early spring,
When thickets all are green,
And rosy buds are blossoming
Amid their tender sheen.
When the rain-drops and the sunshine
Lie sleeping in the leaves,
And swallows haunt the thrifty vine
That drapes the cottage eaves.

Let me perish in the early spring,
The childhood of the year,
I would not that a gloomy thing
Sweep o'er my humble bier.
For when a broken heart gives way,
In such a world as ours,
'Tis well to let the humble clay,
Pass gently with the flowers.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Another month has rolled away, and summer,—the smiling and luxurious summer,—has tripped along with it to the land of dreams. Its brief stay among us was indeed a chequered one; and in not a few memories will a recollection of the season, which has just expired, remain as the talisman of joy or grief. Many a brimming cup of purest bliss has been quaffed to its scenes of delight, and many an aching heart has been drenched with its bitter waves of sorrow and despair.

Notwithstanding the extreme heat and the severe sickness that has extensively prevailed, even with ourselves, we have been able to publish the "Companion," with its usual regularity; and the result of our efforts to gratify and instruct our readers, is abundantly developed in the elegant embellishments, and superior literary contents of the present number. No pains and no expense have been spared to impart additional beauty and merit to every new issue of our popular miscellany. But it is needless to recapitulate what is familiar to all who are conversant with our pages.

It is a source of indescribable pleasure to those, who have been struggling, for the last four years, against the depression and distress that have effected every branch of mechanical or mercantile industry, to perceive that a change is gradually overspreading the business portion of the community, which is likely to eventuate in solid and permanent prosperity. The clouds that have so long been hovering over us, begin to be dissipated, and a few scattered rays of approaching sunlight seem to illumine the marts of trade and enterprise. And it is high time that matters should take a favorable turn. We have been crushed enough already beneath the iron heel of cruel and arbitrary enactments, and it well becomes the indomitable spirit and energy of freemen to throw off the adverse influences, which would press them still longer in the dust. Then shall we become again a free and a happy people with "peace within our walls, and prosperity within our borders."

Our city has been literally forsaken, during a part of the past month, for the more delightful and healthful enjoyments of the country. There is hardly a village in the vicinity of New-York, but has been swarming with our pleasure-seeking populace. As autumn returns, the absentees begin to come slowly back, however, and ere long, our streets will teem with busy and active life as aforetime. May the coming season prove one of health and successful business!

New Books.—"Biography and Poetical Remains of the late Margaret Milln Davidson;" *by Washington Irving.*—The admirers of true genius will rejoice that *Lea & Blanchard* have published a new and beautiful volume, comprising the biography and poetical remains of this "early called," but gifted child of song. To speak in detail of its varied merits, would be a superflous task. No one surely will fail to peruse the touching and beautiful outlines of her brief career from the pen of Irving, or to linger among the exquisite touches of truth and fancy, which impart an indescribable charm to this interesting work. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia, and Dictionary of Rural Affairs;" *by C. W. Johnson, Esq.*—This is an admirable production, issued in semi-monthly numbers, and designed to impart a general knowledge of all the important facts and discoveries, that have reference to gardening and husbandry. As public utility should be the aim of every individual, whatever be the sphere in which he moves in society; so each well-meant contribution toward the consummation of so desirable an end as this purports to be, should be hailed with every mark of favor and esteem, which is due to an honest effort to delight and instruct the public mind. "The Works of Lord Byron."—This is a new and complete issue of the writings of the noble bard, edited by that prince of poets, Thomas Moore, Esq.; and to be comprised in twelve weekly parts illustrated with six elegant engravings; from the press of Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, and at the low price of twenty-five cents for each number. "Bankrupt Stories,"—We have become so interested in the talent, ingenuity, and varied information displayed in these writings of Harry Franco, that every new number is received and read by us with increasing delight. They are gotten up in a style, too, which reflects no ordinary credit on the publisher, John Allen, 139 Nassau street. "The Encyclopædia of Geography;" *By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E.*—An able and elaborate work, comprising a complete description of the Earth, physical, statistical, civil, and political; exhibitiug its intimate connexion with the heavenly bodies, its physical structure, the natural history of each country, and the industry, commerce, political institutions, and civil and social state of all nations. This result of immense research, and indefatigible industry, is to be completed in twenty-four parts, embracing near nineteen hundred pages, with eleven hundred engravings, and over eighty maps, and extending, in its revised state, down to the present time. Published by *Lea & Blanchard*, at twenty-five cents for each part. "Scenes in Indian Life."—This is a series of original designs, portraying events in the life of an Indian Chief; and they are drawn and etched on stone, in superior style, by Felix O. C. Darley. The death of the celebrated War Eagle—a tale with copious notes—is to conclude the series.—To be completed in five numbers, of which this is the third. "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature."—One of the most instructive and valuable volumes recently published. It is prepared by John Kilto, the distinguished editor of the "Pictorial Bible," assisted by various able scholars and divines. From the press of *Mark H. Newman*, and a handsome book.

"Sermons from the Fowls of the Air, and the Lillies of the Fields; *by the Rev. Samuel Nott, Jr.*—Second Edition.—Boston:—Tappan and Bennet, Washington Street.—The spirit of this volume, and its style, are alike excellent. Many of its pages evince ingenuity of thought, and kindle into eloquence. In our days, when metaphysical distinctions so often perplex simplicity of faith, and the din of controversy distracts the worship of the temple,—it is peculiarly soothing to find by the wayside, teachers who never disagree,—and whose creed, in a language which all can understand, reiterates the wisdom and love of the Universal Father. The author, who wields a practised pen, and has heretofore prepared several well-written works for the young, as well as the mature mind, says in his preface—

"The earth was not constructed to produce either presumption or despondency. It was not cast out unhedged, to the

wilderness of base passions. It is a school for Heaven, where the lessons of faith and hope may be learned. The fowls of the air, and the lilies of the field, are with us, repeating and reflecting the lessons of the Word, from Sabbath to Sabbath,—from the morning dawn, until the shades of evening, amidst all the wants and cares of our earthly state. Birds of the night sing us to sleep, after our fatigue and anxiety, in His arms,—who 'only maketh us to dwell in safety,' and the crowing cock wakens us, amid new plans and toils of life, to behold the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts."

Indulging ourselves in one more extract on the subject of trustful obedience to Him, who feedeth the birds, and "clotheth the grass of the fields," we cordially recommend the book to the consecutive perusal of our readers.

"The lily being an insentient thing, God clothes it absolutely, by the perfection of his management, on the passive principles of vegetable life. The fowls of the air are beings of desire, of will, of instinct,—and in their proper nature, receive their meat from God, not as the lilies, on the principles of vegetable life, but as animals, by the desire and will and instincts of their animal nature. Man is a reasonable being, and if he receives a supply as perfect as the lilies and the birds, it must be on the principles of his complicated nature; neither absolutely on the passive principles of vegetable life, nor by ministries to mere desire, and will and instinct, but by a provision suited to the reason and understanding which govern and direct his animal frame,—a provision to be accepted and employed according to the movements of his higher nature.

Our spinning and weaving, our sowing and reaping, and gathering into barns,—all the implements and plans for a perfect tilling of the ground,—all the machinery moved by water, wind, or steam, for the production of our raiment, and all the methods by which each one acquires so much of the money of exchange, as is needful for his own use, and to be regarded only as so many ways of receiving the gifts of our Heavenly Father, which to us stands in the same relation, as organic structure, and the influence of the elements do to the lilies, or as lightness of body, strength of wing, accuracy of eye, perfection of rudder, and instinctive sagacity, do to the raven, the eagle or the sparrow.

If God, therefore, clothe the lilies, not on the principles by which he forms the granite, but by its organic structure, and vegetable powers; if He feed the bird, not in mere passiveness as He adorns the flower, but by an obedient instinct,—an active wing,—a diligent beak,—now descending to the earth, now plunging into the sea, now cruising a long voyage to the warm regions of the south, now returning to the restored heat of the north, what shall we conclude of His providing for rational beings, but that He will meet the movements of their nature, by placing them in situations to stimulate their invention, to encourage their industry, to educate their powers,—not of independent support, but of *receiving* the kindness of their Heavenly Father What shall we conclude but that we have a warrant to trust in Him for food and raiment, *only* in the use of all the powers that He has given us, *only* by taking thought, according to our rank, in the scale of dependent beings."

L. H. S.

"Songs, Odes, and other Poems, on National Subjects."—In three volumes. Compiled and published by *William Mc. Carty*. No 7, North Fifth Street, Philadelphia.—This poetical collection is divided into three departments,—Patriotic, Naval, and Military, and contains in the whole, nearly eight hundred effusions, of every imaginable variety of measure, and some, of no measure at all. Their character is exceedingly diversified,—the object of the compiler having evidently been, to make an extensive, rather than a tasteful selection. He surely deserves the credit of perseverance, and of patriotism,—two virtues of no mean rank, and in our own fluctuating times, peculiarly valuable. If the making of a Nation's songs, was counted high honor by an ancient philosopher, the careful preservation of them, is a service worthy of thanks. Among the popular lyrics, of "Hail Columbia, happy land,"—"The Star-spangled Banner,"—and "Woodman spare that Tree," we noticed others, of much merit, which are less known among us, and designate the one that follows, which is entitled—

WASHINGTON'S REMAINS.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

Ah! leave him alone, to sleep for ever,
'Till the strong archangel calls for the dead,
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,
Where first they pillow'd his mighty head.

Lonely may be the turf that covers
The sacred grave of his last repose;
But, oh! there's a glory that round it hovers,
Broad as the daybreak, and bright as its close.

Though marble pillars were reared above him,
Temples and obelisks, rich and rare—
Better he dwells in the hearts that love him,
Cold and lone as he slumbers there.

Why should ye gather with choral slumbers?
Why should your thronging thousands come?
Who will dare to invade his slumbers,
Or bear him away from his narrow home?

Well he sleeps in the majesty,
Silent and stern, of awful death!
And he who visits him there should be
Alone with God, and his own hushed breath.

Revel and pomp would profane his ashes:
And may never a sound be murmur'd there
Save the glorious river that by him dashes,
And the pilgrim's voice in his heartfelt prayer!

Yea,—leave him alone!—To sleep for ever!
'Till the trump, that wakens the countless dead,
By the verdant bank of that rushing river,
Where first they pillow'd his mighty head.

L. H. S.

New Music.—"Yes! I should like to marry;" a very popular song, and sung with distinguished eclat, by Mrs. H. P. Grattan, Miss Taylor, etc. The words are from the pen of H. P. Grattan, Esq.,—the music is by J. T. Crane, and is published at Atwill's Music Saloon, 201 Broadway.

"Our Plates."—We would call, particularly, the attention of our readers to the superiority and finish of the engravings in the present number. They reflect the highest credit upon the artist, Mr. Dick.

Amusements.—This department of our magazine is totally void of interest this month. The gardens are in full sway—the theatres are all closed except the Bowery, which is doing a thriving business. Mr. J. R. Scott, Mr. De Bar, Mr. Gates, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Leman, Mrs. Sefton, Mrs. Hield and Mrs Webster, are the principals of the company.

To Delinquents.—We must, again, most earnestly appeal to those of our subscribers who are in arrears to the Ladies' Companion. We furnish our readers a monthly magazine full of interest, and embellished in a style which defies competition, and why should we not receive our pay as punctually as we supply the work? Thousands are now in arrears, varying in sums from three to twenty dollars. Let each individual subscriber, who knows he is indebted, forward by mail, *three or five* dollars. It will show a disposition, on his part, to act honorable. Many of our city subscribers are largely in arrears. They have been putting our collecting off from day to day—but pay day seems never to come.

THE LOVE CHARM.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER, 1843.

Original.

THE LOVE CHARM.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

No Goblin-form!—no muttered charm which brings
Spirits that ride the lurid bolts that burn
Red over Tantalon, when Ruin shakes
His blood-red hair amid the clouds, and all
The frightened stars are pale! No fearful hag,
Whose horrid song, Icelandic, strikes the heart
Of the lone wanderer with awe! A charm
It is of beauty, at the midnight done—
When all the sweet, deep glories of the hour
With heavenly good are potent—and the spell
Is watched by those who in the spirit-clime
Wear loveliness, that, like a crown, invests
The solemn Universe. Most holy charm,
E'en in thy olden superstition touching
To the natural heart!—There is a tale
Told of thy wierd and wondrous workmanship—
That I would fain believe, e'en for its beauty,
If for naught else, and thus it simply runs:—

Nine years had shook their weary pinions o'er
Cordelia's brow, and in her gentle heart
Left traces of deep sorrow, which the world
But little recked, since Julio, her plighted
From the brave ship, whose white wings wooed a blast
That panted for hot India, waved "farewell!"
'Nine years!' They should have been but three! Watching
Had wove a pale wreath 'round her forehead, and
Her dreams were terrible pictures, where the form,
She loved most, ever in the foreground stood,
Battling with storms, or in the fearful grasp
Of Bucaneer, whose knife wept tears of blood,
For its dark deeds:—and now her Julio sat
On some high rock, from perilous shipwreck 'scaped,
And waiting for the morrow, whose red flame
Should, to his straining vision, show a sail
That might bring brotherhood. The morrow came,
But with it came no bark nor friendly hand;
And evening's shadow slowly veiled the sea,
Whose billows hymned of solitude and death,
In that lone isle:—And now his pale hand lay
On fetters which the slaves do bite, where Turks
In tyranny grow old:—And now he lies
Exhausted on the Barcan sand, while far
The deep, cool river rolls a chrystal tide:
And now the rage of madness whets his teeth
Against his own shrunn veins:—the draught of death!
The desert-simoon wails his dirge—the sands
His awful tomb!

Such were the Images
That filled the dark, broad canvass of the night,
And to the beautiful lips of angel-sleep,
The bowl of poison held. * * *
A charm it is of beauty, which can show,
What to the uninstructed eye is hid;
So thousands have believed, and why not you?
And it was done by sad Cordelia!—Hark!
The deep-mouthed bell—"eleven,"—strikes: afar off
Roll its solemn tones—afar off, die away!
From her lone couch, alas! how often wet
With tears, she rose—her night-robes loosely thrown
Around a form, whose perfect symmetry
They scarce concealed;—a glimmering taper bore
She in her snowy hand, and in her heart
A dread. The fire was lit—the mystic cake
Prepared:—the silence bears down heavily
Like a real thing—the very lapse of time
Is chronicled by the beatings of her heart:—
Hush! hark, the bell strikes—"*twelve.*" The faint sounds
Fainter grow—and now 'tis still as ever.
See!—see! "the powerful trouble" labors well!
Lo, a great cloud rolls its black mantle up,
And full displays, a glorious ship, with all
Its canvass spread, walks, like a gallant steed
With white mane streaming out, the dark blue sea.
He stands—her Julio stands upon the deck,
Whose boards are bright with spoils: the vessel nears!
Hark!—thousands from the beach shout, "*Alvara!*"
The sky reëchoes, "ALVARA!" What means
This name? Not long Cordelia in doubt
Remained. * * * *

* * * * * *

Music and laughter on the summer breeze,
And in each heart a joy! The lord, beloved
By all,—Alvara—Julio once, doth take
A bride to-day: and who the bride? Behold,
She comes—she, who did watch so long, and oft
Did vainly question the mysterious sea
Of her Love's fate: Cordelia comes—a wreath
Of typical roses on her lovely brow,
And they were wed. Fate drove him into war,
Whose battles seemed unending—and this Fate
Did call him to command, in which he won
An immortality. Oft did he write—
And yet no answer came from her, whose love
Was his idolatry. At last, her death,
Supposed, brought images of wild despair;
And both gazed on a tomb—the tomb of each;
How needless, let this bridal tell!

The charm
Was true—and happiness at last came down,
Like a most beauteous presence, on their hearts,
Making their lives one measure of delight.

Original.

EVENING PRAYERS IN A PRISON.

AT WETHERSFIELD, CON.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

All researches into the history of earlier ages, result in giving prominence to prisons, as among the strongest engines of tyranny. Despotic princes found them convenient retreats for the conquered foe—the noble, whose estates they wished to confiscate—or the rival, whose eye was upon their throne. The legends of baronial dungeons, sleep in the darkness of feudal times. In every age, the oppressor hath at his will, "held the body bound;" and none may compute the number of the souls, whose only liberator was death. Though the progress of civilization and refinement mitigated the savage features of these penal institutions, yet it was long ere humanity dreamed of making their discipline salutary. Disregard to themoral health of those who as a gangrene had been divided from society, still prevailed; and promiscuous association rendered the novice in guilt, as hardened as the hoary offender.

For the praise of modern times, and for the mild nature of our own government, has been reserved that benevolence, which in sequestrating the criminal, keeps before his eyes the bright image of returning virtue, and baptizes his place of punishment, with the hope of heaven. If to appease the anger of an offended community, Justice must purge, as it were, with fire, the soul that hath sinned, Mercy forgets not to sit by as a refiner, pronouncing when the dross is fully separated, and in the sacred words of inspiration, "counting the law as a schoolmaster, that bringeth unto Christ." How would Howard have rejoiced had such a prospect dawned upon him, while hazarding his life, to "dive into the depth of dungeons, to plunge amid the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gaze of misery, depression and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries."

The pens of some of our distinguished writers have enforced the feasibility of making prisons adjuncts in the reformation of vice, and in several of our States buildings have been erected on this principle, and theories in some measure reduced to practice. Among these institutions, that at Wethersfield stands conspicuous in the opinion of foreigners, as well as of natives, for the adaptation of its structure, the wisdom of its policy, and the results of its discipline.

It was at the close of a long, cloudless summer's day, when I first attended, with a small party of strangers and friends, its hour of evening prayer. The richness of the surrounding landscape, the beauty of the prospect from its elevated, mural promenade, the broad, quiet river, the distant, gliding sails, the waving foliage, the hallowed spire, embosomed amid graceful elms—all seemed to soothe the mind into calm delight, rather than prepare it for painful contemplation. But the harsh sound of locks and bolts, convinced us that guilt was near, guilt which defaces both the fair creature, and the immortal soul.

A bell struck, and the convicts came from their respective work-shops, and arranged themselves in lines in the spacious, and strongly enclosed area. There they underwent a strict examination from the guard, who ascertained that none had secreted about his person, any weapon of destruction or offence. It was humiliating to see powerful and athletic men, holding out their arms for their search, with the subdued look of a helpless child. Methought, salutary lessons might here be gathered for the young and tempted, and they be taught to wage a firmer warfare with Vice, after thus witnessing its degradation and misery.

Then, each prisoner placed his hands upon the shoulders of the one who preceded him, and all marched rapidly, with the lock-step, toward the chapel. There, seated side by side, were seen the man of full strength, the boy of fourteen summers, and him of hoary hairs, who sentenced for life, surveyed motionless and passionless objects to which his dim eye, and seared heart had been long inured. I bent a scrutinizing glance upon the mass of heads and faces in this prison-home, to discover if possible, some indication of talent, or nobleness; for we know, that the whirlwind of passion hath but too often driven into crime, those whom nature and education had fitted for a higher destiny. But there was an absence of those lineaments which reveal the higher developments of intellect, or the promptings of a heavenward soul. Sin had been there, with its levelling process, effacing mental elevation and spiritual beauty.

Every brow was raised to the chaplain, as he simplified a portion of that Book, which is a "light to them that sit in darkness," and lifted up his prayer to Him who "blotteth out transgression." In that prolonged gaze, was there not some shadow of hope, that "where sin had abounded, grace might much more abound?"

How impressive was the supplicating voice of that man of God, standing as it were, like the prophet, with his censor, "between the living and the dead," that the plague might be stayed.

At the close of the devotional exercises, the prisoners passed out in order, to their several ranges of dormitories, each taking in his hand at the proper depository, a wooden vessel containing the coarse, but nutritious evening repast. These movements were made with such regularity and celerity, that one moment they might be seen, each standing at the door of his solitary cell, the next, all had vanished, and the sharp spring of more than a hundred locks was their vesper-tone, their sad "good-night."

Among the trains of thought that these scenes excited, was the consciousness, that each of these fallen beings had once a mother, to whom his infancy was inexpressibly dear. When she pressed his velvet lip to her's, or lulled him to rest upon her bosom, surely, her visions of delight had no imagery like this. Yet could we read the secret soul of the erring tenants of this abode, might we not discover some maternal precept still maintaining a place in their memory? perhaps striving to neutralize the black and bitter elements of evil?

Among the inmates of this institution, is one who has plunged into many varieties of sin, and been a wanderer over the face of the earth. Retribution met him in appalling forms, disgrace and suffering became his portion, but he passed through all, with a hardened mind. Nothing, he affirms, in his whole life, has ever made him feel serious, but the last words of his mother. When a boy of twelve years old, he was summoned to her bed, to receive her dying counsel. In feeble, and tender tones, she told him that she was about to leave him, and earnestly enjoined him to seek the Saviour, to take care of his soul, and to meet her in heaven. She continued clasping his hand, until her own was cold in death. For nearly half a century afterwards, this miserable being was pressing on through a course of crime too revolting for description. Still, was he never able, utterly to drive from his mind the admonitions of his mother, nor to think of them, amid his deepest obduracy, without emotion.

Is not this, a peculiar point of view, from which to contemplate maternal influence? The good, and the wise, take pleasure in expressing their obligations to this hallowed source. Bacon traced back to it, as to a shaded fountain, his intellectual eminence. Washington acknowledged it as the teacher of his self-control, that rudiment of his greatness. Edwards referred the germ of his piety to the prayers of the saintly one who gave him birth. But here, is a different suffrage, a voice as from the lower parts of the earth, bearing concurrent testimony. Such a disclosure, gains force from its rare occurrence. Virtue and purity are willing to reveal the origin of their principles which have guided them, but it is difficult to extort from wickedness, commendation and honor, for the precepts which it has violated.

Here is an instance of a man plunging into the vortex of guilt, and laboring to dismiss from his mind every thing just and holy. Still, by his side has walked, to his soul has clung, with his conscience has wrestled, *the voice of a dying mother*. It has prevailed sometimes to soften a heart, which was like a "piece of the nether mill-stone." May it not yet prove like the rod of Moses, to the flinty rock of Horeb?

Mother! who with ineffable tenderness art bending over the babe that Heaven hath given thee, knowest thou what shall befall it in this evil world? Parents, who gaze with pride on the budding promise of the fair boy whom you have nurtured, know ye, what may be his lot in the latter days? Redouble your efforts, deepen your trust in the Eternal, that the evening prayer of your son, rise not from the prison-house of the guilty, when you are motionless in the grave.

Original.

EVIDENCE OF A DEITY.

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

"It has been said that the 'undevout astronomer is mad,' and the language may be applied with equal force to one who looks abroad on all that is beautiful on earth, and sees nothing to admire, or call forth feelings of gratitude to God."
Prof. Dewey.

He that looks forth on shrub and tree
In vernal beauty smiling;
Or hears the warbler's notes of glee,
As if the hours beguiling—
Or marks the nations of a day
Upon the sunbeam floating;
Or watches in the fountain's spray
The active fishes sporting—
Yet nothing sees to make him glad,
Or wakes devotion's fire, is mad.

If worlds on worlds that round us turn
—Sublime, exhaustless theme!
And centres that in glory burn,
Assert a great Supreme—
Do not the breeze, the dew, the shower,
The rill, the woody grove,
The insect's life, the pencilled flower,
Show forth a Father's love!—
Who ever on this earth hath trod,
Is mad that saith, "There is no God."

Original.

THE GIFTS;

AN INCIDENT OF THE WEST.

BY HENRY B. TAPPAN.

CHAPTER I.

In the fall of 18—, wishing relaxation from medical practice, and also a better state of health, I started upon a tour through the West; and one lovely afternoon in August, took passage at Pittsburg for Cincinnati. Although an entire stranger to those whom I met on board the boat, I received from them the attention and politeness, which, on such occasions, is not reprehensible even by the etiquette of society, and which is met with particularly in the west. Among others, were two individuals who I observed showed no disposition to join the company of the rest, but seemed desirous of escaping observation; and as I could gather no information from my fellow passengers respecting them, which circumstance is to be attributed, perhaps, to their want of Yankee sagacity, was compelled to remain ignorant as to who they might be, until an opportunity presented itself of making their acquaintance.

The afternoon before our reaching Cincinnati, was unusually fine. The weather, previously, was bad and rainy. We had been denied the luxury of the deck, the open air, and that sensation of freedom which makes one tread the deck of a gallant steamer proudly, and which is suppressed and stifled within the limits of a cabin! And upon deck we had gathered—all. Some were promenading, or leaning upon the vessel's side to look at the scenery, others were talking earnestly in groups; perhaps about the place whither they were going; curious as we all are, at novelty—thinking how strange it would seem, to mingle with a crowd in a strange place, and have no one to greet and bid them welcome. Then there were faces brightning with pleasure and expectation, at every lessened mile of our onward journey.

The sky was without a cloud. Not a breath of air stirred. On either side the river, the high bluffs crowned with dark verdure, the many children of the forest just putting on their autumnal robes, each lowly shrub and flower even, were mirrored with singular distinctness in the broad bosom of the Ohio. Occasionally, a deer, startled by the hoarse voice of the steamer, would leap from its covert, gaze at us timidly for a moment, and then plunge into the depth of the wood. Or some wild bird, with shrill cry and angry glance, would rise disappointed from her place of watching, sweep proudly away, and soon be lost to view. Now and then, the ringing of an axe would strike upon the ear, musically; and whence it came, might be seen the smoke of the settler's habitation curling up in the clear air.

My attention was withdrawn from contemplating the beautiful scenery to another, but not less lovely picture. The individuals before mentioned, had seated themselves in such a position, that I could easily satisfy myself as to their appearance, without being guilty of rudeness. The younger of the two was a female, apparently of eighteen summers, and exceedingly beautiful! Her eyes were large, of a deep blue, and full of tenderness and expression. Her mouth was exquisitely formed; and when her lips parted, and a low musical laugh rang out, or thoughts came up for utterance, were disclosed the most beautiful, pearl-like teeth in the world! Her skin was of transparent whiteness, through which each emotion was betrayed in the blood that mantled richly upon it, and where health spake its presence, in a delicate roseate hue. Her hair was raven-like, wavy and rich as the autumn foliage, and clustered luxuriantly in curls upon her neck. Her hand was laid upon the arm of her companion, and I wondered at its symmetry and whiteness. Her form was slight and elegant; and appeared to greater advantage, from the simplicity of her dress. It was the artless, almost girlish expression of her face, together with its striking loveliness, that kept me riveted to the spot; and I could hardly withdraw my gaze, to the fine elderly-looking gentleman at her side.

It was sunset, and most of the company, with a degree of prudence I could not bring myself to exercise, had gone below, fearful of the dew which falls heavy at that season of the year. I was in a kind of dream, like that which comes over one between the moment of consciousness and sleep. An indistinctness seemed to rest on every thing. The power of utterance was denied me; well that it was, or I might have spoken words that might have subjected me to her displeasure, without leaving the apology of *mental hallucination!* I must have remained in this state some time, for when I *awoke*, I perceived my clothes were penetrated quite through with the dampness, and also that the individuals in whom I was so much interested, had not gone below, but remained seated as before. With some hesitation I approached and said, "Excuse the liberty a physician takes, in reminding you

of the danger to which you are liable in consequence of this exposure."

He turned to me and exclaimed,

"Rather accept my thanks; I was too inconsiderate. Come, Ellen, let us go to the cabin, and seek a healthier atmosphere. I fear this gentleman will have to administer you something. Will you accompany us below?" he continued, turning to me; and taking her arm in his, he led the way to the apartments below. I thought her more lovely than ever when seated by her side, and holding her hand in mine; the anxious old gentleman insisted that I should feel her pulse. How I longed to press it to my lips, and tell her of the love her beauty had already awakened within me! I had met with the fascinating and accomplished of her sex, and admired, nay, almost worshipped them; but never had I given to any woman the warmth and fervor of an earnest, passionate love. *She* was the idol of my first affection; and I was content to lavish upon her my best love, scarcely considering the possibility, or indulging the hope of being beloved in return, as I continued sitting by her side, retaining her hand in mine, and gazing upon her countenance, beautiful as I have described; but language cannot convey its expression! I have admired the haughty curl upon the lip of a beautiful girl in a moment of anger; have wondered at the strange eagle-like glance of her flashing eye; but I *loved* not to look upon her then; rather upon the face of Ellen, in its purity and gentleness, would I gaze. There *was* a light beaming from her soft blue eye, but it was tender and thoughtful; the true index of the soul, animating the features with its own beautiful expression. She was a *gentle* girl. My heart assured me that she was, when I first beheld her; and to anticipate a little, years went by, and the gentle confiding girl had become the lovely woman; the only being next to my Maker, on whom I could pour out my true heart's worship.

CHAPTER II.

She had taken a slight cold, and I gave her a few simple remedies to provide against worse results. She thanked me with a sweet but incredulous smile, as though she perceived no cause for them. "It was the first time," she said, "she had ever needed medicine." I breathed the wish that it might be the only one for a long time to come, and bade her good night. Next morning we reached Cincinnati. The old gentleman urged that I should not leave them. "Come," said he, "and take care of Ellen's cold." I could not refuse such an invitation, and willingly consented. Fortunately, it passed off in a few days, and during that time, being restricted to the limits of the hotel, she was brought into frequent contact with myself. There are, indeed, no privileges like the physician's. Slight, and unimportant, perhaps, in themselves, they become the means of introducing him to positions in society, which are filled by none so well as by himself, and which are the result only of his profession. Being her daily companion, I soon learned to know and appreciate her character. Each day, I discovered some new and lovely trait; and each day I bowed with a holier and deeper love at the shrine of such purity and worth. I strove to conceal it all from her, until I should be worthy of her love. The uppermost wish of my heart was, to be permitted a place within the sunshine of her smile, and the sweet influence of her example, and be growing every day, if possible, more like herself; and where my heart should yearn for the love of her's, and feel itself worthy so rich a gift, I would whisper the story of my passion in her ear, and then, it might be, she would return it.

Accident, however, betrayed what I wished my own heart to know only. We had gone several miles out of the city, one afternoon, for the sake of a ride, and a visit to the grounds belonging to an estate of Judge Burnett's, which we had heard of, as being worth a visit from strangers. It was near sundown before we thought of returning; and after declining the hospitable invitation to stay to tea, we started for the city. The road lay along the river bank, commanding an extensive view of the country, and occasionally, as it wound around one of the numerous hills that encircle Cincinnati, a glimpse of the city itself. We had not become so accustomed to western scenery, as to have it spread before us, glowing in the mellow light of an autumn sun, and be insensible to its beauties. My companion was an ardent lover of Nature; and the beautiful scenery through which we passed, elicited from her expressions of warm admiration. About a mile from the city, the road led on between a high bluff overhanging the river, and a dense wood on the other hand, close upon its edge. Some flowers were growing near the road, which, from their peculiar beauty, attracted Ellen's notice. I alighted, and was proceeding to gather them, when the crack of a rifle close by, caused the horse to start; and putting himself beyond my reach at a single bound, he sprang along the road at a rate that defied pursuit. I was incapable of uttering a word, or advancing a step. The fear of seeing

Ellen dashed over the bank, paralyzed every nerve. On! on they flew! fright lending wings to the mad animal. I followed them with eager eyes to where the road turned suddenly to the left with a sharp angle. Her fate seemed inevitable! they were but a rod from the bank, no hand was interposed, and a moment longer—when the sharp crack of a rifle rang out again, and with a shrill cry, the horse sprang into the air, and a moment after, fell back, dead!

Another, and I was holding her, all unconscious, to my heart. Forgetting the covenant to which I had bound myself, I vented my cherished love in a torrent of passionate endearments. I reproached myself as being the cause of her death; then prayed earnestly that she might live again; that I might be spared the agony of seeing her die; but if she were *dead*, that God would not visit it upon me too sorely. Half frantic, I pressed my lips convulsively to her pale brow, and gazed in agonizing suspense upon her, long and earnestly. Then kneeling upon the grass with her form pressed close to mine, I seemed to live years of misery; wondering all the time, whether she would ever wake again; and if there were none, wretched as myself, to come, out of sympathy, and try, with me, to bring her back to life. She was but insensible; passion had overthrown reason, and I believed her dead. Her eyes opened on me at length, but were unable to meet my gaze; they drooped in sweet embarrassment; a flush of crimson overspread her pale features as she discovered her situation, and she trembled in my arms from agitation.

I had told her all. My heart yearned for the love of her's in its purity and earnestness; it asked the gift in a few brief words of confession; it was given; the gentle girl whispered she would be mine, and again did I hold her to my bosom long and passionately, in the warm embrace of early reciprocated love.

The same hand which had inadvertently been the cause of my fears, was the means of saving her life; and the fair girl, when I told her that he was her preserver, gave him her thanks with such a look of gratefulness, that for a moment, I could have been envious, had not a sense of her heart's holier and tenderer emotions being mine, made me insensible to every other feeling but that of a new, strange happiness. We had loved *mutually;* but through the caprice with which love torments its victims, it had been a secret, sacred to our own hearts, until this incident betrayed us. Wooed by the spirit of the evening, and the luxury of the hour, we continued our ride. There was a charm in the hush of sleeping Nature, in the radiance of the moon, the glistening of the stars, and the quietness that rested upon "the face of things," that was new to us. Who can so readily discover and love the beauties of Nature, as he whose heart is softened by love, and made alive to the keenest perceptions of the beautiful, by its admiration and worship of a lovely woman? Is not that soul nearer a sentiment of love and adoration toward the Maker of all that is fair, which first approaches *her*, in pure exalted devotion? It is *thus* we are best taught to love and reverence *Him*, whose image is dear to us in the form of woman! And be the heart ever so drooping, it may be cheered and made strong again, in the sunshine of her smile. I had gained her consent to seek an interview with her father, and that night I told him all; how I was betrayed into a confession, and that as Ellen returned my attachment, our happiness rested upon his decision. He heard me in silence, and with an expression of countenance I was at a loss whether to interpret favorable or not. At length he said,

"You shall hear the history of our family, and you can then judge for yourself."

CHAPTER III.

"My father was an English gentleman of rank and fortune. We had lived in London from my earliest recollection, where I was brought up in the midst of luxury and indulgence. As I was an only child, my parents lavished all their love and attention upon me. Every thing was sacrificed to my caprice; and though I was not naturally wilful or unreasonable, I believe I should have been spoiled by their excessive fondness, had it not been for the good influence of my tutor, whom my father had chosen with more wisdom and discernment than I gave him credit for. He had received a finished education, and possessed talents of a high order. I have been charmed with the brilliancy, and startled at the boldness and energy of his intellect. There was a similarity of thought and character, that brought us into frequent contact; and from our first acquaintance, I was strongly attached to him. There was one trait of character, which it would have been well, had I copied less faithfully; he was very proud; whether most of birth or education, I never discovered. He seldom entered society. If he could escape from the presence of those who daily frequented my father's halls, and gain the privacy of his own room, or a favorite haunt in our grounds, with a book, and sometimes myself, for company, he seemed to find more contentment and pleasure,

than in the midst of the gayest circle, where he was usually admired and esteemed. There was a sensibility of temperament, that made him shrink from notice. He was strongly attached to our family, particularly to me; but I was not allowed to share his every thought, for I should have offered sympathy; and his pride would not brook that. Insensibly, his habits, feelings and tastes, as they enlisted my sympathy from their peculiarities, won my love; and it was my greatest pleasure, when relieved from my accustomed tasks, to accompany him in a walk, or pass an hour in his room. His language was the spirit of poetry, breathing life and rich imagery in the simplest form of expression; but when speaking of his Creator, and the glories of His creation, his eye would kindle, and burn with enthusiasm; his voice would rise from its usual calm, sweet modulation, to an elevated, impassioned tone; and strains of eloquence would flow from his lips, which, in the moment of bewilderment, I believed inspired. His most frequent and chosen theme, was Man.

"He exalted human nature to the perfection of the Deity. Its virtues were magnified, and represented as the result of perfect principles at work in man; its failings, ascribed to evil influences, which for wise reasons, were thrown around mortals, but which could not sully the original purity of their nature. In his view, that which came from a perfect being, partook of his own nature, and was to be worshipped as *he* should be. He perceived, not merely the *power*, and *goodness* of God, in his works, but traced in them, marks of his noble attributes. The exquisite delicacy of the flower—the curious and minute system of arteries that nourish the leaf—the wonderful mechanism of the insect—the beautiful earth, with its carpet of green—the stillness of the forest depths—the singing of streams—and the music of birds, all, conveyed to his cultivated mind, the idea of a pure and perfect spirit embodied in its own fair creations, and especially, in its last—most noble work—Man! I was too young to perceive the error of a sentiment like this, and readily gave it my belief; and from it, my fatal pride had its birth. I came to manhood; and with my years, it grew upon me. Every thing was to be sacrificed to it, though it brought me the ill will of those whom I really respected, but whom my pride would not suffer me to acknowledge, equals. But not to weary you, I married the daughter of a nobleman; beautiful as the dream of my wildest imagining; and I loved her with a love of which I had not thought myself capable. I was blessed with a young, lovely, and *loving* wife. My wealth was unlimited. I could gather in the old halls of my father's, as many and true friends as my vanity ever desired, and I stood among them, as high and respected as my ambition ever aspired; and when Ellen was born—(then I loved my Laura more, because her own sweet face was imaged in her child's)—and I looked upon her infant loveliness, and thought I could read in her soft blue eye the same expression that had so often beamed in proud glances from my own, and hailed her as the first representative of our noble family. There remained not a desire unsatisfied; all, *more* than all of which I had ever dreamed, was in my possession; and I prayed of Heaven that had been so indulgent to me, to lavish its blessings upon my daughter; who, springing from sportive childhood into the maturity of woman, needed something more than the caresses of a parent to guard her footsteps, and keep her always pure and innocent, as when she first came to me. With all my pride I could ask this of my Maker. I had been taught to expect such things alone from Him; and in this I did put away all reliance upon earth, and gave her up in confidence to his keeping. I cherished her with the love and watchfulness of a bird for her young. I kept her a stranger to the world's ways and fashions; her studies and amusements were shared with me; and she evinced no disposition to enter society unless I was at her side. I looked upon her as too pure and unsophisticated to be initiated in its customs and follies; perhaps with more of pride than reason.

"There was a young nobleman who had betrayed an attachment for her, and who, more than others, I believed worthy of her. She had never spoken of him but as a friend, and I supposed her indifferent to him. One day he came, and asked my permission to address her. Jealous as I had been of Ellen, I was still governed by pride; and overcome by his entreaties, nor considering whether I might not be risking her happiness by such a course, I promised she should be his.

"I was now in a measure at rest. I had provided for Ellen in a way, which, if it prospered, would secure for her the happiness I had long wished her's, and gratified my ambition in contracting an alliance with one whose birth was equal to my own. I was yet to learn the lesson, taught by the experience of hopes crushed, and cherished dreams, mocking us with emptiness, when we thought to grasp their reality. My wife, in consequence of a slight exposure, became ill; and soon left me to mourn in the bitterness

of first bereavement. This was an affliction I had least of all looked for. My property, my reputation even, upon which I had not set my heart so fully, I could have given up without one regret. These, I thought, would have been first to go, because they were least valued. It was hard to be submissive; for my spirit, though chastened and broken, was rebellious. I tried to be reconciled, hoping, that if I were humbled by this stroke, God in mercy, would not visit me with another. I prayed him to pardon me if I were selfish—that he knew how my heart's love was bound up in her whom he had taken;—that if he would spare her who remained, I would try and fix my affections more supremely upon himself. My prayer was answered. Ellen grew lovelier every day; and though the memory of her mother often shaded her countenance with sadness, and her form was slighter, and more delicate than formerly, the rose still bloomed on her cheek; her step was buoyant, and her eye bright as ever. One afternoon, she came to me, glowing with the exercise of a fine ride, and said,"

"Father, Dr. Bensford rode with me this afternoon, and hinted that I was imprudent in wearing my new habit, which you admire so much, and which is—is—is—so——so becoming!" and she broke into a light laugh and blushed; and then resumed: "He remarked, that perhaps I was not aware how easily a little imprudence might result in deep seated and incurable disease: especially, when the constitution was far from being sound, and healthy; and on my insisting he should explain himself, told me sincerely he had fears that I was in a decline! I only laughed at him; and in jest, compared my own glowing cheeks, with the pale countenance of his daughter. He appeared offended with my remark; said he hoped I would heed what he had said, and then, politely enough, turned away and rode home. I fear I displeased him; and if my dear father consents, we will go this evening and I will ask his forgiveness, and you shall consult with him about me. Do *you* not think too, that I am in a decline?" and as if to heighten the irony of her words, she put her laughing face close to mine, and looked in my eyes with an expression of archness that was irresistible. I kissed her affectionately, and promised that I would go, but forbade her to accompany me.

In spite of my efforts to consider his opinion, as Ellen regarded it, it was with an uneasy spirit that I visited Dr. Bensford that night.

The result of our interview was, that her health rendered it advisable to leave England, and seek a warmer climate. There were but few ties which held me to the land of my fathers. They were destroyed, or rendered painful by the memory of the past. There was a void in my heart, which, what were once sources of pleasure to me, could not fill. The spirit of repose that rested upon the grave of my wife suited me better, than all the luxuries of a splendid home; which, when I looked to them for comfort, but mocked and sported with my sorrow. I resolved to visit her grave that night, and then quit my country, it might be, for ever. I went there, on my return from the doctor's. The moon was full, and high in the heavens, when I reached the spot. There was a stillness and solemnity about the place, that went to my spirit, like a sensation of dread; and as I walked among the tombstones, and watched their shadows, now lighted up with a moonbeam, and then growing dark again, as a cloud shaded her bright face, and listened to the wind, coming round the tower of the old cathedral, and stirring the drapery of the willows, and sighing mournfully as it went by, and remembered that I was in the place of the dead, a feeling of awe came over me; and when I knelt by *her* grave, and the recollection of her came freshly to my mind, my spirit was overcome; the long sealed fountains of my heart gave way, and I wept long and bitterly.

The striking of the cathedral bell for midnight aroused me. I looked around: the sky was overcast, and the wind had risen and moaned sadly as it swept through the grave-yard. I felt chilled and cold; and kissing the long grass that waved above her grave, and gathering some wild flowers that grew there, as a tribute of remembrance, was about to leave the place, when the cry of fire, rang out clear and thrillingly upon the midnight air; then followed the ringing of bells; torches flitted by; and the voice of men rose up, loud and clamorously. Presently a sheet of flame, broad, livid, and terrible, darted up along the sky—then huge volumes of smoke rolled heavily upward, and mingled with, and at length obscured its bright glare. I stayed no longer; a moment, and I was upon the road, pressing swiftly on to the place of conflagration. * * * * * * Six hours afterward, I stood, with Ellen leaning on my arm, gazing at the ruins of *my own* splendid dwelling! There it stood; its walls, blackened, stript and scourged by the fierce element! But *she*, the trembling, shrinking creature that clung to me now, had been preserved! God had remembered mercy in *this* visitation, and I was not disposed to murmur.

Silently we gazed. Many pleasant hours had gone by within those walls; their memory now, was pleasant too; and it *was* hard, at first, to see them thus, and turn away cheerfully, and without regret. I was calm, outwardly; for my grief was too deep, too full for utterance. I talked much, and even *gaily;* but *Ellen* knew all—she understood me better than all—and when they deemed me indifferent, and reckless whether fortune frowned or smiled, she knew my heart was breaking; and with gentle persuasions she led me from the spot; and watched long days and nights over my pillow; while I lay between life and death; I thought my wife had come to me, to raise, and bring me up from my bed, to life again, and *then*, she was to go back to her grave —and so I would be alone—and soon after, I would die, and be buried under the grass I had kissed so earnestly; and on which I knelt that night, and passed those long—long hours of agony.

I learned all from Ellen herself—how she grew alarmed at my absence—and ventured to sit up for me alone—and how, when she fell asleep from watching, and was wakened by the heat of the fire which had caught from her lamp, she went from room to room to call the servants; and when the flames were bursting from every part of the building, she forced her way to the apartment where my papers and valuables were kept, and just passed from the door when the floor gave way, and I came in time to save her from dropping senseless into the flames!

Thus Providence dealt with us—this seemed to be the final indication of his will respecting us, and we prepared to embark for America. Before leaving, I placed in the hands of the young nobleman, a miniature of Ellen, with a written promise, that after the expiration of three years, he might claim her hand. We came here, and in the sunny clime of the South, my daughter recovered her health. *Two* years have passed, and we are still located in this region. We have prospered and are happy, though the memory of England, and of her who lies beneath its sod, sometimes cause the tear to start, in spite of the lapse of time, which after all, has proved the best remedy for my sorrow. Ellen is yet ignorant of the circumstance which compels me for the present to oppose your wishes; and I leave it with you to communicate it to her. Let us hear from you a year hence; you will then learn the probability of your success:" and pressing my hand warmly, he rose and left the room. I remained some minutes, uncertain what course to pursue. The propriety of separating myself from Ellen was sufficiently obvious, though it would be a painful sacrifice to make: and after wavering long between inclination and duty, my resolution was taken. I sought an interview with her immediately, and after disclosing all, and hearing from her lips a declaration of unalterable love, and pressing her fondly to my heart once more, and snatching a last kiss, I hastily quitted the hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

One evening in the month of September, a year subsequent to the events of the preceding chapter, while sitting in my room at a hotel in Baltimore, and absorbed in the interesting pages of "Bell," the door opened, and a medical student, an intimate friend of mine, a noble hearted, generous youth, entered, and threw himself without ceremony into a chair, where he remained seated for some time, silent.

"H——," said he, at length, "I am unfortunate; I have been publicly insulted—*struck*, this evening, in presence of the medical class, by an Englishman. I challenged him on the spot; and we meet to-morrow, at five o'clock, with pistols, at twelve paces. You are my friend; can I depend on your assistance in this affair?"

I knew his temper; impetuous, and vindictive, and was aware that to reason with him, was impossible; and although opposed to that blood-shedding, mistaken way of healing wounded honor, consented to accompany him on the score of friendship. Upon inquiring into the matter, he told me that some remarks made by him in the meeting respecting the peculiarities of the English in dissecting, were construed into an insult, and promptly and angrily resented: high words followed, and ended in his striking Morton, my friend, who demanded satisfaction, and the consequence was, a duel.

We were on the ground at an early hour next morning. The sun had just risen, and was waking sleeping Nature into life and being. The birds were up, and poured out their sweet tribute of melody from the boughs. The dew glistened in countless diamonds upon the wet grass; and the air, teeming with a thousand tiny insects, and fragrant with flowers, and grateful to the brow, with the cool breath of morning, gently stirred the foliage, as it went by. A spirit of peace and purity, brooded over the landscape; and it seemed a crime against God, (deeper and more foul in the broad day,) to disturb its rest, by the strife of human passion, and the shedding of human blood! The other party were awaiting us in the field; and after we had alighted from the carriage, the preparations went on silently and rapidly, and when all was ready, they took

their places. The stranger was tall and handsome; with a clear blue eye, and light curling hair, apparently ill at ease and excited. Morton took his position, coolly, and perfectly self-possessed. The word was given, fire! one—two—three! and with a sharp cry, the Englishman fell upon the ground mortally wounded! We could not save him—he was dying fast. I bent over him and loosened his coat that he might breathe easy—a minature-case dropped out—I glanced at the features.—Good God! they were Ellen's!

I whispered a few words in his ear, and with a last effort he raised himself upon his knees and said freely—"Tell me about her; *her*, Ellen! she was beautiful once, and I loved her. Is she beautiful now? Tell me more!—*more!*" he groaned. "Where is she? Great God! I shall never see her again!" He sank upon the grass, and whispered, "Yes, she was *mine*, once, though her heart was another's! *Mine!* here is my witness! Look!" and as he spoke, he opened the back of the picture, and took from it a written and sealed paper. "This is the covenant which bound her to me! but I'm going to die now; and if she *loved* me, 'twould avail me nothing. Take it; restore it; say that she is free—by the death of Charles——Montieville! God! I am dying; *so* soon? Ellen—Ellen. I—I—loved you—torn—by!—force—well! Ah—me!———" and so he died! * * * *

Two weeks after, one beautiful, sunny afternoon, I stopped at the estate of Lord B——, in Virginia. As I rode up to the gate, a servant came out and took my horse: and upon my inquiring if he were in, replied, "Massa, he away from home; but de young leddy, Missey Ellen, be'es in de garden: she hab to-night a grand party, and be'es for to pull roses for her hair; will de gemman see her?" and upon my replying in the affirmative, opened the gate and led the way up the walk in search of "*Missey Ellen.*" The grounds were elegantly laid out, with statues, and fountains tastefully interspersed through the walks, and rare and beautiful flowers adorning their borders. We soon came in sight of her. Sweet girl! she was bending gracefully over a rose-bush, gathering its rich burden—at her feet lay a pile of flowers, which had fallen from her hand; and in their luxurious bloom, seemed to vie with the rich glow of her cheek which almost touched the bush as she leaned over. Her long dark hair was unbound, and trimmed with flowers, she looked like some fairy being; like Flora herself, in the midst of her wealth of roses! She started when she heard our step, and turned round. "Mistress Ellen," began my sable guide—"Ellen—dear Ellen!" I exclaimed, hastening to meet her. A glad, bright smile welcomed me as our eyes met; she wound her white arms around me, and our lips met in a warm, passionate kiss! * * * *

The mansion was brilliantly illuminated that night, and thronged with the beautiful and festive seeking. *She* shone, the star among them all; simply, and strangely dressed. A white rose gleamed in her hair, and with her rich, snowy dress, moving gracefully, amid the rustling of silk and the blaze of jewels, and her soft blue eyes beaming with the light of a new unmeasured happiness, she stood forth the fairest work of God's creation!

There was a movement in one of the rooms, near the close of the evening, indicating the new arrival of some one. Presently he came forward; there was a hush upon those bright lips; and a deep interest shone in many bright eyes. I whispered in Ellen's ear a moment, she turned her face to mine, and murmured, "I will!" I took her hand, and we stood up together, and before God and man gave, mutually, in a sacred union, our heart's love and worship to one another.

"Ellen," said her father, when the ceremony was completed, I once gave you to another as I do at this moment; but your heart went not with the gift: *now*, I give you away with all the wealth of your heart's young affections; my second, priceless, my cherished and my last gift. May you be ever kept sacred to that love which your beauty and worth inspired, and which now claims for its *favored* return, a young, lovely and happy bride!"

Original.

WHY DON'T HE COME?

BY MRS. E. M. SHELDON.

WHY don't he come? the setting sun
Shines in my eyes so bright,
It brings the tears—why don't he come?
He won't be here to-night;
He knows that we must part to-morrow,
And that my heart is full of sorrow.

'Tis sunset, and the radiant sky
Is blushing as a bride—
I cannot gaze without a sigh,
He stands not by my side;
Lonely is now my heart and home—
Hark! 'tis his step—he's come! he's come!

Jackson, Michigan.

Original.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON.—Number III.

A VISIT TO THE CITY OF YORK.

BY MRS. E. R. STEELE.

As much as we had heard of the city of London, of its lofty domes, and stately palaces, and thronging multitudes, of the wonders of art, the wealth and rank which it embraces within its far reaching arms, yet I looked not forward to our promised visit there, so eagerly as I did to the walls of "hoary York," the seat of learning and arts, when the rest of the kingdom lay in darkness; favorite resort of the polished Romans; "Altera Roma" once shone unrivalled by any city north of the Italian border.

Unlike most voyagers, we were not obliged to waste much time in recruiting from sea-fatigues, for a short and pleasant passage across the Atlantic, in the good ship Virginian, had produced no inconvenience. Accordingly, we were ready, in a few days, to leave Liverpool for York.

A little before nine in the morning of May seventh, we arrived at the railway station, a very large and handsome stone edifice, where the porters of the establishment assisted us out of our cab, placed our luggage on the top of the rail car, and showed us into our places, stowing away our lighter articles under the seat, and paying every attention to our comfort, with a kindness and readiness very pleasant. The journey from Liverpool to Manchester, presents nothing of much note in the scenery, the greater part of it extending over the sombre and dreary tracts of Chat moss and Parr moss. The latter was once the property of the family of Catharine Parr. Thirty-one miles were passed, and a huge mass of brick, surrounded by grim manufactories, proclaims the city of Manchester. We left the cars, and after a short time, drove in a carriage along miles of smoke-darkened streets, and placed in other cars, were soon whirling rapidly away from the modern city of spindles, and the Saxon Mancestre. The scenery grows prettier. Soft swelling hills sink into verdant vallies, covered with farms, villas, castles, and manufacturing towns. In the winding of every dale, on the summit of every hill, you see a gothic church tower; while picturesque cottages, covered with thatch, their diamond-paned lattice windows peeping through wreathing vines, their neat hedges and their flowering gardens shining in the sun, and perfuming the air,—are clustered on the hill side, or nestled in valley nooks, with such grace as if just placed there by some artist for our gratification. The plain of York is now before us, and the shining Ouse lies like a silver thread across it, while in the midst rises an imposing city, with the grey, old-time walls of the Romans encircling it, and the ancient Minister, lifting its vast mass of tower and pinnacle far above all.

Having but a fragment of a day left, we were obliged to defer our visit to the Cathedral, and after dinner drove to the city walls. There can scarcely be a stronger contrast between cities, than between New York and Old York. Newly arrived from the former, the antique buildings of York impressed me with wonder and pleasure. The names of the streets are many of them Saxon; as Walmgate, Stonegate, Micklegate. The latter means Broadway, and as we drove down it, I smiled to think how soon these narrow gable houses, with projecting fronts and large bow windows, and these antique gothic churches, would be tumbled down to the dust if in our Broadway, and *improved*, as we call it, with bright new brick dwellings. Utility soon drives romance from our streets. Perhaps that is right in a new country, but I am glad to find the citizens of York are determined to preserve their beautiful antiques, as they are constantly repaired in such keeping with the original, that the new parts cannot be perceived. The Bars, or Gates of York, are justly celebrated for their architecture. We alighted at Micklegate Bar, and gazed up with admiration at this noble, fortified gate, and the round arch, which tells of its Roman origin. The high, narrow, embattled towers, are Roman-gothic, pierced with slits for arrows, surmounted with figures of the age of Edward III., and adorned with the city arms. Ascending a staircase, we stood upon the top of the gateway, near the spot, where, in barbarous times, a pole was erected, bearing many a noble and gory head. The head of Richard of York was once here displayed. "So," says Queen Margaret, "York may overlook the town of York." Our sunset walk around the walls of York, can never be forgotten. Fresh from the forests and the new built cities of America, where half a century makes antiquity, with what curiosity and interest did I gaze upon walls and towers which had braved the storms of war and time, "a thousand years or more!" From one side of our promenade on the walls, we look down upon a sea of red, as the city is roofed with red tiles, from among which rise the grey spires and towers of other days—the majestic Cathedral, the picturesque circular tower of Clifford, and

the mouldering arches of St. Mary's Abbey. Through the battlements on the other side, you gaze out over the plain of York, and the hills of Severus, and behold in your mind's eye, encamped around you, the Cohorts of the Roman, the fur-clad Briton, the warlike Saxon, the graceful Norman—or, in later days, the warriors of the Roses, the haughty royalist, or the stern republican. I call this my first lesson in English history. I have seen nations and battles upon the pages of a book, now I pace the walls where once they walked—I gaze upon the sod once wet with the blood of their contests, upon the churches they reared, and the tombs in which they lie. As we passed along the walls, we visited the several gates. Monk Bar is a graceful structure, from whose summit sculptured warriors threaten to hurl down stones upon you—Boothave Bar is decorated with frowning faces—Walmgate Bar is very imposing, and stands complete with barbican, portcullis, and heavy door. Besides these are posterns, opening upon the River Ouse and the Fosse, which run through the city, and are crossed by bridges.

If the reader will follow us, we will take him to the Yorkshire Museum, which contains two objects not often found in museums—a ruined abbey, and a Roman tower. Through a large gate you enter the museum grounds, adorned with trees and gardens, In the centre is the museum, a handsome stone building of Doric architecture, two hundred feet in length. You enter a hall paved with scagliola, from whence open rooms, or flights of stairs to other rooms. Here, in these apartments, you will find many curious things—among them, ten thousand specimens of British organic remains,—Roman relics dug up in the city,—three rooms lighted with plate glass sky lights, filled with zoological specimens,—a room with a collection of comparative anatomy,—fifty thousand specimens of natural history, a large lecture room,—in fact, the whole is a very creditable monument of the science, taste and wealth of York. A walk to one end of the grounds, brings us before the Roman Multangular Tower, a part of a temple of Bellona, which once stood here in the days of the Emperor Severus. Here you may see and touch bricks which were placed there by the hand of a Roman brick-layer, and see that the mortar is *imperishable*. The bricks are seventeen inches long, eleven broad, and two and a half thick. And on this ground has walked the imperial Severus, who has also gazed upon that tower upon which we are looking. This is *realizing history*. The gem of the place, however, is the ruined abbey of St. Mary. Look across the grounds at that row of incomparable arches crumbling so gracefully to decay! See how charmingly the clusters and festoons of dark green ivy contrast with the grey arches and columns, and how prettily it twines around the delicate carved mullions of the windows. Several large elms stand among the ruins, their long branches drooping over it, as if fondly protecting it from time and storms. This has once been a very extensive edifice. It belonged to the Black monks of St. Benidick, and was founded by William Rufus, in 1088.

York has a great many beautiful and antique churches, and nunneries and ruins, many fine charitable institutions, but we have kept you long enough from the Cathedral, and will now drive with you to York Minster.

The day had arrived in which I was to behold a Cathedral, a species of building which had greatly interested me, although in my country we see it only through the medium of prints. There is service held in all the Cathedrals twice on every day of the year, and we sat out just before ten o'clock on Sunday, when we were sure to have the Cathedral service in all its solemn sweetness. We passed through Stonegate, a narrow street, the upper story of the houses projecting over the walk so as to throw it into deep shadow. We emerged from this street, and before us was an open space of ground, and in the midst, the Minster!—that glorious old relic of by-gone days. It is a huge pile, in the form of a cross, built of the dun-colored limestone of the country, now white with age; and is a superb specimen of the early English gothic. We stood at the foot of a magnificent tower, which rose arch above arch of corridor and carving and rich ornaments and moulding, two hundred and thirty-four feet above us, while from this, slender pinnacles ascended, carrying the eye still farther to the blue heavens beyond them. The west front, upon each side of which rises two of these majestic towers, has been justly celebrated for its beauty. It is the decorated English order of Edward III. A large window of painted glass adorns the centre, and is a fine specimen of the "leafy tracery of the fourteenth century." The remainder of this facade is occupied with niches surrounded with beautiful carving, containing figures of saints. Many of these niches are empty, and most of the others so broken by Cromwell's soldiers, as to leave little of human appearance remaining. Beneath the window is a noble doorway, which has not been used since the fire which destroyed this end of the build-

ing. The figure of the founder of this front, Archbishop Melton, stands over the doorway; while on the right side stands Robert le Vavasour, who gave the stone for the masonry; and at the left, Robert de Percy, who supplied wood from his forest of Bolton. Adam and Eve are also to be seen among the fine tracery of the arch. This front has been repaired with much judgment. There are other windows of great beauty in this grand facade, and in the towers. Passing over the green Minister yard, we seated ourselves upon a stone bench placed under a Norman arch, one of a row belonging to an ancient palace which once stood here, now forming part of the wall of the Cathedral Library gardens. Here, sheltered from the sun by a rich mass of ivy, we sat contemplating that solemn temple, which, for "a thousand years or more," has been reared its "cloud-cap'd towers," bravely upholding the cause of religion, and facing the storms of time and war. The north side is supported by strong buttresses, and adorned with two stories of painted windows, with niche and statue and carving, surmounted with airy pinnacles, presenting an astonishing combination of power and grace. From this side juts out the north transept, or end of the cross piece, which gives the Cathedral the form of a cross; which alone, would make a large and elegant church. From the centre of the building arises a square tower, erected by Walter Skirlaw, in 1372. If you are not tired of the Cathedral, enter with me; the survey will well repay the time and exertion. Behold a majestic temple, five hundred feet in length; its high vaulted roof supported by graceful arch, or ribs of carved oak or stone—divided by stately columns into long drawn aisles, the whole illumined by a rainbow glory thrown down by the hundreds of windows of gorgeous painting. Along the walls, or at the foot of the columns, are sculptured monuments, where kneel in prayer, or lie extended on mattrass and pillow, the life-like forms of prelates and kings, of warriors and queens and nobles, in the costumes of the days in which they lived. A glorious and touching scene! But it is the Sabbath, and we must not linger to examine. Those of the citizens of York, who frequent this church, are entering, and we will follow them across to the choir, which is a portion of the church divided from the remainder by screens, for the purpose of holding the daily service. There are side entrances to the choir, but let us pass along towards the west end, or Nave, from which, under the centre tower, is the principal entrance. Behold the beautiful screen of delicate lace work in stone! The flowers and ornaments are as minute and perfect as if carved from ivory. Upon it are fifteen statues of English kings, from William, the Conqueror, to Henry IV., in ancient regal dresses, and resembling the monarchs they represent. Above it is an enormous organ, whose pipes are, some of them, thirty-two feet long, and will hold six persons. In the midst of the screen, large iron gates yield entrance into the choir. Here stood several vergers in gowns of black silk, trimmed with scarfs and tags and velvet, some of them bearing silver wands. One of them received our proffered silver with a gracious bow, and showed us into a seat. In spite of the day, and the books before us, we could not restrain our eyes from the curious and brilliant scene around us. An oak screen of ancient fillagrane work divided us from the church, in the open places of which, between the scrolls and flower work, plate glass is let in, thus keeping off the air, without obscuring our view of the columns and monuments, or the twenty windows in sight, which are throwing rays of purple and violet and rose over tomb and pillar and mosaic pavement. Two rows of pews run along the side of the choir, while canopied stalls and thrones, of exquisite carving, are arrayed above for the Archbishop and dignitaries of the church. Of these, there are upwards of fifty; consisting of deans, chancellors, precentors, succentors, archdeacons, canons, prebendaries, vicars, choristers, chaplains, secretaries, registers, organist; at the head of which is the Archbishop of York, the Right Honorable and Most Rev. Edward Vernon Harcourt, D. C. L., Lord archbishop and Metropolitan of the province of York, Primate of England, Lord high Almoner to the Queen, and one of her majesty's most Honorable Privy Council. Beside other honors, he has the privilege of crowning the Queen-consort. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however has the higher honor of crowning the King and christening the royal children, and preaching the coronation service. His superb palace, with its thirty acres of pleasure grounds, stands without the city, upon the banks of the Ouse. His income is about a quarter of a million of dollars. The doors now open, and a row of white robed priests are entering. Next appear a band of scarlet-clad soldiers—then a procession of choristers, in flowing white dresses. Another dazzling mass is at the door. The Lord Mayor approaches, clad in a robe of crimson cloth, trimmed with black velvet, and wearing a gorgeous chain of gold. Before him, a man in black velvet bears his gilded mace, which is deposited

in the pew; before him another bears the sword of state, with a silver handle, and crimson scabbard worked with gold.

Aldermen and recorder, also in robes of state. The usual worshippers fill up the vacant spaces, and then one of the canons from his stall on one side of the church begins reading the morning prayers, in a sing-song style, the last word long-drawn out. Then commences exquisite chaunting from the choristers, consisting of about twenty men and boys, placed on each side of the church; a verse is sang alternately by each party. Those who have heard the Cathedral music, can never forget the solemn and sweet strains of the litany, accompanied by the organ's deep-toned melody, echoing along the sculptured aisles, and rolling to the high and "fretted" vault above. How many have gone, since first those tones of penitence and praise have filled those walls! How many nations, have there knelt in prayer! The first church erected upon this spot was by the Saxon king Edwin, in 627. Since then, Saxon, Norman and English, each here has sung his song of praise. These walls have witnessed many scenes mentioned in history, and have beheld the forms of kings and warriors known to fame. At that far-distant altar, beneath the glorious east window, many a king has been crowned, and fair royal brides have given their hands in marriage. What a splendid picture would it form if all could start to life in the glittering robes of royal festivity, as once they stood here, centuries ago. We should there behold, the nuptials of the young king of Scotland, and the princess Margaret of England, neither of them yet eleven years of age. Around them stand the archbishops in their robes, the proud king of England, Henry III., father of the bride, in his royal array of purple and cloth of gold,—with the nobles of England and knights of Scotland, clad in golden mail or scarlet trappings. Six hundred years have all these lain in their graves. Pass a century, and the warlike Edward III., decked as a gallant bridegroom, stands before that altar, surrounded by his knights and earls, renowned in chivalric annals. Beside him is the fair Philippa, daughter of the powerful John of Hainault. Her hair enclosed in the golden network of the times, as we now see her lying upon her monument. The deed of mercy, when she saved the lives of the burghers of Calais, has given her a name that still lives in story. We turn in grief away from the next royal pair, who appear before that altar—the execrable Richard III., and the weak Anne of Warwick, were crowned there. Other scenes, telling of the ceremonies and superstitions of the age, occurred in different parts of the Cathedral. James, the pedantic, surrounded by the poor and diseased, touched seventy persons to cure them of the King's Evil. Charles, the Martyr, in the south aisle, ordered the bishop of Ely to wash the feet of thirty-nine poor men in warm water, while the proud bishop of Winchester washed them again in wine, wiped and kissed them. But we must not let by-gone scenes take our attention from those which are passing. Another canon, preceded by a verger, passed up from his stall to a stand in the centre of the choir, which supported a large gilded eagle, upon whose broad-spread wings was the open prayer-book. Having read the lessons, and chaunted his part, he reseated himself in the same form. The bishop and another canon, preceded by a silver wand, now solemnly walked to the far-end; there before the communion service, they read in turns the commandments and prayers. At such a distance were the speakers, that each commandment came solemn and hollow-toned, as if some of the dead prelates around had uttered it from his tomb, while the answering, "Lord, have mercy upon us," was given in low, penitential strains by the choristers and organ. With their long robes sweeping the marble pavement, this train returns, to be succeeded by the dean, who, preceded by vergers, ascends the pulpit opposite the archbishop's throne, where he preached a sermon on humility. But the service is over, and all quietly depart. Ere I dismiss the subject of the Cathedral, I will throw together a few observations gathered during our next day's examination. While gazing through the vista of these "long drawn aisles," and up the tall columns to the graceful arches, and the groined roof above, I feel that in architecture I have acquired a *new sense*. Architecture so perfect, on so grand a scale, and of this Gothic order, we have never seen upon our side of the ocean.

There be some utilitarians who will desire we may never have such buildings, and among them were our Puritan fathers, who battered them and their statues, wherever they could reach them, but upon this question I will not enter here. The age does not seem to demand them, but when we gaze upon such perfection in architecture and sculpture, I think we very presumptuously call the ages which produced them, the "dark ages." The centre of the church under the centre tower is a square, and pillars of clustered columns, support four arches of marvellous lightness and grandeur, being each one hundred feet high. The windows are another object of wonder, some of them seventy-five feet high,

painted with figures of apostles and kings, glowing and shining in the sun, as if formed of jewelry. The window of the Five Sisters of York, is said to resemble Jewish tabernacle-work. The greatest objects of attraction, however, are the monuments. Here lie many Saxon and Danish kings—nobles, warriors, and prelates, and ladies. The ancient Gothic tombs, with their canopies supported by columns twenty or thirty feet high and exquisitely carved, are very imposing objects, standing along the aisles. There is one, of a young prince, who died at the age of eight years, son of Edward III. The young boy lies under a canopy of beautiful tracery, wearing a coronet, with a lion couchant at his feet. The figure is of alabaster. I am sorry to say most of these tombs have been sadly battered by the Puritans. In a vault we were shown some curious relics of the church, which throw light upon the singularcustoms of those days.

The most interesting is the Horn of Ulphus. It is an ancient drinking-horn, nearly two feet long, apparently of one of the famous English black cattle. It is trimmed and adorned with silver, and is the best specimen of Saxon sculpture remaining. One of the most curious circumstances regarding it is, that by this horn the church hold their present lands. Ulphus, one of the Saxon kings, knowing his sons would quarrel for his lands after his disease, settled the estate in a very singular manner by bequeathing it all to this church. "And therefore," saith the chronicler, "coming to York with that horn wherewith he used to drink, filled it with wine, and before the altar of God and St. Peter, prince of the apostles, kneeling devoutly drank the wine, and by that ceremony endowed that church of St. Peter with all his lands and revenues." What a curious ceremony would not this be in one of our churches! The horn is seen sculptured in the church, and the arms of Ulphus are painted over one of the windows. The Cromwellians stole this horn and stripped it of its ancient golden ornaments, but it was many years afterwards judiciously remounted with silver, by Lord Fairport, and restored. Another curious relic of the times, is a large bowl holding about a gallon, edged with silver, and standing on silver feet. This was given by Archbishop Scroope, in 1398, to the company of cordwainers in York, with the promise of forty days pardon to whoever would drink it off! The bishop grants forty more. Alas, what would these good brethren do in these days of temperance reform! Upon it is the following inscription:—

"Richarde Arche beschope grant unto all tho that drinkis of this cope XLti dayes to pardon."

Then follows the same promise from Robert Strensall.

The next day, we dined with some friends according to appointment, and after dinner, were taken out to the York Retreat, a celebrated lunatic asylum. After a charming drive of a mile, we arrived at the iron gates, enclosing large pleasure-grounds prettily laid out, in the centre of which was a large stone building, consisting of a centre, four wings, and a lodge—the latter intended for patients of the higher orders. This institution was founded in the year 1796, by some members of the Society of Friends, among whom William Tuke, and Lindley Murray, of New-York, were the most conspicuous. Here was first put in practice quiet treatment and religious exercises as means of recovery, in the place of strait jacket and punishment. The kind and compassionate founders have met with complete success. The buildings will accommodate one hundred and forty patients of all classes. The lowest sum paid for board, washing and medical treatment is four shillings a week; from whence it raises to several guineas, according to the circumstances of the patients and their accomodations. Twenty thousand pounds a year have hitherto been paid as expenses by the Quakers who support it. Here, Lindley Murray wrote most of his grammar, and here he was buried. The governor of the Retreat is Mr. Candler, author of "A Visit to Hayti." As we had known him in New-York, our greeting of course was warm. He, and his kind lady showed us at once the buildings, which are found replete with every convenience, and comfort, and exquisitely neat. According to the plan of *confidence* pursued regarding the patients, they were not confined in cells, but seated at different employments in their parlors. There is a parlor to every four or five rooms, so that the inhabitants of the rooms all sit together. We entered a parlor and were introduced in form to the females who, neatly attired, many of them in the costume of the Friends' Society, sat sewing or knitting around. They all bowed very politely and gravely. In one corner, a beautiful young girl sat busily writing, she looked up and with a bright smile informed Mrs. Candler she was writing to her mamma, in reply to a letter which she had that morning received. "Poor creature," whispered Mrs. C., "her letters are incoherent enough to provoke a smile, were it not for her unhappy malady." A lady also, a visitor, told me she had been engaged to be

married, but when all was ready for the bridal, her faithless lover sent her a letter to the purport that he loved another so deeply he could not in conscience fulfil his engagement with her. Instant insanity was the consequence. She, was however, happy, and spent most of her time in writing letters. One very mild woman, looking up as I passed, remarked I wore a very odd looking ribbon upon my bonnet, indeed she did not think she had ever seen so odd a one.

In another parlor which we visited, sat a portly lady near the fire-place, dressed in a gown of blue cloth, ornamented by herself in flowers and scrolls, made with pearl shirt-buttons, and wearing a high Yorkshire cap on her head. We were introduced as usual, as friends from America. She had elected herself as spokesman of the room, and immediately replied she had heard from that country, and knew there was much instruction wanted there by the negroes and Indians. She then entered into a long and eloquent harangue, begging us to uphold the cause of Christ and the true church in America. Seeing her very warm and getting excited, Mrs. C. quietly withdrew with us.

The hour for afternoon meeting arrived, and we entered a room arranged as a Friends' meeting, the seats of which were filled with a neatly dressed congregation, all buried in meditation—these were the patients. Not to task them too much, Mr. C. read a chapter in the Bible. After another silence, one of the men arose and gave us a short discourse. It was rather a disjointed one, but for an insane person very good. It set the girls off in a titter, which however, was soon suppressed, but as we walked with them from meeting, we heard them laughing among themselves at the absurdity of a crazy person preaching.

After tea, (at which two patients were invited, according to the plan adopted of treating them with friendly confidence,) we sat out to walk around the ground. These cover fifteen acres, and were well laid out. The lady who was accompanying us over the grounds, walked with me, and spoke in enthusiastic terms of the institution and of the kindness and judgment displayed by the officers and Mrs. Candler. She also very politely pointed out all the beauties of the place, and led me to a long terrace, where is a fine view of the country, the city of York and its grand Minster, and the hills in the back ground. After we had returned to the house, I learned with much surprise, that she was one of the patients. We left this noble institution filled with admiration for the minds who had originated the compassionate plan pursued there, and for those who so effectively carried it out.

And so farewell to dear old York, its quaint, crumbling churches, its graceful ruins, and its kindly inhabitants. To-morrow, we take the rail-road for Sheffield.

Original.

SONG.—"BE SURE I LOVE HER NOT."

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

I.

Love her? no! for passion blendeth
Ever with the heart's young dream,
And earth's evil shadow lendeth
Darkness to life's purest beam:
Still with jealous hopes and fears
Love has marked his weary lot,
Tracing every step by tears—
Then be sure I love her not.

II.

Love her? no! such fire ne'er burneth
Save when sighing fans the flame,
While the bosom wildly yearneth,
Nursing hopes it dares not name,
Since desires the soul may stir,
Vague and vain yet unforgot,
I would guard sweet thoughts of her,
But be sure I love her not.

III.

Love her? no! my heart in-urneth
Ashes she can ne'er illume,
And the light that in me burneth
Shines, a lamp within a tomb;
On my brow the seal is set,
Sorrow never sets in vain,—
Time may teach me to forget,
But I cannot love again.

IV.

Love her? no! pure, deep devotion,
Such as angel hearts might prize
Stills my bosom's wild emotion
When I meet her earnest eyes;
Like a high and holy star
Cheereth she my lonely lot:
I may worship from afar,
But be sure I love her not.

Brooklyn, September, 1843.

THE worst vices, springing from the worst principles, the excesses of the libertine, and the outrages of the plunderer, usually take their rise from early and unsubdued idleness.—*Parr's Discourses on Education.*

Original.

THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND;

OR, THE PRIVATE ROOM.

BY ROBERT F. GREELEY, AUTHOR OF "REGENERATIO," "THE FIVE DEGREES OF CRIME," "THE FOREIGN COUNT." ETC.

MADAME GENINCOURT was a widow, and lived in a small, unobtrusive-looking domicile in a narrow street of Paris. Within its walls she spent the most of her time, never venturing abroad, unless of a Sunday, so that the hinges of her door, from long neglect, had grown rusty, and creaked upon the entrance of a visitor with a dull, hollow sound, as though in anger against the intruder.

A visitor, however, was a rare thing at Madame Genincourt's. Year in, year out, the same uninterrupted quiet reigned about her premises, and even the rude vender of pies and tarts—quite a stenton in his way—had learned to control his tongue as he passed her door.

By her neighbors, Madame G. was regarded as a being of mystery, and many a vague surmise, and many an unfounded rumor had gone the rounds of the dense little neighborhood to which she belonged, with no one to solve the secret of her seclusion—subsiding as silently as they arose, and leaving the minds of the curiously-inclined in greater perplexity than ever.

Some asserted, indeed, that she was the widow of a pensioner, living upon the small income afforded her by Government, and one even went so far, as to say, that she was not the sole tenant of the dwelling she occupied. That, at night, when the eyes of the world were hushed in sleep, and the streets were still and deserted, strange figures had been seen reflected upon the curtains which screened her windows, and, more than once, the night air had been disturbed by cries, which could have proceeded from no house but the one in question.

But the time was fast approaching when the mystery was to be solved.

One morning in Spring the door of the house opened, and a coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, was carried out, followed by a young gentleman, in a suit of deep mourning. The next day a placard was affixed to the door-post, which ran thus :—

"This house, in consequence of the death of Madame Genincourt, late widow, will be to let.
Apply upon the premises."

The ink had barely time to dry upon the paper, before the house was besieged by a crowd of people, whom curiosity alone had led within its doors.

To their astonishment, however, they were received by a young man—the same who had accompanied the coffin—who informed them that the house was already disposed of, and very civilly bowed them into the street.

Again was speculation afloat, and with it, the whole sway of rumors and conjectures.

True, it had been discovered that the person whose secluded habits had led her to pass her whole time within, was a widow. This merely accounted for her unsociableness, without easing the neighbors' minds with regard to the persons who had shared her solitude—if possible, more secluded than herself.

Leaving these persons to their conjectures awhile, let us revert to the interior of the strange tenement, and learn something of its occupants, and their pursuits.

—

On the evening of the day on which the body of the deceased had been carried to its last home, two persons were seated before the old fire-place which gave warmth to the chief apartment. They were a young female, and the stranger above mentioned.

After a long pause—during which they had sat, watching the flickering embers, busied in thought—the young man spoke—

"Well, Emile, she is gone—our only friend—and we are alone in the wide world of toil and tumult. You, Emile, are young; you are also beautiful; and, to a young girl, whose face is her only fortune, there is much danger, Emile."

"I am aware of all that you would say, Francois," was her answer. "I am aware of all; but there is a Heaven, Francois, and in my hour of peril, I will look for protection THERE."

"But, Emile, you will need some strong arm to defend you while I am far away, for wicked men will stop at naught so that their ends may be accomplished, and tears and prayers may sometimes prove useless."

"What do you mean, Francois?"

"Emile, do you not understand me? your suitor—I would plead for him."

"You will plead in vain, then; how often have I told you, Francois, that my affections were fixed elsewhere."

"True you have told me that, Emile, but you have not told me in whom they are centered. Give me to know but that, and I will cease, perhaps, to persuade you."

"Perhaps, Francois?"

"Nay, I will."

"But no—I dare not make a confidant of you, Francois; no—not of you."

"And why not of *me*, Emile? Have I not always treated you kindly?"

"You have, Francois."

"Have I not watched over you as a dear sister should be watched, and in the hour of sickness, soothed you to rest?"

"You have done all this, Francois, and I have never, since I first laid eyes upon you, forgotten it. Yet, Francois, there are secrets with which even our dearest friends are sometimes not to be trusted."

"Emile," exclaimed the youth, "I have, for years, debarred myself the society of my fellow men for your sake. I have been as an anchorite in my seclusion, and my only thought in so doing, Emile, was for your welfare. I am about to be called to scenes of danger; perhaps it may be years ere we shall meet again. Perhaps, Emile, in that interval I may die. And you—what would become of you? With no means of livelihood, with not one friend to enliven the eternal shadow that must fall over your prospects, what can you do?

"Die, Francois! for, when you are dead, I shall have lost all desire to live."

"Speak not so sadly, Emile; I do not anticipate this stroke. You will see, before I go, the propriety of the step I have proposed to you, and will marry—"

"A man I have not yet seen!—never!"

"But *I* have seen him, Emile, and can speak safely of his merits. In one word, he is a friend of long standing, and cannot fail of making you happy."

"Francois, since you force me to a step which it befits not a woman to take, I will tell you why I cannot wed your friend. Though I have not, for many years, Francois, left this lonely house, I have learned, unconsciously to yourself, to love! But I have no hope, Francois, that my love will ever meet with a return."

There was a singular expression upon the face of Francois, as he said—

"Are you sure, Emile?"

"Alas! too sure."

"One more word, Emile—who is this person?"

"Will you promise that you will not be angry, Francois, if I tell you?"

"Angry at you, Emile? that were beyond my power."

"Well, Francois, I will own, that *you* are the person to whom I have given my heart."

"I, Emile?"

"Yes, Francois, you; did you think that your tenderness for me would meet with no reciprocal feeling in my breast? Until to-day, Francois, I have been accustomed to look upon this feeling as friendship—the love of a sister towards a dear brother. But I have examined my heart, Francois, and, instead of friendship, I find there *love*."

It would be useless to accompany the young couple further in their dialogue. In order to try her, Francois had written, over an assumed signature, a number of letters, offering to Emile fortune and rank as a return for her hand. As has been seen above, the offer was rejected, and Francois, finding, that, in spite of all his schemes, she remained true, drew from Emile a confession of what he had never doubted, her love. The result was, that a day was appointed for their marriage.

—

It was but a short time after the foregoing conversation took place, that the wonder-smitten neighbors of the deceased Madame Genincourt saw the windows of the mysterious house illuminated, as for a ball. Their wonder was increased, when a crowd of carriages drew up, each in its turn, to the door, and, depositing their burdens, dispersed as mysteriously as they came. But wonder heightened to amazement, when they learned, that the young niece of the late widow—who had contrived to live with her relative, unknown to them—was united to Francois Belcour—a *capitaine* in the King's *guarde de corps*.

Now was the whole mystery at an end, the rooms of the young Madame Belcour were thrown open, her house re-furnished, and friends made hourly. And thus died Gossip, for want of breath.

For months, the young couple lived happily together, and neither seemed to repent the change in their respective circumstances.

There was but one clog to the young wife's happiness; every day, at a certain hour, her husband would retire to a deserted chamber in the upper part of the house, where he would remain for hours. Descending at last, with a thoughtful brow, he would draw a chair, and, seating himself by his wife's side, appear lost in revery.

This pained Emile; so, one day, when he had approached her with a brow more than usually thoughtful, she twined her arms affectionately about his neck, and addressed him thus:—

"Francois, you once said you loved me."

"And did you doubt me, Emile?" was his reply.

"No, or I had not married you; I believed,

and still believe that you love me. But I have never thought of—"

"To the test, Emile?"

"Ay, why do you frown so, Francois? Is that an indication of your love?"

"Pardon me, dearest Emile; say what you please, and I will listen."

"I must begin, then, by asking your disclosure of a secret. I have observed, ever since our marriage, Francois, that you retire each afternoon to a room up-stairs, and that you always appear thoughtful and dejected when you come out of it. Now *prove* that you love me, Francois, by telling me what it is that vexes you."

"No, no, Emile, I dare not!"

"Dare not? Why, one would think, from the terms you make use of, that your secret was one of life and death."

"And so it is, Emile. Smile not—I am serious. That room contains a secret, which, if known, might cost me my life, and you a reputation."

And, as he concluded, Belcour took his hat, and glided from the apartment.

—

It has been said—(*and with some degree of truth, too*)—that curiosity is a passion innate in the breast of every woman. At any rate, it was in that of Madame Belcour. Therefore, nothing daunted by the strange demeanor of her husband, and beginning to suspect that something foul was brewing, she sat about discovering the secret.

Her husband having gone out one day, as he said, "for a stroll upon the *Boulevards*," Emile assumed her cloak and bonnet, and hurried over the way to consult with her friend and adviser, Madame Bruger.

It may be said, by way of introduction, that this lady was a spinster—a perfect Mrs. Montague, in her way; it will be seen, therefore, that Emile could not have hit upon a better person for her *confidante*.

"My dear Madame Bruger," exclaimed Emile, as, out of breath, she rushed into the apartment where sat the object of her visit, "I have to ask your pardon for so unceremonious an intrusion, but the importance of my errand——"

"Make no apologies, my young friend," said Madame Bruger, partly guessing her business. "Make no apologies, but sit down, and tell me how I can serve you."

Emile then detailed to the old maid, the incident of her husband's daily seclusion in the private room, of his conduct when out of it, etc.

"And you wish to know the reason of all this?" asked Madame Bruger.

"Such was the purpose of my visit," replied Emile.

"You did wisely in coming to me," said Madame Bruger.

"This afternoon the mystery shall be solved. Your husband gives out that he is a soldier, does he not?"

"He does," replied Emile.

"And you believed him?"

"Certainly."

"Silly girl—your husband is no more a soldier, Emile, than you, or I. If he is, why does he not wear a uniform?"

"I never thought of that," said Emile.

"And, besides, would a captain in the king's body-guard be always at leisure, as he is? Another mysterious circumstance—I have noticed, myself, that he never goes abroad until a certain hour in the morning, and it is full two hours before he returns."

"But that is the hour he chooses for his morning's walk upon the *Boulevards*."

"*Boulevards*, nonsense! I am frequently upon the Boulevards, and I never meet him there. Trust me, Emile, there's more in all this than meets the eye."

And so did poor Emile sincerely believe, for the conjectures of Madame Bruger had so confused her brain, that she was now more in the dark than ever.

"But how am I to expose him?" asked Emile.

"I will tell you, Emile; remain with me, until, from this window, you can see your husband enter. Then we will cautiously follow him, and, when he is off his guard, surprize him."

This seemed to Emile a capital suggestion, and she straightway determined to act upon it. It was not long before she saw her husband approaching. He appeared much disturbed, and looked around cautiously before entering his dwelling.

The moment the door had closed upon him, Madame Bruger seized Emile by the hand, and they were soon before the strange apartment.

Emile turned pale with fear, as she heard the voice of her husband, exclaiming, in a smothered tone,

"Let not light see my black and dark desires!"

"Great Heaven!" thought Emile, what terrible

deed can he be on the point of perpetrating? But I will prevent him."

She approached the door—lucky moment! it was ajar. She looked through the crevice; by the dim afternoon's light, she could just descry the form of her husband. He was in the performance of cabalistic motions, treading about the floor cautiously the while, and in his hand he held an unsheathed poignard!

Emile could withhold no longer—horrid thoughts of murder and the scaffold rushed through her whirling brain—she rushed into the room, and—

Behold! Francois Belcour, in the robes of Macbeth, and an attitude which Talma might have envied, reciting unconscious of his wife's proximity, the dagger scene.

Belcour dropped his poignard, and started back in an attitude of unfeigned astonishment. Emile comprehended the whole, and, making use of a sentence she remembered reading from the same play, she exclaimed—

"How now, my lord, why do you keep aloof,
Of soniest fancies your companions making?"

—

Belcour was, in truth, not a soldier, but an actor. Fearful that Emile, were she aware of his profession would never consent to become his wife, he had concealed his real avocation, under the assumed one of an officer, and thus he hoped to escape the censure of his neighbors. The "private room" was but an apartment, to which, as evening drew near, he resorted for purposes of practice and study. For the sake of his wife, he had determined (having amassed a considerable sum by his exertions,) to abandon the stage, and was that very hour rehearsing the part of Macbeth for his last appearance. This explanation contented his wife, and for many years there was not known in the neighborhood of Notre Dame a happier couple, than Francois Belcour and his wife.

To say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood; it is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide, than a seeing man can by a light. And it is without all controversy, that learning doth make the mind of men gentle, generous, amiable, and pliant to government: whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous: and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions, and changes.—*Bacon.*

Original.

THE HAIR NECK-LACE.

BY MRS. ALFRED H. REIP.

"Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of her brave—
Gushed, warm with hope and valor yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save."—*Bryant.*

It was a fine evening in the month of September, 1777, that we desire to introduce our readers to a small, romantic cottage, situated in the vicinity of the village of Newark, in Delaware; which from the exceeding beauty of its situation and the rural loveliness of scenery surrounding it, presented altogether a picture such as the eye rarely beholds. Twilight had descended and was deepening into night. Myriads of stars were pouring their ethereal brightness over the dark blue vault of heaven; while the rising moon glimmered through the branches of the old oak trees, lighting up the dark vistas of the forest, and disclosing in the distance over the woodlands and fields, the spires of the town, and a silvery view of the river Delaware, with a number of vessels of war anchored about three leagues off. A young man came out of the cottage door, followed by a young and interesting girl, who was clinging to his arm with that affectionate dependance so peculiar to woman, and so gratifying to the other sex. They sauntered idly along until they reached the open glade, then seated themselves in the moonlight on a rock, beside a bright sparkling streamlet, which glittered in the silver light like the crystal founts of a fairy dream. The young man appeared about twenty years of age. His open and handsome countenance was lighted up by a pair of fine eyes, and his fine form was marked with inimitable grace of movement. There was also an elegant suavity of manner, that rendered him irresistibly prepossessing. The girl was very young also, and of surpassing beauty. The blended grace and sweetness of her manner were exquisite. Her form was a perfect model of symmetry, and her features beautifully regular; but that which most won the beholder's attention, was the thick, clustering ringlets which fell over her fair neck and shoulders, and the color varying with every shade of feeling on her cheek, seeming to breathe a purity which shed a holy light over all. It is not surprizing that the young man, whom we shall call Edwin Ashton, regarded his companion as the very standard of superiority, or that Lucy Seymour returned his devotion with all the ardor of a first love.

"This hair of yours, Lucy," said the youth, gazing tenderly upon her smiling face, "'tis so beautiful that I would give all the world for one little lock,"—and he ran his fingers playfully through the glossy tresses.

"But the world does not happen to be yours to give, Edwin," replied the smiling girl, "and, indeed I sometimes fear you only love me for my hair, for you are always worshipping it."

"I love you, dearest Lucy—I love you for yourself," returned he, smiling affectionately, "but I certainly do idolize these rich, bright ringlets, and I will never attempt to deny it: yet you always refuse to bestow one little curl."

"Ah!" said she, shaking her pretty little head, while a gay laugh burst from her lips, "were you once in possession of your idol, then I would be forgotten, or perhaps forsaken! No, no, I will not give you one hair, but prove yourself worthy, then I promise to give you the whole of it, into the bargain."

"Tell me! oh, tell me, dear Lucy, how I may ever become worthy to win so rich a treasure," exclaimed the enraptured youth, grasping her hand—"and I will follow the path you shall point out, now and for ever."

"There is the path which only can win it," answered the maiden, looking earnestly in the face of her lover, and pointing to the road which led to the American camp.

"Then you wish me to leave you," said Edwin, sadly.

"I know you are not yet of age, but your country needs you—behold those preparations for battle," said she, again pointing, but in the direction of the vessels of war.

"I do see them, and you are right," replied the youth, with a flushed cheek, "I have been spending my days in inglorious inactivity, and though my heart has been enlisted in the success of my brave countrymen, yet my arm has never joined in their great undertaking."

"It is not too late, join the heroic band who are struggling for liberty, and tenfold shall be the love of Lucy."

"I will! I will, this instant to the camp of Washington, and ask for a post of service and of danger, which will prove to you that the name of Ashton has not degenerated in me. Report says, Cornwallis and Howe are marching on—Washington and his forces have stationed themselves near the Brandywine, to oppose them in their passage, and to-morrow 'tis thought the battle will take place."

"Edwin," said the fair girl, with some emotion, "I feel that I do right in sending you to battle! But you must promise not to act imprudently, and seek danger—you will do nothing rash."

"Nay, dear Lucy! fear not for me, the glorious cause is already too closely woven with the fibres of my heart, to tempt me to commit any act pernicious to our righteous cause.

"I am aware of that, Edwin; full well I know it—but your safety is—is——"

"Important to your happiness, dear Lucy. Oh! say so, say so," cried the delighted youth, "and for thy dear sake, I will be so careful."

"For my sake, then, go not into unnecessary danger," said the blushing girl. "Now God speed thee, Edwin."

The young man kissed the hand of his companion—retreated from the commanding position he had occupied with her, and was soon lost to view amid the forest foliage.

"He is gone," cried Lucy, as she caught the last glimpse of his retiring form. "Ah! would that I were a man, how gladly would I have joined hand to the glorious cause that now has all my heart. Oh, God of battles, protect my country! and shield, oh! shield *him*, in the fearful warfare that will soon rage over the green fields that now rejoice in the silver light of thy glorious moon. My hair," continued she, after a thoughtful silence of some minutes, as she flung back from her face the massy tresses—"I will dress it for his sake. He says it is rich and beautiful—but, ah! how freely could I part with each ample tress, and scatter it to the winds, did *he* not love to gaze upon it."

The night was passed by the occupants of our cottage, as also the whole neighborhood around, in anxiety and expectation of the coming foe. Intelligence of the invaders was received several times, and the last report represented them within a few leagues off, and making fearful progress towards the Brandywine. As morning advanced, all eyes seemed turned in the same direction—that in which the British were marching. Mothers, wives and maidens, the aged and the invalid, each one was listening, with intense anxiety, to catch the most distant sound that should indicate their near approach. Lucy Seymour knelt in prayer—in speechless prayer for America—and was Edwin Ashton excluded from her petition? let each maiden's own heart answer. At length she is aroused, she starts from her lowly position—the deep boom of a cannon is borne heavily on the air, and reaches her ear. Hark! another deep note strikes the listener; another follows it, another and yet another in rapid succession. What a moment was this to Lucy. Two hostile armies were engaged in deadly contest, close at hand, and in

the scene of death and horror, she had a brother and a lover, besides many friends. She strained her eyes in the direction from whence those awful sounds proceeded, while she ceased the beating of her heart, lest its faint, dull throb might prevent her hearing what she would rather not have heard. As she listened, the roar of artillery grew louder and fiercer, and was now mingled with the sharper rattle of musketry, with a sound that seemed to move the cottage like the first throes of an earthquake. Lucy sank on her knees beside her mother, and buried her face in her hands.

"Oh! God," she cried, "remember America."

Some time elapsed, and the cannonade grew louder and nearer—the smoke of the battle-field rolled onward, and they could hear the shouts of the soldiers. Lucy again looked forth from the window, and as she watched the clouds of smoke that marked the near approach of the combatants, she exclaimed with all the energy of despair—

"Oh! mother, I do believe the Americans fly, they fly before the British. Oh! where, where is Washington?"

"Nay, my daughter, perhaps you are mistaken," said Mrs. Seymour, more composedly, "yet, still the roar of battle seems nearer."

"List!" cried Lucy, "that firing is closer, the very earth shakes with the tramp of contending armies, and the shock of the near artillery. Mother, oh! mother, I have prayed for my country 'till the very fountains of my heart have dried up—and now in this dread hour how willingly would I lay down this life to save it."

"Well, Lucy, we can do little else than pray."

"But see, child, the gathering of our neighbors upon the top of the hill, yonder. Suppose we join them."

"I will, mother, for anxiety for my brother, and for——," for Edwin, she should have said, but she blushed, and ended with—"my countrymen urges me to the spot, for we may at least gain some information."

Their position on the hill commanded a view of the country round, and soon they beheld disordered troops rapidly moving across the road. Then came the retreating artillery at full gallop, with the American flag stuck on gun carriages, into the road which led past the cottage. The scene became terrific! louder and more fearful grew the uproar of battle beyond the wood, and on came the tide of the dismayed and broken regiments, flying with all their speed, until the road was filled with the retreating Americans. Lucy turned from the sight, and the scalding tears filled her eyes."

"I hope," said she, "that Edwin is not among those who fly."

At this moment a commanding voice rose high above the din, "Rally! my men, rally!" shouted Washington, who, having learned that one of the wings had given way, had followed with a regiment in order to sustain it. "Give to the breeze that starry pennon! fight for liberty, fight for your homes. Charge upon them—beat them or die!"

The retreating soldiers rallied at once. The presence of their beloved commander quelled their fears, and seemed to have instilled new life into them. Gen. Howe, who was in pursuit, seeing this, and conscious of the presence of Washington himself, turned with his men, apparently satisfied with having routed the flank. Gen. Washington then slowly retreated in good order towards Philadelphia.

The evening was a sad one to our heroine, and it would have been impossible to conceive or imagine the variety of tumultuous emotions which actuated her thoughts and feelings as she sat at an open window. She fancied she heard the groans of the wounded and dying soldiers wafted from the battle-ground, and familiar as she was with these warlike times, and scenes of danger, a sickening sensation came over her, and her heart sunk within her. All at once, she heard the tramps of feet, and starting up with solicitous expectation, she rushed into the arms of her brother Charles.

"Do not be frightened, Lucy," said he, "I have met with a slight accident—a wound in my shoulder."

To draw his head fondly on her breast, to disencumber him of his hat and coat, was the work of a minute—but her cheek turned whiter than the moonlight, and she sunk breathless beside him, as he continued to speak—

"I believe I was left motionless on the field, and thought to be dead, or I might have shared the fate of Edwin Ashton—but what is the matter, dear sister, have I been too abrupt in breaking the sad news?"

"You have told me nothing as yet, Charles—oh! what danger has happened to Edwin?"

"He was taken prisoner by Cornwallis—but be not alarmed, Lucy, he is unhurt, and soon I hope to see him at liberty again."

"Ah! brother, no cartel has yet been settled for exchange of prisoners; and how are the

poor Americans treated in confinement—with cruelty and insult?"

"I admit they were used badly enough—but sister let us not despair, we shall yet be independent, and poor Edwin, who deserves naught but praise for his bravery to-day, will soon be free again."

"Was Edwin much exposed to danger?" asked Lucy.

"I was for a time by his side, and it would be doing him injustice to say no; he was every where, where duty called; and that was ever in the thickest of the battle. He told me he would not see you again until he had won a name."

"Poor Edwin," said Lucy, sadly, "I blame myself as the cause of his misfortunes—but, Charles, we forget your wound; let us repair to mother, who retired to her chamber full of anxiety for your safety."

* * * * * *

Weeks, nay months rolled away, yet Lucy and her mother remained alone and in sadness, for nothing had been heard of Edwin, and Charles had left them immediately after his wound had healed. The demon, war, continued to spread his desolation over the land. Rumor brought, at length, the gratifying intelligence of Charles' being a favorite of the whole corps, and it was also said he had gained the applause of the commander in chief, by having defended his country's flag against the most fearful odds, in one of the battles in which he had been engaged.

December was far advanced, and it was evening. The day had been cold, gloomy and theatening, and the deep masses of clouds which had been gradually darkening, now gave signs of bursting into storm. The wind sighed and whistled around the cottage, as if it were lamenting the damage it was about to make; then suddenly rushing with great force through the trees, breaking their topmost branches, and tearing up the earth beneath them with a sound like the roar of artillery. Then came torrents of sleet pattering furiously against the casements. Mrs. Seymour and her daughter drew nearer the fire, and though secure, themselves, from "the pelting of the pittiless storm," their kind hearts felt sensibly for those who were not so comfortably sheltered.

"Oh! the poor soldiers," exclaimed Lucy, sighing, "what sufferings must be theirs on such a night as this."

"My poor Charles—my poor boy," said Mrs. Seymour. "I have been thinking of him, and of the hardships he must necessarily experience, until I despair of—"

"Who speaks of despair when Charles is near?" said, at this instant, the young soldier, whose approach had been unheard amid the pelting of the storm, and laying down his gun and knapsack, clasped his mother, who uttered an exclamation of surprize and joy, to his heart.

"My son, oh! my son," was all the fond mother could say.

"Charles, dear Charles," said Lucy, as she clung to his neck, "you are safe. Oh! how thankful we should be—but Edwin?"

"Is yet a prisoner," said Charles.

The story of Charles was soon told. Eager to see his mother and sister, he, soon after the winter cessation of arms, obtained leave of absence for that purpose. Washington had established his winter quarters at Valley Forge, where, in obedience to his commands, the soldiers had felled the trees around, and erected a town of huts, which sheltered them from the inclemencies of the weather, but they were suffering for the want of clothing, particularly blankets, many being obliged to sit up all night by fires, to prevent themselves from freezing, instead of taking comfortable rest, and sometimes, for days, they were without a mouthful of bread or food of any kind.

"And their patriotism still supports them under all these privations," added Lucy.

"Ah! Lucy, Washington is the only man on earth that could keep the army together under such circumstances; he alone is only fit for the great and responsible charge—when the spirits of his men sink with their bodily sufferings, he applies himself with the most unremitting attention to the promotion of their comfort. Ah! mother," continued he, "it was a most distressing sight to see the soldiers, when they removed to Valley Forge; every step they took, on the frozen ground, was marked by the blood of their naked feet."

"That the commander in chief has been able to keep his army together, without food, and without clothes, through all the continued fatigues and hardships of marching through ice and snow, is the highest eulogium which can be paid to his character," remarked Mrs. Seymour.

"And, mother, in addition to these distresses, many are sick, and a number have died, owing to the inattention of the Hospital Department," said Charles.

"My heart bleeds for my poor suffering countrymen!" observed Lucy, with deep feeling.

"for fortitude and patience, their conduct has been unparalelled."

"Would that we could relieve some of their wants," added Charles.

"I have been thinking it would be a good plan to propose raising a sum by contribution, among the inhabitants through the country," said Lucy, thoughtfully, "for the use of these brave sufferers."

"That will be the very thing," cried Charles, in a tone of transport. "Why did I not think of it?"

"Oh! mother, let us set the example by selling our flocks," said Lucy; "we will be amply repaid in the freedom of our country; and I am sure I can work for you."

"Ah! my children, your design is laudable, but we must not deprive ourselves of the means of livelihood," said Mrs. Seymour.

"But surely, mother, our country requires us, in its present state, to make some sacrifice," remarked Charles.

"I will give you what I can spare, Charles," said his mother, "but that will be but the widow's mite."

Charles and Lucy immediately carried their scheme into execution, and commenced making collections. Each family contributed in different ways; and even the poorest that they applied to, gave in their mite to the general good.

It was now, for the first time, that Lucy felt the want of wealth. She reflected for a long time, and many were the plans she formed for increasing the small sum of three dollars, her only possessions, to an amount which she thought worthy to offer as her portion, for the benefit of her destitute countrymen, but all her schemes proved impracticable.

"Ah!" said she, one day, running her fingers through her floating tresses, "would these ringlets were strung with diamonds, then might I have something to offer to my poor suffering country. But can I not turn them to some advantage," continued the girl, thoughtfully, and after a short pause, she exclaimed joyfully, "yes, yes, I will weave neck-laces out of them, and offer them for sale—hair neck-laces will be very pretty, if handsomely woven, and they will bring me something—and I can well spare a few locks."

Lucy accordingly proceeded to work, and in a short time furnished a few very beautifully-wrought neck-laces, which she offered immediately to a jeweller in the city of Philadelphia.

"Sir," said she, as the jeweller admiringly examined her work, "I wish you to attach gold lockets to these neck-laces, then offer them for sale to the ladies of your city, for whatever they will bring. If you find purchasers for these, I will soon prepare more."

The man attracted by her luxurious tresses, as they waved in the gentle breeze, and surprized at the novelty of her offer, for, at a glance, he discovered the neck-laces were composed of her own hair; and that her appearance announced her to be any thing else than needy.

"If it would not seem too curious," said he, "I would ask why you are depriving yourself of your beautiful hair."

A blush suffused the cheeks of Lucy, but she answered promptly, "Her wish was to raise a small sum to aid her half starving countrymen."

The jeweller's surprize, at the disinterested feeling of patriotism displayed by one so young, and so prepossessing, kept him silent for a moment, and Lucy was tripping lightly away, when he followed, and laid his finger on her shoulder.

"I will soon dispose of the neck-laces, my noble girl," said he. "Every lady will purchase, when they learn of whose hair they are made, and for what purpose they are sold. You can, if you wish, prepare more for sale."

The jeweller, with a laudable spirit, soon circulated the story of the neck-laces, and all the inhabitants of Philadelphia, both male and female, flocked to his store to admire and purchase, and very soon hair neck-laces, marked with the single word Lucy, became all the rage among the fashionables. Lucy several times supplied the rapidly increasing demand for them, and finding the manufacture of them becoming a very lucrative business, for the store was thronged from morning 'till night with applicants for the new fashion, she thought of the sum which might be raised, should she consent to part with all her hair, on the one hand, and the sacrifice by which that sum was to be purchased, presented itself on the other, and all her sensibilities were at once aroused. She thought of him who had garnered up his hopes in her affection, who had delighted to gaze upon those massy tresses, and felt that a portion of the devoted and faithful love of Edwin was owing to her personal beauty, and how that affection might change when he beheld her disfigured, and shorn of her greatest charm. But love of country prevailed, and that patriotism which had ever marked her conduct, determined her on the sacrifice.

"Down! wantons, down!" said she to the rebellious risings of her heart—and she brushed away the large drops from her eyes, as curl after

curl disappeared beneath the operation of the scissors.

"They are my all—and Edwin will love me no more—but I give them for America."

All the beautiful hair of the patriotic girl was manufactured into neck-laces, and sold, bringing very high prices, thereby yielding a very considerable sum, which the delighted girl immediately placed into the hands of her brother, to be given for the benefit of the soldiers, now at Valley Forge.

When the fate of battle had placed Edwin Ashton among the unfortunate prisoners of war, he was taken to the enemy's camp, but shortly after, the main body of the British army, under command of Sir William Howe, having triumphantly entered Philadelphia, where they took winter quarters, he was removed, with many others, thither, and thrown into a public jail, where their privations were numerous and severe. The weather was cold, their clothing scanty, and their sufferings were greatly aggravated by a want of sufficient food. Thus circumstanced, was it possible for poor Edwin to preserve his spirits. The continual contemplation of his own, and his wretched compatriots' misfortunes, gave him a feeling of deep melancholy, but his dejection only evinced itself by the pale cheek, the forced and unfrequented smile, and the reserve that it assumed as a shelter from the observations and jests of his foes.

Thus had passed some weeks in experiencing many extremes of wretchedness, when he was one day particularly noticed by a young English nobleman, who seemed instantly struck with his noble form and expressive countenance. The mild and patient manner in which he bore his trials, plead to the susceptibilities, and seized upon the imagination of the generous loyalist. Day after day Sir James Harcourt did all in his power to relieve his necessities, while he participated in his sorrows, and promised to use all his influence to obtain his liberty. This was the first kindly beam of fortune that had risen upon Edwin, since his capture, and he soon found his situation meliorated, and his spirits improved, under the influence of kindness.

Sir William Howe, who was spending the winter in idleness, in all the full enjoyment of luxurious pleasure, was, time after time, compelled to listen to the pleadings of Sir James for the release of the young rebel, Ashton, until, at length, in very weariness of the subject, he gave his promise that he would shortly give him up to the Americans in exchange.

"Ashton," said Sir James, the day after he had received this promise, "there is to be a grand fête to-night, at the house of a wealthy tory in the city, and I wish you to accompany me to it; the scene will be new and entertaining, after your confinement."

"Impossible!" replied Ashton, with surprize; "you forget I am a prisoner."

"No, I do not; I have sufficient interest with Sir William to obtain permission for you to go," returned the other.

"A change of scene, I confess, would be refreshing to my wearied eyes," said Edwin, "but this dress is altogether unsuitable."

All minor objections were soon overruled, consent, after some difficulty, obtained, and the two set out for the entertainment. Edwin, had he consulted his own feelings, would rather have wandered in the open air, than seek the illuminated mansion they were now approaching. However, he did not long regret the destiny which drew him thither, when, amid the gay and brilliant scene, he heard the name of Lucy Seymour extolled by the lips of beauty—her noble and disinterested sacrifice, the theme and admiration of every tongue; even those who were the enemies of her country, spoke with commendation of her patriotic spirit and noble conduct. Edwin first heard the story of her sacrifice from a lady who wore a hair neck-lace, and as he examined the color and texture of the hair, and read the name of Lucy, a smile of pride and gratification curled his lip—he turned to hide his strong emotion.

The next day he besought Sir James to purchase him a neck-lace at any price, and the young Englishman hearing his history in connexion with that of Lucy, determined to procure one at any rate, and bestow it as a gift. The vender had not one left, but a young lady with whom he was intimate, and who had fortunately purchased two, as a very great favor, let him have one.

Shortly after this, Edwin Ashton was exchanged, though a few instances only of exchange had yet taken place, and when he left the British camp to seek that of Washington, the hair neck-lace lay near his heart, as its first and dearest treasure.

* * * * * *

"Lucy," said Edwin, some months after, as they sat alone together, and the first congratulations and expressions of joy at meeting having subsided, "I went to battle at your bidding, and determined not to see you again until I had become worthy of you. I joined the army when

released from confinement—fought for liberty—received the commendation of Washington, and have now returned as Captain Ashton, to claim my reward—those glossy thick curls which you have taken the trouble to hide beneath that ugly little cap."

"Edwin, I became jealous of my hair, and cut it off," said she, looking archly into his face; "can you not love me as well without it?"

"Love you without it," said he, "yes, yes, I can do no less than worship you now, for who but Lucy would have marred their beauty for the good of their country. 'Twas a noble, a glorious act! look at this," continued he, as he drew the hair neck-lace from his bosom, and pressed the blushing and delighted girl to his heart.

A few weeks after, a group of joyous countenances were gathered at Mrs. Seymour's. Lucy, in a simple dress, of white, with no ornament save the hair neck-lace which Edwin had clasped around her neck, gave her hand to him to whom her heart was devoted, and as the words went forth that pronounced them one, two brighter or happier faces never entered into the holy bands of wedlock.

Original.

EVERARD GREY.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Under a lattice encircled with flowers,
Dim with the dew of the moon-litten hours,
Waking the night like a linnet in June,
His gentle heart beating the time to his tune,
Everard Grey, in an exstacy, poured
His passion in song to the maid he adored.

"Lady," he sang, "when the clarion shall sound,
Far from thy favor thy knight will be found.
Long in the distance, in camp and in field,
His falchion his fortune, his valor his shield,
Everard Grey shall bestir him to make
A name and a fame that are fair for thy sake.

"Dark is the desert, but lo! it will be
As a fairy-like field, for my guerdon is thee.
With thy kiss on my lips, and thy love as my star,
The Moslem shall fall, and the cross soar afar;
And then, as a conqueror, swift will I ride,
To circle with laurels the brow of my bride."

Loud on the silence the shrill trumpet rang!
Swift to his saddle the troubadour sprang!
Waving his hand, through the valley he rode,
Gazing his last on his lady's abode—
On the lattice he left—on the fairy-face there
Gleaming out, like a moon, on the mid-summer air.

Time! it has passed, and the maiden is pale—
Pale as the lilly that lolls on the gale;
Weary and worn she hath waited for years,
Keeping her grief ever green with her tears—
Years will she tarry, for cold is the clay
Fettering the form of her Everard Grey.

Original.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS.—NO. III.

G. P. R. JAMES.

"Quid rectum, sit apparet,
Quid expediat, obscurum."
Lib. Tran:
What is plain to be seen
Has no curtain between.
(A very judicious remark.)
What is very obscure,
(A fact equally sure)
Remains, as it were, in the dark.

THE HEROINE.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

CHAPTER I.

"Derby still holds Latham Castle, say you Fairfax? The Lord of his infinite mercy prompt him to instant submission, so may much shedding of blood be averted."

Thus spoke the stern leader of the Puritan armies.

"Amen!" fervently replied Fairfax, "Heaven might of a certainty soften his obduracy, but while the sinful man worketh within him, he will, or I misdoubt me much, do battle 'till the death."

"To the death let it be then, if he so willeth, he is an audacious traitor, and a blindly obdurate upholder of the Heaven-doomed Stuarts," savagely answered Cromwell, but almost instantly moderating his angry tone into a nasal whine, as he continued, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon is all powerful to smite, and the great work must be accomplished."

"Doubtless, doubtless," replied Fairfax, who, of all the individuals composing the Puritan camp, affected least that canting peculiarity of expression which was then so generally adopted. "Doubtless, an we can do so with honor."

"Honor," echoed Cromwell, contemptuously, "and what think you doth honor weigh in comparison with religion?"

"Methought they were inseparable," quietly responded Fairfax.

"And so they are, but not that foolish pride of heart which would point out a line of conduct for itself, and say to the right or the left, shall I not swerve? I tell thee what, Fairfax, thou art too much hedged round with doubts and scruples, to yield heart and hand to what we purpose. The Lord's will must be executed, what ever it be; answer me, hast thou the courage to help on the work, even in opposition to thy very conscience?"

"Conscience," replied Fairfax, seriously, "is

a rigid tutor, and will severely punish, those who mind not its teaching."

"Pshaw! thou'rt craven-hearted!" Cromwell perceived by the bright flash that kindled in the eye of Fairfax, that he had gone too far, so stretching forth his hand, he grasped him ardently, and in a tone of frank earnestness, resumed,

"Dear brother in the cause, even as mine own life art thou to me, nor would I ask thee to encounter aught that would bring a flush of shame into that honest cheek."

Generous and unsuspecting Fairfax, forgot his anger on the instant, and with hearty sincerity returned the proffered grasp. Little did he think what direful thought had for the first time seized on Cromwell's brain; a thought which once conceived, was nurtured day by day, until in the blood of his liege king and master, it was fatally developed. The before mentioned conversation was one amongst many that the designing and ambitious general was wont to hold about this time with his intimates, and those whom he could trust; wherein he darkly hinted at some startling matter which he had in in view, cunningly contriving to introduce the subject by little and little, until the repetition broke the fearful nature of the undertaking.

Scarcely had they concluded, when a chamberlain announced the arrival of a messenger, from the division of the army under Fairfax's deputy, Colonel Exeter, one "Anak Wrestle-with-sin," and as he entered, he certainly appeared to merit the appellation.

He was a gaunt, boney, loosely-put-together specimen of mortality, with a face as white as chalk, excepting an extensive promontory of nose which gradually deepened from a light peach-color to a vivid pink; he wore a very much discolored buff-leather jerkin, with sundry belts of the same material, containing a small defensive armory, enormous jack-boots enveloped his lank legs, while his high, conical hat was stuffed down to his very nose, which stuck straight out beneath the brim, and seemed to be the only thing that prevented his face from disappearing altogether. He made only one long stride into the room, and having settled himself, stuck there, bolt upright, without a single movement to indicate vitality, except the motion of his thin white lips, as he spoke.

Cromwell first addressed him, and, as was usual with him, when boldly conversing with such persons, exaggerated his conventional drawl: "In the Lord's name I bid thee welcome, brother in the glorious cause. Doubtless thou bringest news from the general's division."

With a twang, something like a broken winded bag-pipe, or a donkey with the best notes out of his voice, our lank friend replied,

"News have I brought—even from the camp of the enemy. Yea! verily, from the strong hold of the evil doer."

"Of good import, I hope?" shouted Fairfax, incapable of restraint, but checked by the wily leader, who, with an upward glance of still greater sanctity, and a drawl of still increasing length, continued,

"Go on brother, and bless our ears with thy glad tidings, I pray thee."

Anak elevated his snuffle, and with eyes all but closed, proceeded,

"Praise ye the mighty One, the Ruler of Israel, for the habitation of the stiff-necked is without a master, the family of the sinner is without its head."

"What sayest thou?" cried Cromwell, interrupting him eagerly, and forgetting for the instant his usual intonation, "Is Derby killed?"

"No, not killed," replied Anak, without opening his eyes, "but fled, no man knoweth whither."

"The Castle is then delivered into our hands," said Fairfax.

"I said not that, General, or had I lied most foully. The woman who calleth herself by the vain and worthless title of Countess, wife to him that is fled, still keeps it, and in answer to Brother Egerton's summons, sent this heathenish reply."

Cromwell snatched the letter and read:

"The Countess of Derby has not forgotten what she owes to her holy Church, to her lawful King, and to her liege husband, and until she has lost both her honor and her life, she *will* defend her right."

"Obstinate! perverse! woman," cried Cromwell, tearing the sheet into pieces, and motioning Anak away: who with one turn and a stride quitted the apartment as he had entered.

There was a pause of a few moments. At last, Cromwell fixing a steady glance upon his companion, demanded,

"Fairfax! canst thou fight against a woman?"

"Why, sooth to say, it would not like me much," replied Fairfax. "I'd rather it were some score of men,—but were it my duty——"

"It is thy duty," sternly responded Cromwell. "I, thy General, command it. Latham Castle must be subdued at all risks."

"Be it so, an thou wilt," quietly rejoined Fairfax, rising from his seat, "I shall do my

devoir, though it be hard, and to my thinking most unseemly, to do battle with a female, be she whom she may."

"Come brother, thy hand," said Cromwell, with kindly emphasis, as they parted, "'tis the Lord's bidding, and not mine, go, strengthened in the right, and Heaven itself will send its lightnings to destroy thine enemies."

CHAPTER II.

One morning, in the month of February, 1644, the family of Latham Castle were assembled in the great hall immediately after prayers, for the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England was given every day by the Earl's domestic chaplain. The Countess, with her lovely sister, the Lady Elinor Beaufort, were sitting at their now customary work, preparing long strips of linen to use as bandages for such of their scant defenders as chanced to receive a wound, while three beautiful children unconscious of the proximity of danger, played around them, without concern or hindrance.

"What a heavy sigh was there, sister sweet," remarked the Countess, "is that for the imminent peril in which thy sister dwelleth? or doth it chronicle the impossibility of the usual visit from a certain generally punctual cavalier?"

The Lady Elinor hung down her head while her beautiful eyes were suffused with tears.

"Nay, Nelly, dear," said the Countess, tenderly flinging her arms around her sister's neck, "God knows we have enow to cause sorrow's rain to fall, without aught of our own making; forgive me, wilt not? Come, come, Radcliffe loves thee, dearly; thou art worthy of his, nay, of a monarch's love. And I do equally believe him worthy thine. So cheer thee, cheer thee, this storm will soon pass over, all will yet be well."

"Alas, my sister, said the sobbing Elinor, bear with me for I have a soul full of woman's fear."

"Fear," replied the Countess, with something like reproach in her accents, and more in the flash of her eloquent eye, "fear! what fear ye, not these Roundhead recreants?"

"No, no!"

"Not for thy lover's fealty?"

"Heaven forbid," fervently cried Elinor. "No, he's the soul of loyalty and truth, my very fear lies in the deep devotion of his faithful love."

"What mean you?"

"You recollect, dear Charlotte," continued she, "that when Moleneux and I parted last, not foreknowing this cruel hindrance, he promised that I should see him again this very day. The castle is surrounded on all sides by vigilant and cruel Puritans. His devotedness to his royal master is well known, and should he attempt to gain an entrance——"

"He cannot be so mad," interrupted the Countess, "he would be lost."

"Then may I at once deplore his loss," tenderly rejoined Elinor, "for if I know his heart he will attempt it."

At that instant, several shots were heard in quick succession, followed almost immediately by a shout from the battlements of the Castle. And before either had time to breathe their thoughts, the door was burst open, and the noble Moleneux Radcliffe was in the arms of his beloved one. The shock was almost too much for her, but with a powerful effort she checked the sensation of faintness which was creeping through her frame.

"My own, own, love," said he, "look up, I'm here, my pledge is redeemed, my promise fulfilled, I'm here, here, to live or die with thee."

"My Radcliffe, my noble, my devoted Radcliffe——"

She could say no more—insensibility came to the relief of her over-wrought feelings. After a brief space, tended by Radcliffe, and her sister, she awoke to happy consciousness, and seating her lover by her side, gave full scope to the intensity of her delight. With one hand in his, and her head resting on his manly breast, she entreated him to tell her how he had contrived to elude the vigilance of the enemy.

"To my own marvel, I confess, my bonny Nell," said Moleneux, "when I set forth 'twas with my last prayer upon my lips, thy safety love, and that of my sinful soul."

"But see, dearest, you are wounded," exclaimed Elinor in alarm, perceiving traces of blood upon his doublet.

"A scratch, beloved: a mere scratch," continued Radcliffe, "for which believe me, I returned a deeper. I had passed undiscovered by the last sentinel on the rounds, and was just about to creep into the moat, when one of those prowling followers of the camp whose business 'tis to give the *coup de grace* to any wounded wretch whose appearance might betoken chance for plunder, seeing me move stealthily along, and no doubt thinking I was disabled, darted forward and aimed a knife at my heart. I warded off the blow and seizing him by the throat plunged at once into the deep water of the moat. The noise the fellow made indrowning, disturbed my Roundhead friends, who, as they saw me scramble up the

moat, deliberately drew forth their matchlocks, no doubt highly delighted at the opportunity to pick off a cavalier with safety to themselves. However, I ducked and dived, and in the very face of those unskilful marksmen, climbed to the outer postern, rendered invulnerable by Love. My friend, Ogle, at the risk of his own life, threw a partizan—I grasped it and reached the top in safety—rushed here to give the best confirmation of it—and methinks if I solicit a kiss from those Hyblu thawing lips, it might not be considered too much for my heroic retreat.

Whatever might have been the result of that presumptuous demand, it was interrupted by the Countess, exclaiming, "Perhaps, Master Radcliffe would condescend to acknowledge one other individual in creation besides Elinor Beaufort."—At the same time extending her ungloved hand toward the abstracted lover. Moleneux knelt as he kissed the extended finger, soliciting pardon for his grave offence.

Now the Countess had all along favored this love-suit; but the Earl, to whose guardianship the Lady Elinor was entrusted, deemed her too rich a prize to be bestowed upon the cadet of a noble house—a mere soldier of fortune: for alas, poor Radcliffe ranked in the category of younger brotherhood: leading the conversation dexterously to the interesting point, she continued:

"Moleneux, I know and estimate your good qualities, but my lord, who has the precious casket in his charge, has all along expressed a determination that she shall become the mistress of some noble house."

"She shall——"

"Nay, don't interrupt me, Sir Hector, had I my will, you should not wait long before your wishes should be accomplished. That you love Elinor with a true and a whole heart, I do sacredly believe, and would that it were in my sole power to pay you with her hand, no petty recompense."

"A prize, a rich and peerless prize, that kings might battle for, and be raised higher than their thrones in winning," replied Moleneux, fervently gazing in her flashing eye, which kindled with responsive enthusiasm as he spoke. "I am not worthy of her now, but by the cross of my good sword, I'll win for her a name, that none dare question, when that, I have achieved, though all men call it paramount, yet will I shame to offer it, so great will be the disparity between my desert and her great excellence."

"Nay, my own love," replied the beautiful and happy Elinor, "whatever may befall, I can but be the gainer by linking my poor life with so much nobleness. But your wound bleeds afresh, let me bind my scarf around it. There! it does not hurt thee now, my own liege love and true knight. This scarf be my gauge that *for good or for ill, in life and to death, I am thine and thine only.*"

Moleneux, fervently pressing the scarf to his breast, knelt and kissing the hilt of his sword, exclaimed with ardor,

"*Hear me, and register my vow, oh, Heaven! when in thought, word, or act, I swerve from duty to my heart's choice, may I be accounted recreant knight, false gentleman, and base, disloyal knave.*"

"By my halidome, but this is most romantic, troth pledging," said the Countess, "and I misdoubt me much that I should countenance it."

At that moment, a servant was hastily ushered into the hall crying,

"For Heaven's grace, my dear Lady, retire to some more secure apartment. The enemy are in motion, and several howitzers and a mortar-piece are pointed directly towards this quarter."

Before the Countess could express her determination to remain at any risk, with a tremendous crash a grenade swept through the window, exploding in the very midst, but most providentially without injuring any of the party.

"Away, sir," she exclaimed, drawing herself up to the extremity of her majestic height, "let my brave defenders know that a brave woman is at their head, and hark ye, if there be a coward in my suite, let him but show himself by his prating of surrender, and he shall be hanged up as a mark for the Roundheads to practise against."

As the Earl had gone to Douglass for supplies, and could not by any possibility be expected to return within a month, the officers of the small garrison held a brief council. Some advocated a steady and continued defence, but the impetuous and ardent Radcliffe was for an instant sally.

"Look, gentlemen," he exclaimed, pointing through a small embrased window, "look where those rascally knaves have planted their howitzers full against our lady's own apartment. As we are true men and loyal, this is not to be borne."

With a sudden flash of excitement, he started to his feet, crying with increased energy, "Would it not be a glorious deed to wrest those villanous engines from them? See, by Heaven, they are firing them, even now. Some damnable traitor must have informed them where the Countess keeps. What say you, sirs, shall we strike one blow for the safety of our beloved mistress?"

"We will, we will!" they all shouted simultaneously, catching up the enthusiasm of Radcliffe.

"'Tis well," replied Moleneux, now as fearfully calm as he was before excited. "You, Rawthorne, collect the men in parties from the opposite battlements, to the amount of five hundred, I would not have more had we a million. Then wait for me at the eastern portcullis; through the shelter of yon wreath of fog we may move down upon them unawares. *Allons mes amis le bonne dieu defende le-droit.*

CHAPTER III.

The diminutive but gallant band issued noiselessly forth, and fell unexpectedly upon the advanced post of the enemy; sharp and furious was the encounter; the impetuosity of young Radcliffe, and the determined bravery of his men, animated as they were, both by his voice and example, prevailed over every obstacle. After above an hour's hard fighting, they succeeded in driving the besiegers from their trenches, demolished, altogether, the embankment raised opposite to the Countess' apartment, nailed up, overturned the cannon into the moat, and carried back in triumph the mortar piece which had threatened so much injury, after having killed some three-score of the Roundheads, and all with the insignificant loss of three men. As this handful of gallant hearts entered the keep, they were received with a shout of gratulation and welcome, which wrought them up to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that had they been called upon to face the universe in arms, led by such a captain, not one would have hesitated.

The Countess having caused them to be brought into the grand hall, thanked them with tearful eyes, calling them her children, her friends, her deliverers; not one individual of that group but mentally swore that while life's current ran within his veins, its every drop should be devoted to their gracious lady's service. Turning to Radcliffe as the men departed, "Moleneux," said she, "now do I feel as though I were indeed thy sister; mayst thou, ere long, have right to own thyself my brother; but go receive the best reward to loyal gentlemen and good soldier, the smile of thy ladye-love. She waits thee in the oratory, fearing to stay, lest the fulness of her joy overflowing into tears, might make thee deem her of too weak a nature for thy indomitable spirit."

Returning heartful thanks for the Countess' cheering words, it was not long ere Radcliffe found his beloved one, and there kneeling before the sacred altar, they mingled prayers together for the safety of their honored kinswoman. What more they said or did, who that has passed the first delicious hours of love's unchecked and blissful flow, but can imagine. Suffice it to say, that no two hearts in christendom beat with a more happy throb than did those of Moleneux and Elinor, in the very neighborhood of danger, and not knowing at what moment a savage assault might be made upon their very threshold. So wrapt were they, and so regardless of external things, that, at her lover's solicitation, Elinor took up her cittern, and in an exquisitely sweet voice, whose low musically thrilling tones seemed almost to absorb the very sense, steeping the soul in exstacy, warbled the following romaunt:

"'Tis a midsummer's eve, and the gorgeous west
Glows with the setting sun's rich behest;
Mild Zephyrus whispers his love to the heath,
As placidly sweet as an infant's breath.

Now twilight is donning her mantle of grey,
To steal a last kiss from the parting day;
Reluctant she lingers, then follows amain,
Enshrouding the earth in her dusky train.

A youth and maid gaze on the scene, to whom
No brightness is lost in the deepening gloom,
And the varying beauties of earth and sky,
Like a shadowy dream pass unheeded by.

On sombre wings borne, now comes the dull night,
But their sunny thoughts form a halo so bright,
They feel not time pass, 'till the love-nurtured spell
Is broke; they must part; 'tis the deep curfew bell.

Their love's yet unspoken, one glance their adieu,
Yet Heaven ne'er smiled on affection more true,
No hearts more devoted earth's compass within,
Than the hearts of young Raimond and fair Madelin.

Oh! how delicious beyond all form of expression are those moments when in the confidence of trusting love, two youthful hearts hold sweet communion, uncankered by one jealous thought, unruffled by one suspicious doubt, but each seeing its own truthfulness reflected in the other, then all is joy, all hope, all happiness!

CHAPTER IV.

For upwards of three weeks did that courageous few, headed and cheered by the truest wife, and noblest lady in the land, hold Latham Castle against the assailants, but notwithstanding that every individual put the best face he could upon the matter, yet did they each, to himself, begin reluctantly to acknowledge that hope was almost gone; their ammunition all but exhausted, their provisions lamentably scarce, and still another week might elapse before the expected succor should arrive. Three thousand of the besiegers, according to their own account, perished before the walls of that heroically defended keep.

Fairfax, either from shame, or else called away to other duty, left the command to one Rigby, a malevolent and implacable enemy to the Earl—naturally of a merciless disposition, and, consequently the fittest instrument to carry out Cromwell's cruel order.

Matters were in this desperate state within the garrison, when they observed, one morning, a herald, with a trumpeter, approaching the drawbridge. They were ushered into the hall of state, where, seated, magnificently dressed, and surrounded by her soldiers and houshold, all wearing in their looks the appearance of animated devotion, they beheld the Countess.

"Well, sir Herald," demanded she, haughtily, "what pressing message doth this traitor now send?"

"Gracious madam," replied the herald, "Colonel Rigby commands me to say that due consideration and quarter will be given, even now, after so many murders have been committed—"

"By him and his rebel gang," fiercely interrupted Radcliffe, but a look from the Countess restrained him from proceeding.

"Go on, sir Herald," she quietly continued, turning to him.

"The Colonel desires me to add, that if within five hours from the receipt of this summons, this castle be not surrendered without reserve, his imperative orders are to carry it by assault, and without reservation of age or sex to put every living creature within its walls, to death." Radcliffe gasped! a low, crunching of teeth might be heard, but none spoke.

"Is that all, sir," said the Countess, calmly.

"All! gracious madam."

"May it please you retire; we have doubtless a few moments for consideration before you return?"

"Of a certainty."

"No sooner had the herald left the hall, when Moleneux started up, his face livid with compressed rage, and his whole frame shivering with excitement. "Gracious lady, pardon," he exclaimed, "but that foul braggart, that butcherly traitor has driven me beside myself; it was with much ado I restrained myself from felling his brute messenger on the instant. Oh, God in Heaven," he continued, throwing himself on his knees, "grant that I may meet this base-born dastard face to face."

"Rise, rise, Moleneux," said the Countess; "this is a moment for calmness and cool deliberation, not for imprudent ardor. One word for all, my noble officers, my gallant men, what shall we do; hold on to the last, and risk this slaughter, or succumb to their debasing mercy? I need not ask the question; 'tis answered in those flashing eyes; as for me, by the grace of Heaven, and by the help of God, I will yet defend my lord's heritage. Go ye with me?"

"To the death! to the death!" was the heart-uttered response of all.

"Enough! admit the messenger." Regarding him with a look of majestic dignity, she exclaimed—

"Doubtless thy master thinks that we are in a piteous straight. Know, sir, that I have received assurance that my noble lord will be here perhaps before thou gettest back; and further tell the insolent rebel, Rigby, that if he presumes to send another such demand, I'll have the messenger hanged before his very eyes! away!"

That day and night, all was most hopeless despondency within that poor, starving garrison, but what was their dismay, when, by morning's light, they found that their stay, their sole dependance, Radcliffe, was missing, and with him, full two hundred of the choicest men-at-arms. The idea of treachery was scouted on the instant; but where could he have gone to? what wild scheme could he have engaged in. The suspense did not continue long, for soon a mysterious movement seemed to take place amongst the enemy's lines, and as this was the day appointed for the final assault, all was perturbation and despair. Suddenly there was heard a distant and prolonged shout; it reached the ears of the Countess, and falling on her knees, she exclaimed, "My lord, my lord, my loved, my honored husband he comes, and we are saved!" Causing the guns to fire a *feu de joi*, and ordering the banner of the house of Derby to be hoisted to its topmost height. She rushed to the very highest tower to catch the first glimpse of the,—oh, how intensely welcome, succor. Meanwhile the enemy began to file off in an opposite direction to that from whence the shouting proceeded, in rapid but orderly retreat, the men from the battlements hailing them with derisive cheers. The siege was raised, and ere an hour had passed, all that vast array was lost in the distance. Still and still the loud hurrah of the approaching rescuers was heard, and every eye was strained in the direction. Soon a long line of men-at-arms were seen approaching, stretching across an immense extent, and looking like the advance-guard of a mighty host, but upon approaching nearer, they were discovered to be *alone*. The truth flashed across the Countess' mind upon the instant. "My brave, my noble Radcliffe," she exclaimed, "well hast thou won thy guerdon."

Shortly, Radcliffe, for it was indeed he who had stolen forth with his partizans in the dead of night, and without breathing a syllable of his intentions to any but those concerned, fearing that his desperate manœuvre should be countermanded, entered the portcullis with his two hundred devoted followers, receiving, as they progressed, a shout from their comrades, which proceeded even to the puritan army, giving them increased impetus in their retreat.

The stratagem had full success, nor had the enemy time to be apprized of their mistake, for the next day the Earl arrived, bringing with him a reinforcement of ten thousand men, commanded by Prince Rupert, and an ample supply of provision.

The meeting between the Earl and his heroic wife, was utterly indiscribable, and when she related the many deeds of bravery performed by young Radcliffe, and particularly the last act of devotedness by which he had preserved the castle, it need not be told that he made no further opposition to his marriage with the Lady Elinor; indeed, he himself assisted at the solemnization, which took place in the little oratory just two months afterwards. B.

Note.—February, 1644.—This month was rendered notable by a famous resistance made by Charlotte, Countess of Derby, while her lord was absent in pursuit of supplies, she having held Latham Castle against six thousand of the parliament's army, commanded at different times by Fairfax, Exeter and Rigby, for one whole month, killing, by their own account, three thousand men by successful sallies and skilful manœuvreing, so that her husband found his castle safe at his return. *English History.*

Original.

TO ELLEN.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Oh, I shall ne'er forget the spot
Where smiles of joy were wont to greet me,
Where ardent hearts dissembled not,
But bounded with delight to meet me.
Though rugged winter held his sway,
And all without was cold and dreary,
Yet, warmed by beauty's melting ray,
I thought the season bright and cheery.
But doom'd, alas, too soon to part,
And wander from my love and beauty,
I felt a winter in my heart,
And cheerless deemed the path of duty.
I dragg'd along the heavy way,
A lengthen'd chain that made me weary,
While Hope refus'd one glimmering ray
To light a scene so dark and dreary.
But see! at length stern winter flies,
A brighter season glows before me;
The summer radiance of those eyes,
Shall yet to life and joy restore me;
'Till then let retrospection feed
The flame which smiling Hope shall cherish;
For, oh! how *my* poor heart would bleed,
Should *thine* permit that flame to perish.

Original.

A LIFE OF LONELINESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

I have no heart! I know not where
The wild and restless thing has fled,
It dwells not in a living breast,
Nor is it with the dead.

I have no heart! love, hope and joy
Stirs not the current of my life,
I have forgotten rapture's thrill
And passion's feverish strife.

Poor B****, is dead,—I did not think his death would have cost me a single regret, and yet that "late remorse," which always comes over the heart when the portals of the grave have closed upon a friend, reminds me of how much more I might have done towards lightening his weary burden of life. He was a lonely man; without one on earth with whom he could claim kindred, and if he was dull and prosy, and dronish and tiresome, I ought to have remembered that he was also kindly and gentle, and unobtrusive. How annoyed I have often felt when I heard his well-known, sluggish step in the hall, how impatiently I have watched the tedious fussiness of his entrance into the drawing-room; how often I have ridiculed his slight and somewhat bowed form, his heavy and awkward gestures, his elaborately curled wig, and his vacant, expressionless features! Yet, who could have dreamed this impassive, cold, unexcitable being was a sort of walking sarcophagus,—bearing within him the ashes of hopes which had long since been consumed on the funeral pyre of passion? Quiet and reserved in his manners, he never spoke of himself or of his own concerns, but seemed to waste his thoughts entirely on the most petty concerns of every day life. His pocket was always full of old newspapers, play-bills, catalogues of books to be sold at auction, advertisements of new race-shows, and all the trifling etceteras which a loitering idler by the way-side would be likely to pick up in his daily walks through a great city. He was a bachelor, (as we all believed,) and bore with smiling good humor our jokes and jibes at his state of single misery, but no word of allusion to his early history ever escaped him. Indeed, to tell the truth, he was so uninteresting a man that no one thought or cared whether he had any early history to relate. We should as soon have thought of weaving a web of romance around a tortoise, as of imagining a love-tale in connection with B——. As to his pecuniary circumstances, we were in equal ignorance. He had long been considered superanuated as a

man of business, but this was owing to his torpidity of mind and action, rather than to his years. He continued to keep up a respectable appearance on the scanty savings from his previous scanty income. His coat was always so scrupulously clean that no one noticed its thread-bare texture, his boots owed their polish to the affectionate care of ownership, and his shirt bosom, frilled and plaited in the fashion of years gone by, was of the most delicate whiteness and pureness. He had his neatly-appointed room, with a few books and pictures, a cabinet of shells and minerals, a case of curiosities from all parts of the world, nicknacks "of no use to any but the owner," (as they say in advertisements,) and, in better days, there was always, hidden in some corner, a bottle of good wine for a friend. He loved a game of whist, which he would play during a whole evening as patiently and about as spiritedly as a dummy, but he loved still better a quiet seat in a darkened corner of the drawing-room, where the hum of busy tongues could lull him into a state of half-slumber. When he was seized with a fit of loquacity, which, by the way, never occurred if other company was present, but arose solely from a benevolent desire to entertain his host or hostess,—ye gods! what honeydews of slumber did his lips distil! No Mesmeric influence could equal the somnolent effect of his monotonous tones, which resembled nothing so much as the booming hum of a great black beetle.

Poor B——! disappeared rather suddenly from among us, and I am sorry to say that for some time we forgot to miss his presence. At length, we heard he was ill, and I sent a friend to see him, but it was too late. B—— had died the night before. His last act had been to write a letter to me, directing me to take possession of all his effects, as my well-known love for every thing antique would ensure their preservation, and requesting that the money which might be found remaining in his private drawer, after paying funeral expenses, should be bestowed upon a boy who had occasionally attended him during his illness. Poor, poor B——! he was permitted to preserve his independence to the last. Four gold eagles, fresh as when they first came from the mint, and wrapped separately in tissue paper to preserve them from collision, were found in his cabinet. They were the last remnant of his life-long savings. Death had rescued him from destitution.

It was during my examination of the strange medley of "*oddments*," which the old man had gathered during his life, and now transmitted to my care, that I first learned to feel an interest in one who had heretofore seemed to me only stupid and tiresome. The trifles which had amused his later life, were only as toys to one whom paralysis had reduced to second childhood; but in a curious old cabinet, which, with its quaint carvings of salient archangels and rampant lions, I had heretofore deemed only another article of *vertu*, I found treasured up many a fragment from the wreck of feeling. How did my conscience smite me, while I looked over these remains, and remembered how vainly and foolishly I had dared to judge of another's heart!

I found letters, whose faded characters made their burning words seem as strangely dissonant as would be the voice of passion from the lips of death:—love-verses, quaint, old-fashioned, yet full of directness and earnestness:—fragments of memoranda, which referred to scenes of gayety and revelry:—a glove, which must once have been worn by a delicate hand:—a faded ribbon:—a bouquet of rose-buds and geranium, so dry that it fell to pieces as I touched it, while its dead leaves diffused around the apartment a faint odour, like that which sickens the senses, when the smell of mortality mingles with the summer-blossoms thrown upon a funeral bier. Such were among the relics preserved in this chamber of memory. But that which most interested me was a sort of fragmentary diary,—kept not as a record of daily events, but rather at intervals of months and years,—from which I gathered the old man's history.

Sad indeed was the privilege of looking thus into the closed heart of him who could now know nothing of my sympathy. I would have given much to have learned all this earlier:—to have soothed the anguished feelings,—to have listened to the mournful tale of early wrong,—to have communed with the soul which had been so utterly silenced,—the soul which had been condemned to the penance of a Trappiste, during the long and weary pilgrimage of life. But it was now too late! Alas! how sadly does that sound ever fall upon the ear! It was too late to lighten by my sympathy the burden of my old friend's sorrows;—it was too late to shed the genial sunshine of womanly friendship upon the heart which had so long slumbered in frozen torpor. But I have gathered together some fragments from the record of his by-past life, while I have suppressed all those expressions of passionate emotion at which the calm might wonder, and the cold might sneer. I have so connected the disjointed passages in the old man's

diary, that his tale is told in his own words. Am I mistaken, gentle reader, in believing that you, who have shared so many of my feelings, will also sympathize in my unavailing penitence, so far at least, as to listen with interest to the story of that palsied heart?

—

"I look upon all my misfortunes as the result of my unhappiness in infancy. I was a neglected child,—no one loved me,—no one cared for my happiness. My brothers, stately and handsome boys, were bold, daring creatures, full of life and spirits, while I was timid, sensitive, sullen and peevish. I was feeble in health, and I had the misfortune to resemble my father, which in the eyes of my mother was little else than a crime. What a magnificent creature my mother was! I remember well her superb form, with all its rich and noble developement, her flashing eyes, the classic beauty of her features, the delicacy of her hands, the grace and pride of her carriage. She had been married at fifteen to a husband of forty. She was then a child, a pretty, artless child, unformed in person, undeveloped in mind. My father was small in stature, with delicate, womanish features, a low, feminine voice, and a timid, nervous manner. He was grey and wrinkled, and seemed to wither up beneath the frosts of years. My mother had been persuaded to marry him before she dreamed of her own powers or passions, and years passed on before she awoke to the sense of their ill-assorted union. But her husband was declining in the vale of years, just when she was developing in all her glorious beauty. She had discovered her superiority to him in mental strength, and in force of character, while Time seemed to improve all her graces in proportion as he despoiled my father. Luxuriant health supplied to her the place of fresh youth, and she possessed all its passions, with little of its unconsciousness and simplicity. My father was dotingly fond of her, but his very love for her seemed to increase the disgust of the haughty woman. She looked with contempt upon his feeble and diminutive person; she learned to despise the mind which her slightest wish could sway; and, after ten years of married life, she began to feel that her ties had become fetters of triple brass. At thirty she was the mother of three children; two of whom were her idols, for they were beautiful as herself, and her pride was satisfied in them. But upon me she looked with contempt, for I bore the features of my father, and she could have cursed me for the hated resemblance.

"I remember how lonely and sad I felt, long ere I knew the cause of her unnatural indifference. Many an hour have I spent in bitter tears, while the shouts of my merry brothers rang in my ears, and added new poignancy to my grief. Often have the pangs of my spirit far exceeded the pain of my tortured frame, while my mother's rich voice echoed from the drawing-room, in the light laugh, or the cheerful song. Never did she watch beside my pillow,—never did her hand soothe my fevered brow. Yet, good Heavens! how I loved her! Even then, my soul was filled with dreams of beauty, and the superb loveliness of my mother came to my boyish fancy like a personified vision of delight. My father had no thought to waste on me; he was pining away beneath her contempt, wilting beneath her indignant glances; and, yet, he was ever submissive to her will,—ever ready to lie at her feet like a spaniel, even when sure of meeting only a cur's reward. She despised and hated him; she knew the value of her beauty, and her husband seemed the only barrier between her and happiness. She was full of passion and of pride; and she grew miserly of the years which were rapidly fleeting away without bringing her freedom and pleasure. At length my father died. Broken-hearted and worn in spirit, he sunk down and died as uncomplainingly as a snared deer of the forest. Less than a year afterwards, the house was filled with all the garnishing of a gay wedding. My mother wedded a stately and handsome lover, and by the slavery of her after life atoned for her sin to the husband of her youth.

"Oh! how much have those to answer for who darken the happy hours of innocent childhood! How little can they imagine the distrust, the suspicion, the sullen discontent which is infused into the pure mind by this early sense of injustice and suffering. Alas! those brought up in sorrow, learn when too late, that the mental vision has become accustomed to view objects only through a darkened medium, and never for them does the enchanted hues of hope brighten the realities of life.

"After my father's death, my uncle compassionating my forlorn condition, undertook the charge of me, and I gladly turned my back for ever upon the home of my childhood. But I soon found that even benevolence might be a matter of calculation, and when I found myself a sort of servant in my uncle's warehouse, I began to understand something of the selfishness of even virtuous deeds. My cousins were surrounded by every luxury, while I was the humble dependant, wearing the cast-off trappings of

vanity, and eating the bitter bread of half-grudged charity. All my kindly feelings had been frozen at their source, in my earliest childhood, and I was now moody, silent and sullen. No one regarded me, and I was as much alone in my uncle's family as I had been in my father's house. But when my cousin Alice came home from school, her presence opened a new existence to me. Her sweet and joyous temper led her to look for good in every thing, and she therefore fancied that even my morose and reserved character might contain the the elements of better things. She treated me with gentleness and kindness, and the result showed that the wisdom of a true hearted child is better than the prudence of men. The Ithuriel touch of affection transformed me into a new creature. The pent-up tenderness of my frozen heart was poured out at my cousin's feet, and I was perfectly happy. We were both children, for fifteen summers had not yet passed over us, and our love was totally free from the feverish dream of passion. Alice loved me because she had awakened me to a new and better life, while I worshipped her as the angel who had touched mine eyes, and given me sight.

"Alice was very beautiful, but it was the beauty of the wilding rose, its very fragility was one of its attractions. Her complexion had that pearly tint, that transparent clearness which ever betokens delicacy of constitution. The frequent flush which crossed her cheek, the sudden filling of every thread-like vein in her brow and bosom upon the slightest excitement, awakened painful forebodings in the minds of those who were skilled in these symptoms of decay. But no disease was destined to consume her strength and convert her bright beauty into a painted lazar-house. The malady which, whether as cause or effect, I know not, most frequently attacks the gifted and imaginative, had seized upon her. The evil lay at the very root of vitality,—that which was destined to kill lay couched around the very well-springs of life,—her heart was in the grasp of death. If consumption be, as some Roman divine has called it, 'the death of the chosen,' surely disease of the heart may be deemed the death of the lovely and the gifted. What glorious beauty rested on the face of that young creature as the spoiler wrought his task gently but kindly with her! Her eyes so full of sublime thought, —her changeful cheek where the eloquent blood told so sad a tale of the heart's panting struggles, —her lips brighter than the pomegranate blossom, —her soft golden hair which fell around her like a halo of celestial light,—her transparent brow, where the blue veins had woven such exquisite tracery;—oh! beautiful beyond even a poet's dream was that pure, fair girl, as with slow and quiet step she trod the pathway which led to the valley of the shadow of death.

"She dearly loved to breathe the pure air, and to look upon the glad earth, and long after her strength had so far failed that she could no longer tread the soft greensward, she would be lifted into her garden-chair, and wheeled from place to place as the whim of fancy might direct. But it was to me she ever looked to lead her where she sought to go. She seemed to have an intuitive perception of my devotion, and her beautiful thoughts were uttered in my ear alone, as if she knew that I would treasure them in remembrance. My uncle idolized her, but he could not understand her lofty nature. He indulged her in every wish, and when he found that I had become essential to her daily comfort, he released me from every other duty in order that I might be her constant attendant. For more than a year I was the creature of her will, and my very soul seemed to go out from me to dwell in her gentle bosom.

"One summer evening she had lingered long on the green hillside, from whence she loved to watch the setting sun. She was reclining in her cushioned chair, while I, kneeling beside her, selected the fairest and freshest flowers, which her delicate fingers wreathed into a fanciful garland. I had just proffered her a rose-bud, and as she twined its stem among the other blossoms, the half-finished wreath dropped from her hands. She started forward to grasp it ere it should fall to the earth:—the movement was so rapid that I could not prevent it,—it was so gentle, that it would scarce have stirred a butterfly upon the flowers,—but it was sufficient to sever the attenuated thread of life. A flush of bright crimson crossed her face,—a smile lingered an instant on her lip, and then the grey shadow of death rested on those pinched and rigid features, ere yet the last echo of her sweet voice had died upon the air.

"My uncle's grief was of that stoical character which rejects, as weakness, all indulgence in melancholy reminiscence. He had loved his daughter with all the tenderness of which his nature was capable, but when she was lost to him for ever, he sought to banish all traces of her brief existence. Her books, her music,—the flowers she had tended, her pet bird,—even the old house-dog who used to follow her footsteps, were all put aside,—given away,—dis-

persed, in order that no sudden thrill of anguish should be awakened in the heart which seemed impatient of its weight of sorrow. I had been too much my cousin's companion not to suffer from this strange dislike of all that was identified with her remembrance. She had loved me, and that was equivalent to a sentence of banishment. As soon as I had recovered from the long and severe illness which my excessive grief brought upon me, I was accordingly sent to my uncle's agent in New Orleans, and at seventeen years of age, I found myself a lone and friendless stranger in a foreign land.

"What a wretched life was mine during the ten years which followed my arrival in America. My employers were kind and liberal, they paid me well for my services, but not one was found to take the solitary boy by the hand, and make him a welcome guest in the home of domestic happiness. I had an instinctive horror of vice, and yet my wild craving for kind and genial sympathy, led me into the worst kind of company. He who, under a frozen exterior, conceals the fires of a passionate nature, must ever be a sort of moral volcano,—the imprisoned flames cannot escape without exhibiting their devastating violence. My vain yearnings after affection, led me into intimacies which polluted my pure feelings, without satisfying my vain longings. Passions might be sated and silenced, but the thirst of my lonely heart was still unslaked.

(Here follow many pages which depict too graphically a life of wild and passionate excitement. A vain desire for perfect sympathy seems to have led him to quaff the opium-draught of pleasure, until the dictates of his better nature were silenced, and, for a time, forgotten. We must allow the events of several years to remain unrecorded, ere we take up the links of the broken chain.)

"One of our favorite resorts was an obscure tavern, where, after an evening spent at the theatre, or some gay party, we were in the habit of finishing the night by a wild carouse with the most reckless of our companions. The man who kept the house, was a foreigner, a quiet, cool-headed sort of person, ever ready to aid us in our mad schemes of jollity, but always careful to avoid too close a participation in our follies. One morning I discovered that I had lost a cane, which I valued as the gift of an absent friend, and rightly conjecturing that I had left it at this house, I returned to seek it. As few persons visited the place during the day, I found only the sleepy bar-keeper on his post, and scarcely noticing me by a nod, he allowed me to enter. The room in which we held our revels was above stairs, and looked out upon a small back tenement, which, from its usually closed windows, I had concluded, if I ever thought upon the matter at all, to be unoccupied. But on this occasion, as I glanced from the window, I perceived a casement of the dilapidated building thrown open, while a young girl was seated beside it, apparently engaged in needle-work. As she raised her head, I could with difficulty suppress the exclamation of surprize which rose to my lips. A creature so delicately and purely beautiful, I had never seen, since I looked my last upon the face of Alice. She was in the first flush of girlish beauty, with the sunniness of childhood yet lingering on the sweet blossom of maidenhood. Her golden hair clustered in short, close curls around her fair face, her large blue eyes were half hidden in the shadow of her fringed lids, and as she sat in perfect stirlessness, unconscious of my gaze, she seemed to me rather like some exquisite picture, than a breathing, living creature of earth. A slight noise caused her to change her position, and as she beheld me she started, a bright blush suffused her face, and drawing the curtain across the window, she hastily retired. There was a degree of mystery about the affair, which excited my imagination, and I determined to see that beautiful vision again. By dint of close observation, and a bribe occasionally administered to the servant who was our especial attendant, I learned that she was the daughter of our host. Her mother had died while she was yet an infant, and her father, who, amid all his degradation, had not forgotten some of the nobler feelings of humanity, had guarded her with dragon-like watchfulness from all contact with evil. She had been kept at school all her life, and he was now only waiting for a favorable opportunity to send her to the protection of his sister, in one of the northern states. In the meantime, dreading for her the influence of the polluted atmosphere which he had long breathed, he condemned her to the most rigid seclusion, and especially did he watch over her during those hours when his house was the resort of revellers. This story, which was literally true, did not diminish my interest in the beautiful Mary ——. I managed to see her by stealth,—I found her gay, giddy, thoughtless,—a mere boarding-school girl,—pining for freedom, and impatient of the restraint in which she lived, yet as guileless and pure-minded as a child. Charmed with her simplicity no less than her beauty, I met her again and again; but always secretly, and, as I fancied, unsuspectedly. She learned to watch

for my coming, and the glow would mount to her cheek and brow when my hand clasped her's. I would have died ere I would have wronged her by an evil thought, and yet, I was yielding myself to the charm of her society, and perhaps awakening tenderness in her bosom, while I had neither object nor aim beyond the amusement of the moment.

"But her father was not blind to our movements. He had known, from the first, of our clandestine interviews; and while he kept secret watch over us, he waited to be assured of the success of his plans, before he developed them. He loved his daughter, and he would have risked much to secure her a respectable alliance in marriage. He knew me, and had read my character well enough to feel that he could trust to my generosity. He pretended to have suddenly discovered my intimacy with Mary, and a scene of dupery and folly ensued, which I should blush to describe. I was by turns threatened and cajoled, while Mary was subjected to the harshest treatment, in order to excite my compassion. The consciousness of my own honesty of purpose, might have induced me to set him at defiance, but I was not proof against Mary's sufferings. Opposition seemed to have kindled all the ardor of my nature, and that which had only been a passing fancy, now wore the semblance of an enduring passion. I determined to make Mary my wife, and my pledge given to her father, was the signal of her release from the duresse in which she had lately been kept. When next we met, she was my affianced bride, and I had no time to think of my imprudence, when such eyes were beaming tenderness upon me, and such lips uttering words of fondness. I stipulated only that the closest secrecy should be observed respecting her family, and on the day after our marriage, I left New Orleans for Baltimore, where I determined to fix my place of residence.

"Proud of my wife's exceeding beauty, and intoxicated with the joy of being at length beloved, I lavished upon her every indulgence. Foolishly ambitious of triumph, as well as of happiness, I took lodgings at one of the most fashionable hotels, and delighted myself with the admiration which her exquisite loveliness excited. I led her into all the gayest scenes of city life, and taught her to add the graces of costly and tasteful attire to the natural beauties of her person. At first I fancied that she only shared my feelings, and that she loved the voice of praise only because its echo reached my ear. Fool that I was to feed upon such dainty food, the monster vanity, which ever couches in the heart of woman. Mary was gay, thoughtless, and weak-minded, while her feebleness of judgment was combined with great strength of will. She had readily followed my guidance when I led her into the magic circle of society, but she was not as prompt in her obedience when I began to weary of its gay scenes. She had drunk deep of the cup of adulation, and she could no longer live without its excitement. I soon found that she was as indifferent to decorum as she was ignorant of every thing like moral restraint. But it was not until her frequent indiscretions, which had now lost the charm of novelty, led me to exert the authority of a husband over her, that I learned the full extent of my folly and my misfortunes. It was then I discovered that her fancied attachment to me had been only a desire for freedom, and that all personal regard for the lover had been forgotten in the thirst for the gratifications which might accrue from the love.

"Yet how passionately I loved that creature! Moralists may talk as they will about love, calm, rational, and founded on esteem; but in the heart of man, the love which has most fearful and devastating power,—the love which sweeps away all barriers,—the love which can destroy him both here and hereafter, is that mighty and resistless power, whose food is the poisoned fruit of passion. What did I reck of Mary's weak mind and weaker principles;—she was mine—my own beautiful wife,—wearing the semblance of an angel of light; her glance was as sunshine to my heart,—her touch thrilled me with that wild joy which is but one remove from positive pain, and I seemed borne along in a whirlwind of delicious excitement. Alas! did not my foreboding spirit shadow the end of all this? I had taught her to know her own strength,—I had set her on high as an idol to be worshipped, and the very humility of my homage taught her to despise the votary. She learned to contemn the affection which was so lavishly bestowed upon her. Men of noble and graceful presence came around her;—stately and handsome striplings, with silken down shading their smooth cheeks, were as lovely in her eyes as was her glorious beauty in mine. I had taught her to value personal beauty beyond all other gifts, and the chalice was now returned to my own lips, but filled with unmitigable bitterness.

"I grew moody, sullen and sad;—I suppose I seemed harsh and unreasonable to one who never knew what reflection and reason meant. The third anniversary of our ill-omened marriage saw

us dissatisfied and unhappy, while pecuniary difficulties, occasioned by my reckless indulgence of Mary's extravagant tastes, were now added to our discomfort. But this state of things did not last long. I was taken very ill, and my disease spent itself upon my overtasked brain. When I recovered my consciousness, I had been six months the tenant of a mad-house, and I emerged from my retreat only to hear tidings which almost drove me back to madness as a relief from mental anguish. Mary had deserted me,—she had only waited to see the portals of that living grave closed behind me, when she fled for ever from the husband who had so blindly loved her. The blow stunned and stupified me;—I think that some chord within my heart must have then snapped asunder,—for I have never felt the same since that fearful moment. I had no desire to seek for her,—I lost all power to hope or even to wish for any thing in life.

"Since then, I have lived a lonely, cold, callous being, who joys not in the joys of others, and who has no tears for another's grief. My bosom is as a grave,—I am but as a whited sepulchre,—there is nothing on earth which can move me to an emotion."

(At a much later date, and in characters much less faded by time, was written the following:)

"I have seen her once more,—the evil genius of my life has once more appeared before me, to mar the quiet course of my existence. She is in the asylum which has been provided by charity, for the sick and destitute, and she is dying, half a grain a day, by one of those chronic diseases which torture the frame to the utmost limit of human endurance ere they kill. She sent for me;—I know not how she heard of me, but she sent for me to sue for my forgiveness, and to obtain the means of sustaining her wretched life. Here, in this city, so remote from the scenes of my disgrace and suffering, I am looked upon as a bachelor, and fools have jeered me for my celibacy,—I have purchased the woman's silence by the promise of a weekly stipend. Good Heavens! can that coarse, bloated, unwomanly wretch be the same as the pure, fair, delicate young creature who once lay in my bosom like a cherished flower? Can that loathsome being claim identity with the beautiful being of my youth? Yet there is no doubt of it:—She has lived an age of misery in the twenty years which have passed since we last met. The brand which guilt never sets in vain, is burned deeply upon her brow;—sin is written in every feature of her evil countenance, and the loveliness of outward seeming is as utterly lost as is the purity of her moral nature. Her very voice is changed, and the gleeful, girlish accents which even now echo within my heart, have given place to a harsh, grating tone, which speaks of low and brutal companionship. I am withered to the very root with anguish; but she —oh! who could have dreamed that so fair a thing could be so utterly blighted and blasted!

"She is dead. I stood at a distance, and saw the earth flung on her unhonored clay. She is dead,—and I am once more left free, to calm my excited feelings in the dull monotony of my daily duties.

"What a mere machine I have become. To eat, drink, and sleep,—to perform a certain number of arithmetical calculations in which I take no interest, and note down their results with equal indifference,—to read the gossip of the daily papers, and saunter from place to place, in search of something to consume my time,—such are my habits of life. I have a mind which could once have soared to the heights of science, and a heart once capable of the noblest affections, yet am I now a mere machine, wound up, to go at another's bidding,—doing duties mechanically, —entering into amusements just as mechanically; —loving no one,—hating no one, but bearing within me a mind utterly torpid, and a heart completely paralyzed. I am cold, selfish, and egotistic. I have no end nor aim in life, and I walk through the world like *one who has survived his own soul.*"

Original.

L' ISOLEE.

"Seule, cherchant dans l' espace un point qui me réponde."
— *Victor Hugo.*

THERE lies a deep and sealed well,
Within yon leafy forest hid;
Whose lone and pent up waters swell,
Its chill and drear confines amid.
It hears the birds on every spray,
Trill forth, prolonged, their notes of love—
It feels the warm sun's seldom ray,
Glance on the stone its wave above—
And quick the gladdened waters rush
Tumultuous upward to the brink;
A seal is on their joyous gush,
And back, repressed, they coldly shrink.
Thus in their caverned space apart,
Closed from the eye of day, they dwell—
So, prisoned deep within my heart,
A tide of quick affections swell.
Each kindly glance, each kindly tone,
To joy its swift pulsations sway;
But none may lift the veiling stone,
And give the franchised current way.
Smite THOU the rock! whose eye alone
The hidden spring within may see;
And bid the flood, resistless one!
Flow forth, rejoicing, unto thee.

MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Original.

IDA.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

I.

The Bard had sung of glancing plume—
  Of mailéd knight and noble deed—
Of all that soldier-hearts illume
  When men for Right and Freedom bleed:
And then he sung of stream and star,
Of secret gems in depths afar—
Of olden graves where heroes lie—
Of emerald earth and dark-blue sky—
But still the kindling of his eye
Showed that his spirit, rapt, was nearing
A dearer theme—a sweeter duty—
The gay barque of his song was steering
  Into the Paphian-port of Beauty.

II.

He sings of love-lit mellow eyes
That seem to portal Paradise;
Of locks that gently ripple o'er
  The snowy marble of a neck;
Whose grace, naught but the goddess wore
  When coming at her lover's beck:—
He sings of her—the pure and bright—
The star, on many a fearful night,
O'er the young hero, who reclines
Where lonely camp-fire faintly shines—
And think of home—its memories sweet—
The joys that by the warm hearth meet—
The hours that flew like bright birds by;
  Which wear, too soft and gay a feather
To linger 'neath an earthly sky,
  But seek for a less changeful weather.

III.

He sings of Ida—she who makes
An Eden by our placid lakes,
(Where not a cloud obscures the day,)—
And she as calm and fair as they:
Those lakes upon whose emerald banks
The billows break in shining ranks—
While winds along their surface weave
The holiest songs at summer's eve.
Ah, me! 'tis well the minstrel sings
  Of scenes—where dwell the gentle-hearted—
From whence, on Fate's delerious wings,
  He in his wayward childhood parted.

IV.

He sings of Ida! On her brow
  No coronet displays its gold—
O'er that to which the bravest bow,
  Why should the dross of man be rolled
She wears a crown whose jewels shone
For her, who sat on Eden's throne—
A crown where Nature's glowing fingers
  Set gems of an unfading brightness,
Whose glory, while the soul here lingers,
  Is mated to the Spirit's whiteness.

V.

"Ida!" her days in goodness spent—
Her thoughts with all that's purest blent—
Her very name—a spell-word given
To draw the heart from earth to heaven!
Ah! seek her not in halls of pride—
On Pleasure's sparkling, shallow tide,
Where Folly, painted, would conceal
The misery which her children feel:
Go where the sufferers moaning shrink
From Death's own agonizing brink—
Behold her, like a seraph, lean
  Above the couch of dim-eyed sadness—
Shed heavenly light around the scene,
  And even calm the heart of madness.

VI.

"Ida!" and not alone on man
  Has she her holy love bestowed—
Love—which of old from seraphs ran
  In rivers o'er each earthly road:
The simplest bud that gems the tree—
The humblest flower upon the lea—
The bird that lifts its tiny wing
Amid the wild breeze murmuring—
The faithful dog—who ne'er betrays
A friend amid the darkest ways—
The living satire on our race
Who scorns to wear a double face—
These were to her a sweet delight
  For ever wearing lovely features—
For they, unmar'd by human blight—
  Were watched by God among his creatures.

VII.

"Ida!" oh, still by that blue lake
Thy stainless, beauteous dwelling make—
And still to Queens and Conquerors show
A gem worth all *their* gems below;
And still—a rainbow of the heart
  By ills of this poor life unbroken—
Show that Earth has in Heaven a part—
  And thou the glorious angel-token.

"Before dinner, men meet with great inequality of understanding; and those who are conscious of their inferiority, have the modesty not to talk: when they have drunk wine, every man feels himself happy, and loses that modesty, and grows impudent and vociferous; but he is not improved; he is only not sensible of his defects.—*Johnson.*

Original.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF A DEPARTED FRIEND.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Once,—on this morn,—were pain and care,—
And anxious groups in mansion fair,—
And hurrying step, and stifled word
From curtained chamber faintly heard,—
And miss'd the household many a day
Their Lady from her place away:—
But when again she cheer'd the scene
At hearth and board with brow serene,—
And paler cheek, and saintlier air,
Wrapp'd in her arms, a babe she bare,—
Gentle and pure as snow-drop frail,
That shrinks to meet the chilling gale,—
While often o'er its cradle bowed
The stately father, fond and proud.

Swift fled a happy year,—and lo!—
Ere the young spring-flowers 'gan to blow,—
That bud of being,—opening fair
Inhaled affection's balmy air,—
And wond'rous change, like fairy tale,
Passed o'er the form so light and pale;—
First,—peeping pearls, thro' lips of rose,
Their latent ministry disclose,—
Then,—little feet on nursery floor,
Went tireless patting o'er and o'er,
While dulcet tones like chirping bird,
The mother's raptur'd pulses stirr'd,—
And busy finger's clasp'd the toy,
Or held the doll in durance coy,
Or roused the house-dog, strong and old,
On ample rug supinely roll'd,—
With brawny back and curly hair,
Well pleased his master's pet to bear,—
While merry laugh, and playful wile,
Woke on each brow, an answering smile.

More birth-days came, and sweetly wild
Turned from her sports a thoughtless child,—
Intent o'er ancient page to pore,
Or catch the breath of hallow'd lore;—
Then, first at school-desk quaintly set
The sister of my soul, I met,
And budding friendship, fed with dew
Of knowledge, firm and healthful grew;—
O'er classic tomes,—'mid tasks severe,
Mind quicken'd mind, unspent and clear,
And heart to heart, new vigor lent,
As up the arduous steep we bent,—
Or with unenvying gladness shar'd
Laborious study's rich reward,—
Some hard-earn'd prize, for toil spent days,—
Or dearer still,—our teacher's praise.

With riper years, and school-days spent,
Still were our plans and pleasures blent,—
The needle's art and pencil's power
Wrought the same landscape, form or flower,
O'er the same book our rapture rose,
The same secluded haunts we chose,—
By rugged rock, or sounding stream,
We woke the same enthusiast dream,—
Through solemn grove, at noon of day,
To secret bower we stole away,—
And summer-eve, so sadly fair
Look'd through the shades, and found us there.
Time told not true his muffled hour,
To singing brook, or listening flower,
And we, entranc'd, were heedless quite,
To count his sands, or mark his flight.

Yet not alone, o'er cloudless skies
Did Friendship throw her golden dies,
Nor knew I with what full control
Thou hadst dominion in my soul,
Companion meek,—until thy tear
Fell trickling o'er affection's bier,
For holy Friendship soars more high
'Neath Sorrow's chastening ministry,
And sweetest breathes, when tempests lower,
To try the root, or bruise the flower.

I left thee,—for a little space,
With tender word, and long embrace,
Thy brow of beauty tinted bright
With health, and joy's returning light,
I came,—thy step with gladness fleet,
Sprang not, as erst, mine own to meet,
Thy kiss, thy greeting smile no more
Receiv'd me at the open door,
But where, at twilight's pensive shade
'Mid humid turf, we sometimes stray'd,
And lingering, scann'd with reverent tread
The lettered tablets of the dead,
The broken earth, the crumbling mould,
Tales of a recent tenant told,
And in my heart, the curdling tide
The speechless pang, *her name* supplied,
Who thus, with cheek so young and fair,
In silence, spread her pillow there.

Since then,—though many a year hath fled,
And many a wreathed hope is dead,
And other friends my heart hath found
And strongest ties my bosom bound,
Yet when this opening morn of Spring
Again thy time of birth doth bring,
Remember'd joys renew their tide,
And thou art seated by my side,
Again,—thy polish'd brow to raise
Through clustering curls with tender gaze,
Again reveal like sparkling dew,
Thine inmost spirit's stainless hue;
Nor can I feel, that hadst thou still
My partner been, through earthly ill,
Time could have dimm'd thy joyous air,
Or fleck'd with grey thy flowing hair,—
Or scattered from his raven wing
Such change as he to us doth bring.

Thou art not chang'd, though with the blest,
Save that thou wear'st an angel's vest,
Save that thou breath'st a glorious strain,
Which hath nor dissonance, nor pain,
Save that thou dwell'st where Winter hoar
And day and night, revolve no more.

Thou art not changed;—thy head is bow'd
To cheer me, from yon fleecy cloud,—
Wait! wait! for if I truly tread
The path thy sainted footsteps led,
I ne'er will think a love like ours
Can fade like earth's forgotten flowers,
It had a root in faith sublime—
Its perfect fruit shall mock at time.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Our New Volume.—Amid the dying grandeur of the year, when smiles of summer sunshine lengthen into rainbow shadows, and the music of Nature's melancholy humor saddens every dream, we—who depend not on the seasons or the sky, but draw the tints of beauty wherewith we are arrayed, from the invisible sources of the unchanging soul, and bathe our pages in the never-dying hues of thought—renew our outward and visible life, blithe and joyful as the birds and flowers of Spring. Autumn nor Winter, nor the "nipping frost," hath power to wither up a single leaf of the bright garland wherewith we crown our many-colored life; but, like the inconstant yet never-changing moon, each month renews the brightness of our path.

To leave metaphor, and "speak to the case." We have pleasure in assuring our many thousand friends—old as well as new—that never, in the history of the Ladies' Companion, has it stood fairer in the present, or promised more brilliantly for the future, than now. Never were our friends more numerous, or our means of gratifying them and providing for their intellectual wants more complete and perfect. With many and earnest thanks for the past, we enter upon the new volume with the most cheering and encouraging prospects, and see nothing before us but a long, unbroken pathway, lined on either side with flowers, and echoing with the pleasant voices of kind and considerate friends. If, forsooth, we have a few enemies, we console ourselves by the reflection that he who has not, is either more or less than human; and over those we have, we possess, at least, one advantage—we can afford to forgive them, and return their unprovoked malice with impurturbable calmness and philosophy.

Our arrangements for the new volume, both as it regards embellishments and literary matter, are now complete, and have never been surpassed. In the course of the year, many new and striking features will be developed in the conduct and character of our magazine, of which we at present shall say nothing—choosing to let the public be the first to discover our merits, as they are the first to appreciate and reward them.

☞New subscribers, wishing to commence a volume, have now an opportunity of which they will do well to avail themselves at once, as the length of time required to work off and prepare for the public eye our immense edition, renders it absolutely imperative upon us to put the "Companion" to press early in the month previous to its date.

Musical.—Although the season has not yet fairly commenced, we have already been favored by several of the great artists with some delightful concerts, amongst which, as usual, the powerful and startling performances of Mr. Henry Russell have been conspicuous. Mr. Wallace, the great pianist and violinist, and Madame Castellan, who made so favorable an impression last summer, are in town, and will probably assist in making the regular concert season one of extraordinary attraction.

We have lately noticed a marked improvement in the style and appearance of the music published by the two rival houses of Hewitt and Atwill. Instead of the crooked lines, uncouth blots and scraggy printing heretofore observable in American music, we are now presented with a neat, clear, graceful and distinct page, as grateful to the eye as the tones hidden under the ink and paper investiture are pleasing to the ear. This is a well-timed reform.

Theatres.—The past month has witnessed an unusually brilliant opening of the theatrical campaign. The popular and pretty garden theatre at Niblo's, which has been open throughout the summer, is still, however, continuing to attract its fashionable jams, night after night, to witness the wonderful performances of the Ravels, and the beautiful dancing of Madame Leon Javelli, or to listen to the fine music of the Italian opera *troupe*.—*The Park*, after an unusually long vacation, opened in the early part of September, in quite brilliant style. The interior has been beautifully refitted, and is, in fact, the handsomest theatre in America—the audiences, however, after the first night, falling off to a bare mediocrity, on account of a return to the old prices—a dollar for box tickets. Nothing but the most *extraordinary* attractions could make this go down—and these, as yet, the Park has *not had*. Mr. Macready is unquestionably a very superior—nay, a great actor, and the stock company, (not forgetting Mr. James Wallack,) an excellent one: but to talk of Mr. Macready doing that in the United States which he failed to accomplish in England, backed as he was by the nobility and gentry—"*regenerating*" the drama, we think he calls it—*is preposterous*. It is, in fact, the height of assumption and arrogance for one man to set himself against the tendencies, tastes and prejudices of the age, and announce himself the only wise man of his generation. In their *amusements*, at least, the people will follow the bent of their own inclinations. Cheap literature, cheap concerts, cheap lectures, cheap clothes, cheap churches and cheap theatres, are the order of the day; and they must and will, "have their day." We, however, *wish* Mr. Macready every success, although we are perfectly satisfied that his efforts here will be as futile as they have been in Europe. For our own part, we candidly confess that there are very few heavy, well-known and learned-by-heart tragedies that *we* could be tempted to sit out—even if the "almighty dollar" were in a *positive* instead of a *negative* relation to the electric phenomenon, pocket.

The Bowery, with its cheap prices, dashing and rapid change of performances, and an excellent and well-matched company, has been, every night since its opening, thronged from pit to gallery. The classic and exquisitely intellectual performances of Mrs. Shaw, in "Ion," and that thrilling play of "Love's Sacrifice," have undoubtedly left a deeper and more powerful impression upon the *hearts* of the theatre-going world than any thing that has been witnessed on the American stage for the last ten years. In both these plays Mrs. Shaw is unquestionably without a rival—we will not even except the superb Ellen Tree, in the former; and her thrilling and deep-toned pathos in these two remarkable characters, has been received nightly with the prolonged and triumphant shouts of thousands. Of the acting of Mr. J. R. Scott, it is only necessary to say that it is uniformly worthy of his former reputation, and of the distinguished company in which he has found himself. His Adrastus was, indeed, a sublime performance, and seemed to carry the audience far above the grovelling passions and desires of earth.

In comedy and the musical ballet, too, the Bowery has achieved the most brilliant victories. Miss Mary Ann Lee has established herself as an artist of uncommon power and promise; and her playing, as well as dancing, in the exquisite "Bayadere" has been most rapturously received. By many connoiseurs in this delicate branch of the fine arts, Miss Lee is placed side by side with Celeste, and but little behind the divine Elssler herself.

Mr. De Bar is probably one of the very best comedians and melo dramatic actors in the city. His short acquaintance with the New York public has already rendered him an universal favorite, and his various excellencies are all properly acknowledged and appreciated. His Robert Macaire is quite as good as Browne's—could more be said?

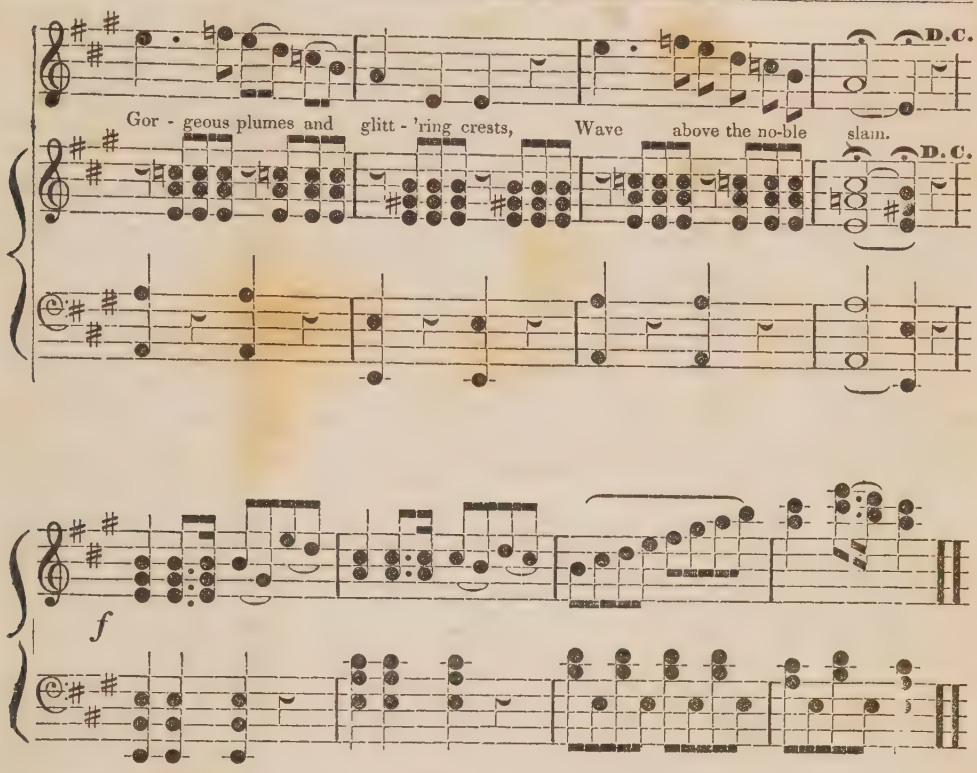
Mr. Brunton, too, a well-educated and correct tenor, with a voice of fine compass, and a taste of singular purity, has achieved laurels in the part of the "Unknown," and others, which will not wither. In fine, simple justice compels us to say that the Bowery theatre, under its present liberal and energetic management, is in altogether a more prosperous condition, and enjoys a higher degree of popularity, than any other theatrical establishment in the city.

The Olympic, we are glad to hear, is in successful operation, and we regret that we have not yet found time to pay a visit to this little *bijou* theatre. We shall do so, however, in time to speak more fully of it in our November number.

GO WARRIOR, GO.

WORDS BY MISS ANNA L. PUTNAM—MUSIC BY JUPITER ZEUS HESSER.

f
Go war - rior, go, thy coun - try calls Thee now up - on the em - bat - tl'd plain; There
fp
Fine.
gor-geous plumes and glitt-'ring crests, Now wave a - bove the no - ble slain,
Fine.



2

Hark, hark, along the bannered host,
There rings the dreadful peal of death,
And there the shouts of victory
Is mingled with the parting breath:
There the shouts of victory
Mingle with the parting breath.

3

Go warrior, go, the laurel bough
Is waving o'er thy path of fame;
And see it waits to deck thy brow;
Go warrior, gain a deathless name:
See it waits to deck thy brow;
Go and gain a deathless name.

4

But when the snowy veil of peace
Shall show our bleeding land is free,
And when the trumpet's voice shall cease,
Come warrior, come again to me:
When the trumpet's voice shall cease,
Warrior come again to me.

LITERARY REVIEW.

WYANDOTTE; OR, THE HUTTED KNOLL: A TALE, by the *Author of "The Pathfinder," "Deerslayer," &c. &c.: Lea & Blanchard.*—In some respects, Mr. Cooper has been an unfortunate man—in others, a foolish man—and, we are compelled to add, in others still, a most blameable one. He began his literary career under auspices more favorable than perhaps any other American writer. Possessed of a fine imagination, a vivid power of portraiture, and a very respectable style and command of language, he luckily opened a new and most attractive field of fictional writing; and, coming to the task fresh and with the enthusiasm of youth impelling his every effort, he took his good-natured countrymen by surprize, and bid fair to build himself a name, of which both he and his native land might well be proud. He became, as it were, the pet of his fellow-countrymen, and his novels were, for a long time, *the rage*, amongst all classes. This success was by no means undeserved; for, in the pages of the Spy, the Last of the Mohicans, the Pioneers, the Pilot, and even down to the Water Witch, he exhibited powers of a high order, and an earnestness of purpose that argued well for the soundness of his ambition and the brilliancy of his destiny.

But in a fatal hour, a sudden and most unaccountable change came over the very soul of the young American author. "As by the stroke of an enchanter's wand," the freshness and vigor of his intellect became withered and faded—the fiery young aspirant for immortality lost the tone and compass of his mind, and seemed to sink into a species of peevish and fretful *dilletantism*, where he has stuck and floundered ever since—in a perfect dead level of mediocrity, with here and there a flash from Heaven above, to show how dull and dreary is the surrounding expanse.

We are not speaking of Mr. Cooper's evidently monomaniacal crusade against the press of his native country, or of his outrageous and wanton ridicule, misrepresentation and abuse of the character of the American people—their institutions, social relations, and even the very face and aspect of their magnificent land: with these matters we can have nothing whatever to do. It is his writings alone to which we allude, as furnishing the most striking evidence of the deterioration of his mind, both in quality and power. Since the publication of "The Skimmer of the Seas," there has very little fallen from the pen of Mr. Cooper to remind us, (save by painful contrast,) of the author of Long Tom Coffin, Hawk-Eye or Harvey Birch—little that may not be safely classed with the merest common-place of the day—written to order, at so much per page, on the strength of a previous reputation, and thoroughly forgotten ere the money received for it was fairly in the pockets of the author.

To account for this sad change in the character of Mr. Cooper's literary productions, and this abrupt termination of a bright and glorious destiny, is no part of our present object. We merely state the fact: and, as one of the most forcible illustrations we can present of its truth, we refer the reader to "Wyandotte, or the Hutted Knoll." The very first page inspires one with a feeling of indifference, if not positive dislike, at the spiteful anti-Americanism in which it is deeply imbued. Can we read such *stuff* as this, with any thing better than a smile of contempt?

"There is a wide-spread error on the subject of American scenery. From the size of the lakes, the length and breadth of the rivers, the vast solitudes of the forests, and the seemingly boundless expanse of the prairies, the world has come to attach to it an idea of grandeur; a word that is in nearly every case, misapplied. The scenery of that portion of the American continent which has fallen to the share of the Anglo-Saxon race, very seldom rises to a scale that merits this term; when it does, it is more owing to the accessories, as in the case of the interminable woods, than to the natural face of the country. To him who is accustomed to the terrific sublimity of the Alps, the softened and yet wild grandeur of the Italian lakes, or to the noble witchery of the shores of the Mediterranean, this country is apt to seem tame, and uninteresting as a whole; though it certainly has exceptions that carry charms of this nature to the verge of loveliness."

The whole story seems to labor, throughout, with an ill-disguised attempt to disparage certain features of the war of the Revolution, and to impugn, by implication, at least, the motives of the actors in that momentous drama. In his preface, he says: "That there were demagogues in 1776, is as certain as that there are demagogues in 1843, and will probably continue to be demagogues as long as means for misleading the common mind shall exist."

That there were absolutely *no* demagogues in 1776, we will not assert; but we do contend that demagoguism had no controlling influence over the political events of that day, and that history probably does not furnish a period of time in which *so little* that was mercenary and corrupt mingled in the deliberations and acts of public men.

But we have no patience to pursue the argument—and that, too, with a fellow countryman! As an American—as worshipper of the pure and noble in human character—we look only to the grand results of the sublime heroism of those times, and can afford to pity the cynicism which hunts after cracks and crevices and unshapely stones, in the altar of our political devotion.

Of the story whose publication, by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, has drawn forth these remarks, we have purposely left ourselves little room to speak, in detail—that being the easiest way to express our courtesy to an author who was once our favorite It has, of course, beauties, both of composition and conception, —and amongst them is the character of *Maud*. In this, Mr. Cooper has succeeded better in delineating a weak, enthusiastic, proud, impulsive *woman*, than is usual with him. She is a person to be remembered. Some spirited scenes and incidents are sparsely scattered through the book; but the good are not new, and the new not good.

THE CROWING HOUR, AND OTHER POEMS; by *Charles James Cannon, author of the "Poet's Quest," &c.: Edward Dunigan*, 151 *Fulton street, New York.*—A Daguerreotyped portrait of a very neatly-whiskered gentleman in spectacles, (gold, we think,) fronting the title-page of this untainted, fresh-smelling little volume, gave us, we must confess, something such a sensation as a sudden plunge into a cold bath at Stoppani's—as such unmitigated puerilities without are, ninety-nine times in the hundred, a sure precursor of other and more marked puerilities within. We are quite willing to confess, therefore, that this present volume is the very "hundredth" case in question—in other words, that the poetry is better than the portrait—the show much more acceptable than was promised us by the man at the door. Some of the smaller pieces in this volume evince much delicacy of taste and finish of style and expression. We could quote many verses to justify this opinion; but we are cramped for room in this our editorial corner, like the careful housewife, who, in laying in her ample stores, forgets that she should require a place in which she could turn about and say her prayers.

The volume contains food enough for the critic; and, had we no better-natured task upon which to employ ourselves, we fear we should lay down some *canons* of criticism which would do serious injury to the enemy's *works*: but, as this is a peculiarly bright and thrilling September morning, and the liberal sunshine covers even the imperfect leaves of autumn with a golden gorgeousness which makes them beautiful, we will not treat the *leaves* of this little volume with less kind consideration. It is a pretty book, and much that it contains reads harmoniously and well.

NOTICE.—It is requisite that it should be distinctly understood that the *year* of the Ladies' Companion commences in *May* or *November*. All subscriptions *expire*, either with the *April* or *October* number. Persons receiving the *first* number of a *new volume*, are considered as subscribers for the whole year, and payment will be insisted upon. It is the duty of every subscriber to give notice at the office, *personally, or by letter post-paid*, if he desire the work stopped, and not permit it to be forwarded to his address for several months after the year has expired. No subscriptions can be transferred without the consent of the office, otherwise the person first subscribing, is held responsible.